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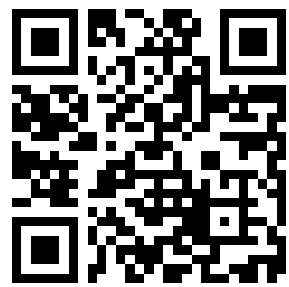

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WITH HORSE AND MORSE IN MESOPOTAMIA

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KEAST BURKE

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3. " " " " — Campaigns - Turkey and the near East.

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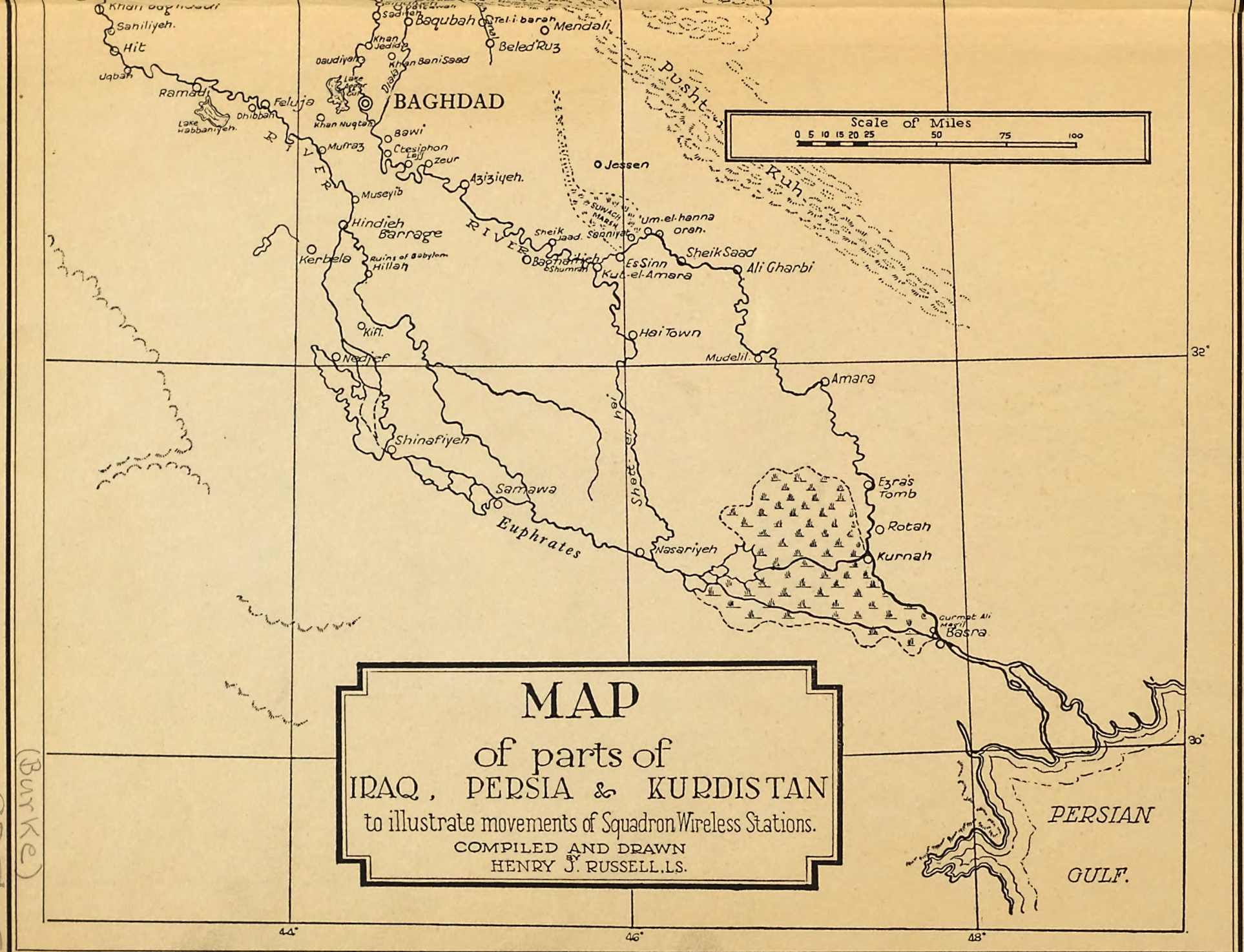

MAP

of parts of

IRAQ, PERSIA & KURDISTAN

to illustrate movements of Squadron Wireless Stations.

COMPILED AND DRAWN BY HENRY J. RUSSELL, I.S.

(Burke)

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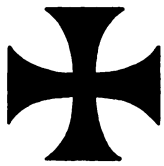

DEDICATION

THE FIRST HALF-FLIGHT, A.F.C.

Lieut. W. W. A. Burn (N.Z.).
Lieutenant G. P. Merz
Air Mechanic F. L. Adams
Air Mechanic D. Curran
Air Mechanic J. Munro
Air Mechanic W. C. Rayment
Air Mechanic T. Soley
Air Mechanic L. T. Williams
Air Mechanic W. H. Lord

THE AUSTRALIAN PACK TROOP

Sergeant Allen, Cecil Frederick	Died (Enteric), Hamadan, 5/8/18.
Driver Bowen, William Exon	Died (Dysentery), Makina Masus, 1/7/16
Sapper Hamilton, James Leslie	Drowned, River Somme, 22/8/18.
Driver Martyn, Bert Clayton	Died (Dysentery), Nasiriyeh, 16/8/16.

THE NEW ZEALAND PACK TROOP

2nd-Lieut. Clarke, William Robinson Henry
Sgt. Croucher, Richard
Sapper Bruce, William Charles
Sapper Burke, Harold Herbert
Sapper McMillan, Llewellyn John
Sapper Partridge, Harry Arthur

THE AUSTRALIAN WIRELESS SQUADRON

Sapper Courtney, Lawrence Marquess	Died (Smallpox), Ramadie, 6/12/17.
Lance-Corporal Elias, Leonard Charles	Died (Typhus), Amara, 29/4/17.
Lance-Cpl. Fowler, Darrell Elwyn H.	Died (Smallpox), Baghdad, 22/1/18.
Sapper Gluyas, Alfred William	Died (Meningitis), Basra, 26/9/18.
Driver Maycock, Jack	Died (Cholera), Basra, 20/7/16.
Staff-Sergeant-Major Newman, Albert	Died (Myocarditis), Basra 7/10/16.
Driver Pike, Frederick George	Died (Cholera), Baghdad, 15/11/17.

THE CAVALRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL SQUADRON

Captain Payne, William Henry	Died (Smallpox), Sadiyeh, 10/12/17.
Corporal Cocks, Edmund Clarence	Died (Heatstroke), Baghdad, 5/8/17.
Sapper Evans, Frank Henry	Died (Volvulus), Baghdad, 14/5/18.

DUNSTERFORCE

Captain Nicol, Robert Kenneth, M.C. (N.Z.)
Captain Rutherford, Thomas Wyrille Leonard, M.C., M.I.D. (N.Z.)
Sergeant Blyth, Andrew Jackson (N.Z.)
Sergeant Davis, D.C.M., M.M.
Sergeant Weld, John Edward (N.Z.)

AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE

Sister A. O'Grady
Sister K. M. Power
Sister L. C. Moreton
Sister E. Clare

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WITH HORSE AND MORSE
IN MESOPOTAMIA

The Story of Anzacs in Asia

The following pages contain the histories of the 1st Australian Pack Wireless Signal Troop, the N.Z. Wireless Signal Troop, the 1st Australian and New Zealand Wireless Signal Squadron, the 1st Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron, the Light Motor Wireless Sections, the Australians of "Dunsterforce" (Persia and Russia), the Australian Nurses in India and the Australian Representative at Bombay. There is also included a nominal roll of all Australians who served in the Middle East.

Editor:

KEAST BURKE

Chairman of Committee:

Hon. C. W. C. MARR, D.S.O., M.C., M.P.

1927

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FOREWORD

My daughter has most unfortunately mislaid and overlooked the letter you wrote her, and she is infinitely distressed at having just found it among some other papers relating to Mesopotamia.

I should be only too glad to help in the scheme you wrote of—but I much fear that it is probably too late now. If, however, there is still time and you will write by return, I shall be only too glad to go through Sir Stanley's papers and diaries and look for what you need, and possibly even communicate with some of the Headquarters Staff about your Squadron. I know the General would never wish any of those gallant men who helped him in his campaign to have their work or fame ignored—so please write again if it is still of use.

CECILE MAUDE.

It is indeed a pleasure to hear that a Committee has been formed for the purpose of publishing the History of the Australian and New Zealand Wireless Unit which served in Mesopotamia during the Great War. I value the honour of being asked to contribute a foreword very highly, and have much pleasure in complying with your request.

As you will readily understand, after a lapse of some ten years, the names, numbers and certain details of organisation have escaped my memory; these items however will doubtless appear in your publication.

The work of the Anzac Squadron was throughout beyond praise. Their discipline was excellent, and no unit in the force was so free from crime. No matter the difficulties to be overcome, in spite of atrocious climatic and other adverse conditions, to say nothing of being constantly harried by the enemy, the work of the Squadron never slackened. The grit and determination of the personnel coupled with their mechanical skill was wonderful. I believe that I am absolutely correct in stating that no single instance occurred in which there was failure to transmit, without loss of time, any message entrusted for despatch. Especially was this the case early in 1917 during the operations which preceded General Maude's final advance on Baghdad in March of that year, while the work of the unit during the actual advance was admirable.

When G.H.Q. moved up the Tigris in the P.5, the Anzac Squadron supplied the operators for the wireless set on board, and these were the men who at 11 a.m. on the 11th March, 1917, despatched a cipher message to the War Office from General Maude which resulted in the latter receiving at 8 p.m. on the same day a gracious message of congratulation from His Majesty the King on the capture of Baghdad.

I hope that you will pardon the short delay which has occurred in sending you this letter, but I have of necessity been compelled to refresh my memory by looking up certain references and also by communicating with our mutual friend, Colonel Queripel, who asked me to send you his very best wishes.

H. R. HOPWOOD,
(Late C.G.S. to Sir Stanley Maude in Mesopotamia.)

My first acquaintance with Australian and New Zealand troops during the Great War was in the Spring of 1915, shortly after the landing in Gallipoli.

Two Brigades of the Anzac Corps had been brought round to Helles for the purpose of assisting the 29th Division to make good the coveted position on Achi Baba.

The resulting operation was a glorious failure; but what mortal men could do these magnificent men from Anzac did. Again and again, after being brought to a standstill by a very inferno of fire, they pushed forward in spite of losses which would have daunted the very bravest.

Ever after this my admiration for Australians and New Zealanders knew no bounds.

It was, therefore, a special source of pride to have under my command in Mesopotamia an Australian and New Zealand Wireless Unit. I knew that whatever they put their hands to they would do "with all their heart, all their soul and all their might," and—they did!!

During their four years' service with the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force they were distinguished by efficiency in the technical part of their work and by the grit and unfailing cheerfulness which were characteristic of all ranks in carrying out their duties. I know what a high opinion my distinguished predecessor (Sir Stanley Maude) entertained of this unit, and I am proud to endorse the opinion of that great soldier.

WM. RAINE MARSHALL

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FOREWORD

It is common in war as in life in general that the most arduous task successfully performed often fails to secure recognition. This is especially the case in small units in a big campaign and in all the units of a small campaign.

Among the units in Mesopotamia that fall within this unfortunate category, the hardest case of all is that of the Anzac Wireless Squadron. The Signal Service generally, while helping more than most to "win the war," are taken so much for granted that I think that their claims to recognition have been more frequently overlooked than any of the other special branches in the Eastern theatre of the First World War.

I personally owe this particular unit a humble apology for my lack of reference to them in the short narrative of events connected with the force under my command in Persia and Baku in 1918, which I published. The truth of the matter is that that book was written in an Indian June, in a period of terrific heat, and was pushed through at top speed. I was commanding a Brigade at the time and my leisure for writing was very limited. As, in writing a book of that nature, one is confined to certain dimensions, and as the story to be told was a long one to compress into the compass of one volume, a good deal of detail had to be omitted, and it was not till after the publication, when I had the time to read my own book at leisure, that I was able to perceive my numerous shortcomings.

I have dwelt in my book on the splendid services rendered by my Intelligence Staff, but it is obvious that intelligence work is very largely dependent on the Signal Service, and in the Signal Service the Wireless is of paramount importance. Had it not been for the work of the various Anzac stations during the early days of our penetration in to Persia, we should have been entirely cut off from communication with the outer world, and the success of the expedition would have been still further jeopardised.

There were never more than fifty or sixty men of the Anzac Wireless in North Persia, and they certainly deserve to rob the Royal Artillery of their proud motto of "Ubique," as they managed to make themselves literally ubiquitous. Most of all do I remember the difficult task of working the Russian stations at Kasvin and Enzeli side by side with the "Liberty-Equality-Fraternity" brethren of the Revolution; those three dope-words resolving themselves into "Nobody need work if they don't want to, and nothing matters anyway."

Throughout the operations their work was carried out so efficiently and unobtrusively that the Command and Staff rather took them for granted. Had they given me endless trouble and worry they would have been ever present in my mind, but their sheer efficiency kept them from the prominence they merited. One might moralise a good deal on that text, but I will leave it to those who read, to observe analogous situations in life in general, and the only conclusion that we are likely to come to is the old and ever true one that "Virtue is its own reward," and there is nothing so warming to the heart as the subconscious feeling that one has done one's best and never failed in an emergency.

Writing this letter three years after the events referred to, but with those events still very fresh in my mind, I am glad to have this opportunity of cancelling my debt of obligation by this brief reference to the services of the Anzac Wireless Squadron, and I trust that the gallant members of the unit will realise that, though omitted in print, the recollection of their work is ever present in my mind, and to all of them who may read these words I send a message of gratitude and my best wishes for success in the future as in the past.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE.

I have been asked to write a foreword to this interesting story of the services and adventures of the 1st Australian Wireless Signal Squadron, during the eventful years in which it formed a portion of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force.

I have not had the advantage of reading the book before writing this foreword, so I am unable to allude to its contents, but as the last General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Mesopotamia under whom "D" Troop of this unit finished its service after the great war, I am well able to testify to their excellent service throughout the campaign, and especially to the disciplined cheerfulness with which they accepted the trying duty of serving on till late in 1919 at a time when all around them demobilisation was in progress.

During this year Mesopotamia was in the midst of trying frontier hostilities, and the services of this squadron were invaluable to me, while the despatches of the commanders of the earlier years have born tribute to the manner in which the Squadron upheld in the country of the Tigris and Euphrates the credit of the Commonwealth, through heat indescribable and cold unbearable.

I was happy in being able to inspect the troop under the "Tree of Knowledge" at Qurna on their way back to Australia and present on behalf of His Majesty well earned decorations to various individuals, and I take this opportunity once again of wishing all peace and happiness hereafter, to members of the squadron, and pleasant memories of their share in the war in the country "Between the Rivers."

G. F. MACMUNN.

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Arabs of high degree smoking narghiles outside a coffee-shop, Baghdad.

PREFACE

Here is our book, the story of the work of certain comparatively small units of the A.I.F. in the Middle East, whose adventures have hitherto found no chronicler.* For the long delay, no apology need be made; the job was one that had to be done—no matter how long it took. The story had to be put into permanent form—first, so that it might take its place among the existing records of the A.I.F., secondly, for the information of our men themselves, who, in most cases, knew very little of the military significance of their own work, and practically nothing of what their comrades were doing elsewhere.

The first step was the collection of material; the next was to keep the manuscript within bounds—there seemed to be so many claims for inclusion. The geography, ethnology, and history of the ancient lands of Babylonia all called for representation, but these had to be denied all but the inclusion of a few sidelights. Likewise, it has been hard to refrain from describing in detail the military side of the campaign, and the reader must turn elsewhere to read of the gallantry of the British and Indian troops who bombed and bayonetted every yard of the long stretch from the Gulf to Mosul.

So here it is, at last—the book we never thought would reach the press, never thought would be as complete as it is—the memory book of our great adventure.

The Committee's chief and most cordial acknowledgment must, of course, be made to the Editor, Mr. Keast Burke, with whom the volume has been a seven years' labour of love. It is not too much to say that without his keen and unflagging enthusiasm this book would never have appeared. Every detail has been his work—the writing and revision of the manuscript, the collection and preparation of the photographs, the greater part of the pen-and-ink work, the make-up of the pages, and the final publishing.

We are also deeply grateful to scores of our own men who contributed narratives, diaries and individual stories.

In regard to the photographic side of the work, our thanks are due to almost every member who carried a camera, and especially for the enthusiasm that made possible such fine technical work, despite the scarcity of photographic supplies and the difficulty of carrying them when kits were reduced to a minimum, as well as the absence for months at a time of facilities for developing and printing. The best of the available material was selected, enlarged, trimmed, and pasted upon cards so that it would reduce to the uniform size of 8in. deep by 4in. wide. Where the original negatives had been lost, prints on self-toning paper (made in the field and posted home) were copied and enlarged, the work being skilfully handled by Kodak (Australasia) Pty. Ltd., Mr. Sidney Riley, and Mr. Charles W. Bridge. For practical assistance on all points relating to printing and engraving, we are also indebted both to Mr. Bridge and especially to Mr. Walter Burke, who, in addition, afforded darkroom and office facilities throughout.

In the matter of art-work, Messrs. John Moore, C. B. Dellitt, C. R. Hall, F. L. McFarlane, P. A.

*An exception to this statement is the 1st Half-Flight, A.F.C., which saw service in Mesopotamia in the early years of the war, and whose story has already been told in Vol. VIII. of the Official History, The Australian Flying Corps, by F. M. Cutlack. The achievements of the Australian members of the "Dunsterforce" have also been recorded in Savige's "Stalky's Forlorn Hope."

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Cameron, and F. E. Elliott contributed original sketches. The remainder (and by far the greater number) were transferred into line from interesting photographs which were of insufficient military importance to be included on the half-tone pages. Generous treatment was accorded us by the firms of John Sands, Limited, and Barrell Bros., in the preparation of the line and half-tone blocks, and reference must also be made to the ready co-operation of our printers, Messrs. Arthur McQuitty & Co. For the loan of blocks, we are under an obligation to Kodak (Australasia) Pty. Ltd. (The Australasian Photo Review), and to the late Mr. Chilton Young (The New Nation).

We are deeply grateful for the generous financial assistance readily given by the Trustees of the Anzac Book Fund under their "Unit Histories" scheme. Our thanks are also due to Mr. C. E. W. Bean and Mr. A. W. Bazley for their careful reading of the manuscript and proofs, as well as to Mr. A. J. Withers of the Defence Department, Major J. L. Treloar (Director of the Australian War Memorial), Matron G. E. Davis, Lieutenant-Colonel S. G. Savige, Captain W. H. Lord, and the Officer-in-Charge of the Base Records Office, A.I.F., for their practical interest in the work.

Mr. Bean also compiled the very interesting narrative, "The Australian Nurses in India," without which the volume would necessarily have been incomplete.

The glossary has been kindly revised by the Reverend G. W. Thatcher, an authority on oriental languages, while an article on present-day travel was willingly contributed by Major Sandford-Morgan.

The map has been specially and carefully compiled for the volume by Mr. H. J. Russell.

Among the more important books consulted have been:—The official despatches of Generals Maude and Marshall; *The Times History of the War; The Long Road to Baghdad,* by Edmund Candler: *With the Persian Expedition,* by Major Martin Donohue; *The Adventures of Dunsterforce,* by Major-General Dunsterville; *Nineveh and Babylon,* by Austen Layard; *Myths of Babylonia and Assyria,* by Donald Mackenzie; *The Caliphate,* by Sir William Muir; *Amurath to Amurath,* by Miss Gertrude Bell†; *Persia, Past and Present,* by Williams-Jackson; *Whitehall to the Caspian,* by French; and *Hadji Ali,* by James Morier.

In conclusion the Committee hopes that the volume will serve as a constant reminder to our men to retain touch with one another through the years; to this end the Editor has undertaken to keep a list of latest addresses and to re-direct communications. Ex-members of the Wireless Squadron are therefore invited to forward their addresses to him (at Box 864G, G.P.O., Sydney) for record purposes.

THE COMMITTEE,

A. & N. Z. Wireless Signal Squadron History.

Sydney, August 1, 1927.

[†Later appointed Dame of the British Empire for her work; her death in hospital in Baghdad, in the present year, was a heavy loss to Britain.]

Souvenir menu of No. 12 Station's Christmas Dinner, 1918.

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INDEX

Figures in ordinary type refer to the letterpress pages; those in black face to the half-tone illustrations.

The schedules in the Appendix, commencing on page 182, will be found useful if the name or number of a station, a date or a place-name is already known.

Page 1. THE PACK TROOP.
Formation, 1, **3, 7.** Arrival in Mesopotamia, 2, **9.** N.Z. Pack Troop, Khamisiyah Station 5, Nasiriyah Station 6.

Page 11. SQUADRON H.Q. AND "A" TROOP.
Formation and Embarkation 11, **3, 7.** In Camp at Basrah 12, **9.** Mobilisation of Stations, 15.

Page 16. OPERATIONS ROUND KUT.
Re-organisation of the Force. Advance to the Hai, 16, **19, 23.** Other Cavalry Operations, Arab Raids, 17. Hai-Town and The Wadi Stunts, 18, **19.**

Page 21. THE ADVANCE.
Crossing at Shumran, 21, **24,** Work of the Stations, 22, **24,**. Arrival in Baghdad, Pack Narrative, 27, **26.** Wagon Narrative, 28, **25.**

Page 31. CONSOLIDATING BAGHDAD'S DEFENCES.
Beyond Baghdad, Feluja, Khalis Canal and the Adhaim, 31, **29.** Samarrah, 32, **33.** Interception, Diala and towards Persia, 37, **47, 59.** The Russians 38, **35.**

Page 41. SUMMER (1917) IN THE FIELD.
Hindiyeh Barrage, sundry operations, 41, **29.** Ramadie, Sharoban, 42.

Page 43. LIFE IN BAGHDAD
The Billet, The Horselines 43, **45, 91.** Baghdad's ancient days, 44. Features of the city 49, **56, 190.** Reinforcements, Indian Leave, 51, **7, 53.**

Page 61. AUTUMN, 1917.
OPERATIONS RECOMMENCE.
Mandali, Ramadie, 61, **60.** Hit, 63, **73.**

Page 64. RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CAVALRY DIVISION.
Tekrit and Daur, Death of General Maude, 64, 82, **86.**

Page 65. QARAH TAPPEH AND KIFRI.
Chai Khana, Kifri, 65, 77. Partisanski, return of "AA" Station, 66, **75, 35.** General Dunsterville, 67, 93, 104, **97.**

Page 68. KHAN BAGHDADI.
Khan Baghdadi, Anah, 68, **73.** Rescue of British Officers, War Diary Extract, 71.

Page 72. KUFA.
Lower Euphrates, Moharram, **72.** Babylon, **142, 179.**

Page 77. TUZ—TAUQ—KIRKUK.
Outline of Operations, 77, **76, 85, 92.** Squadron Diary, 78. Kirkuk, 79, **76, 87, 144.**

Page 80. THE WIRELESS TRAINING SCHOOL, SYDNEY.

Page 81. CAVALRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL SQUADRON.
Formation and Embarkation, 80, 81. Ramadie, 62, **86.** Tekrit, Chai Khana, 82, **86.** Sadiyeh, Death of its O.C., 83. Kirkuk, Unit absorbed by A.W.S., 84, **87, 144.**

Page 89. SUMMER, 1918.
New Units, Disposition of Stations, Baqubah, 89, **88, 91, 102.**

Page 90. EVENTS IN PERSIA AND RUSSIA.
Kermanshah, 90, **95, 101.** Dunsterforce at Kasvin, Squadron men at Hamadan, 93, **96, 144.** Advance to the Caspian, 99. Urmieh, Baku, 100, **98,** Lenkoran Party, late events in Persia, 103, **101.**

Page 104. THE AUSTRALIANS OF DUNSTERFORCE.
Birth of the Force, Persian Situation, 104, **97.** Outposts at Zinjan and Senna. Advance to the Caspian, Urmieh, and Bijar, **106.** Baku, 107, **98.** Evacuation, 108.

Page 109. KALAT SHERGAT OFFENSIVE.
Altun Kupri, Suleimaniyah, 109, **92.** General outline, 109, **113.** No. 13 Station, 110, No. 14 Station, No. 7 Station, 111. No. 10 Stn., 112. Arrival at Mosul, Ilyas, 121. Tel Afar, 122, **117.** Notes on Mosul, 122, **117.**

Page 123. DEMOBILISATION.
Demobilisation, 123, **119.**

Page 124. AUSTRALIAN NURSES IN INDIA, 1916-1919.
General Narrative, 124, **143.**

Page 130. "HORSEFERRY ROAD," BOMBAY.
The Australian Representative, 130.

Page 131. "D" TROOP IN KURDISTAN.
Kurdistan, 131, Amadia, Suwara, 132, **137.** Zacho, 133, **137.** Nightcol and Lumbcol, 134. Nos. 24, 16 and 15 Stations, 146, **88, 102, 117, 137, 138.**

Page 147. DEMOBILISATION OF "D" TROOP.
Demobilisation, 147, **141.**

Page 149. CONTRIBUTIONS SECTION.

Page 177. PRESENT DAY TRAVEL.

Page 182. APPENDIX.
DISTRIBUTION OF SQUADRON STATIONS 182, GLOSSARY, 191, NOMINAL ROLLS, 193.

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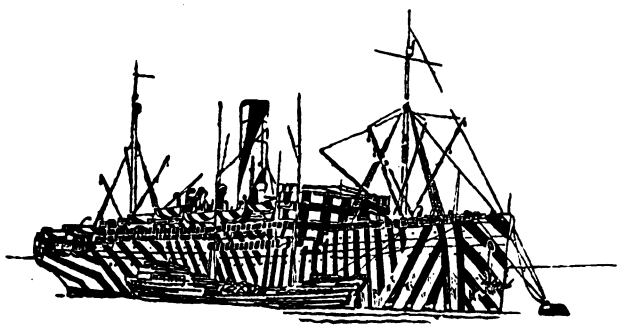

EARLY DAYS — THE PACK TROOP

November, 1915, in the far-off Land of the Rivers. Optimism at its height. Townshend and his gallant 6th Division, unchecked at any point in a two hundred and fifty mile advance into enemy country—Townshend at Ctesiphon—Townshend all but in Baghdad—and politicians at home setting off the new victory against the disaster of Gallipoli. Optimism in Mesopotamia, vague optimism in India, vaguer optimism at the War Office. A single depleted division, without communications, advancing to the capture of the second capital of an Empire that could put three-quarters of a million men into the field.

December in Australia and New Zealand. An urgent cable from India asking for the loan of men to eke out the scanty technical services of her Expeditionary Force "D."

. . . . .

Both countries responded to the request, and offered to supply and maintain complete units in the field. New Zealand drew upon her telegraphic service for operators, mechanics and linesmen. Australia already had at hand the material for a composite unit—operators undergoing training at the Marconi School at Sydney, and drivers and signallers undergoing training respectively at the A.S.C., Artillery and Signal Depots. Later on the Signal Depots, Moore Park and Broadmeadows, were extended for the concentration of all recruits likely to be of use in the "signal" service—wireless operators and mechanics, instrument repairers, visual signallers, etc. From these camps went the signallers for the whole of the A.I.F. abroad; the drafts were usually small, and rumours were always plentiful. Sometimes it was a new Signal Company, sometimes it was an opportunity to rejoin old pals in some favoured Brigade. But in January an astonishing rumour came along and one that was true. All reinforcements ready to sail were to be posted to a new unit for a new and surprising destination—the 1st Pack Wireless Signal Troop bound for India and Mesopotamia.

Details were confirmed. It was announced that the establishment would consist of an officer and 54 other ranks, comprising 2 staff-sergeant mechanics, 28 operators and mechanics, and 24 drivers. It was also announced that N.S.W. and Victoria would each supply half the ranks. N.S.W. found her operators by gaining 14 volunteers from the Marconi School, Sydney; Victoria, from the Signal Depot at Broadmeadows. As regards drivers, N.S.W. detailed men from the A.S.C. Camp, Moore Park; Victoria, from the Artillery School.

THE PACK TROOP EMBARKS.

The N.S.W. party reached Broadmeadows on the 10th January. Final leave was granted on the 20th. Lieut. S. J. White was appointed to command.

On February 5th, 1916, the actual date having been kept a close secret, the party left Broadmeadows for Port Melbourne to embark on the s.s. "Saldanah," known as the "A12", and well laden with wheat for Genoa. In fact, the unit more than filled the whole of the accommodation, the staff-sergeants having to follow on the "Khyber." The Chief of the General Staff, General Foster, also made the troopship inspection. He complimented them on their smart turnout, gave them a brief lecture on Indian Army methods, and impressed upon them the necessity of upholding the traditions of the A.I.F.

General Foster also made the Troopship inspection. Everybody seemed content with their first glimpse of their quarters—then came farewells to friends as the "A12" moved away on the journey.

Heavy seas were met with and two cases of sickness had to be landed at Fremantle, so the unit suffered its first casualties unexpectedly early.

Drill, lectures, submarine look-outs, wireless reliefs and concerts filled in the time to Colombo, where the troop was entertained at lunch and tea by the local garrison. Here the unit sadly transhipped to the "Sardinia"—sadly because though accommodation—second class—improved, rations did not.

Ten days were spent in Colaba Barracks, Bombay; then, on March 10th, the unit was once more on the high seas—the "Teesta" bound for the Gulf. This stay had been a happy enough one, but a wrangle or so with high authority remained in the memory of the boys. The chief was concerned with messing—always to remain a sore point in India. Tommies in India get 3½d. a day and so did the members of the unit while they were there. Then it was decided that the Australians and New Zealanders did not get it, and a refund was demanded.

The new embarkation appeared somewhat in the light of a relief—at least if the quarters and rations

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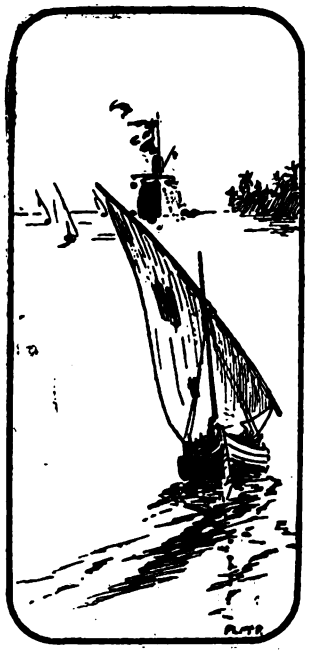


A glimpse of the Shatt-el-Arab, the vast river that carries the mingled waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates down to the Persian Gulf. It is navigable for the greater part of the distance by ocean-going steamers of medium size. In war-time its waters were ploughed by native and military craft of every conceivable description.

were up to standard. A first inspection showed that they were, but the troops did not know the first meal was specially supplied by S. & T. Bombay. Poor rations on the Gulf steamships remained a standing complaint for years and relief came to us only when Bombay Comfort Funds placed substantial contributions on board at the embarkation point.

OUR ARRIVAL IN MESOPOTAMIA.

March 19th—the "Teesta" plowing muddy waters—low alluvial flats—date palms far off. Soon the banks of Shatt-el-Arab enclose her; the Abadan Refinery—seventy miles of palms as far as Ashar. Off on to barges—towed to a landing stage—a precarious disembarkation over a half finished pier—a sea of odorous mud—and not even a red-tab or a single pip to welcome the wireless to their adopted land.

The usual two-hour wait (inseparable from any military movement)—then a march through the ragged streets of Ashar (with a welcome cup of tea and biscuits at the Y.M.C.A.), and out across the great mud plains of Makina.

The inevitable disembarkation *contretemps* follows. First to one camp, then to another, then to a third, and a fourth and a fifth, till the unit, still dragging its belongings behind it, collapses thankfully into a hut recently vacated by some Indians, but not by their tiny bedfellows. Kerosene became greatly in demand.

The Pack Troop was soon on the job. Next morning commenced their first experience at ration drawing, which involved some 12 miles' journey in all, behind gharis, walking all the way—dry rations from one dump, meat from another, firewood somewhere else, and camp equipment and field stores from the other side of beyond.

The seriousness of war begins to dawn upon the unit. To draw anything means chits from someone and orders from someone else. But it was soon discovered that with a bold front and a team of horses one could get away with even a G.S. waggon, as well as any lesser commodities the Q.M.'s soul might hanker after. Other units might go short of horses, but somehow the wireless did not!

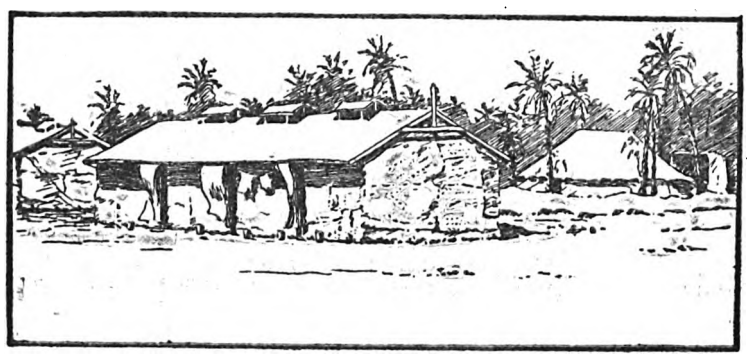
A week of this and the pack sets arrived. They were mounted on hand carts and had to be converted.

WE DRAW OUR HORSES.

Serious work began on April 1st (admirably chosen date), when the remount depot handed over 74 Australian horses, all specially picked and splendid animals, but mostly quite unbroken. The depot had realised that the fortunate arrival of a "gang of Australian bushmen" had given them a chance of getting rid of some very rough stuff. The horses were so wild that nosebags could only be placed on them with difficulty. However, the men stuck to it and after a whole chapter of humorous, strenuous and plucky endeavours, got their teams into workmanlike shape. Incidentally, it was the turning point in their careers. Once they had believed themselves a distinguished technical unit; but now, disillusioned, they found themselves horse-trainers, stable hands, jockeys and grooms. We pass lightly over the daily task of taking the brutes to water, through the best mud Mesopotamia could produce. But there was one alleviation—the vocabulary of many was poor at the beginning, but at the end all were equipped with a rich store of appropriate adjectives, ready on the tip of the tongue for any eventuality.

Riding School was ordered for those whose equitation was not up to standard. Under three instructors from the 13th Hussars out on the desert, "Trot" and "Gallop" were the words of the day—and no one cared whether you stuck on or came off three times in ten minutes, or whether you were on board or not when your mount bolted for the far horizon. A particular source of aggravation to the horses was the rifle bucket—a leather case strapped to the offside of the saddle. The rifle had to be removed every time the rider dismounted. To do this one had to seize the weapon with the right hand, draw it out of the bucket and pass it over the horse's neck to the left. Somehow the horses strongly objected to having rifles passed over their necks and usually took fright.

By this time a decision had been arrived at regarding the details of Wireless organisation. Each Station was to comprise 7 operators and 6 drivers, including



At the Signal Depot, Magil—military huts made of mud and chopped straw and with roofing of matting woven from swamp reeds. They looked a good deal better than they were.

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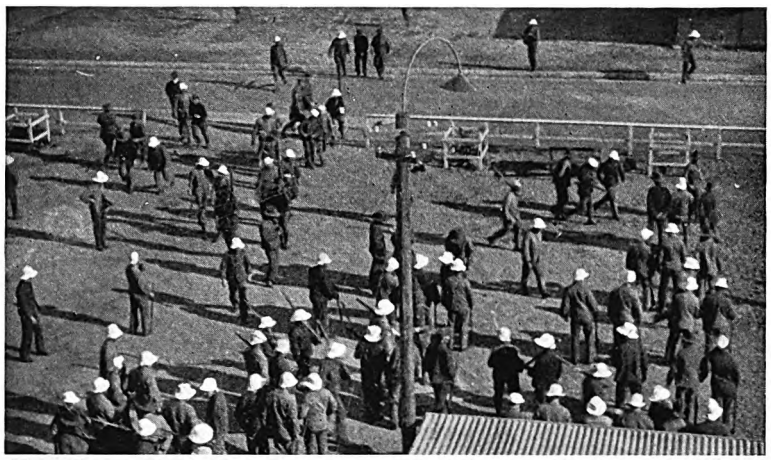
MOORE PARK AND BROADMEADOWS



May, 1917—Private parade ground of the Wireless Training School at Moore Park, Sydney. Note the Morse flags for visual training and the long dungarees (which often concealed a real uniform beneath).

May, 1917: Horse-lines at the old Zoo site, Moore Park. We did not expect to find ourselves again grooming horses beneath palms.

February, 1916: Broadmeadows, Victoria. Members of the Pack Troop stencilling kit-bags prior to embarkation.

May, 1916: Broadmeadows, Victoria. An equitation parade of S.H.Q. and "A" Troop men.

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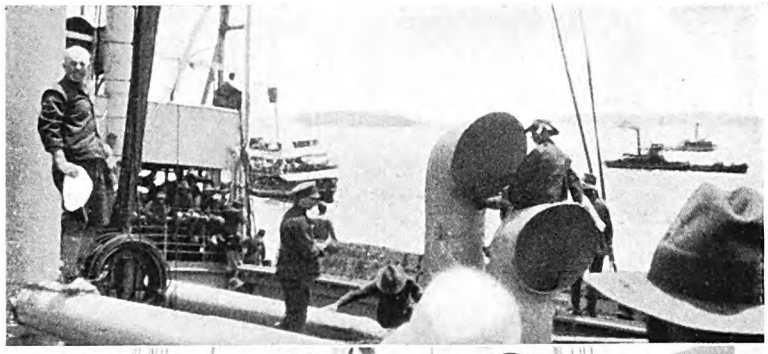
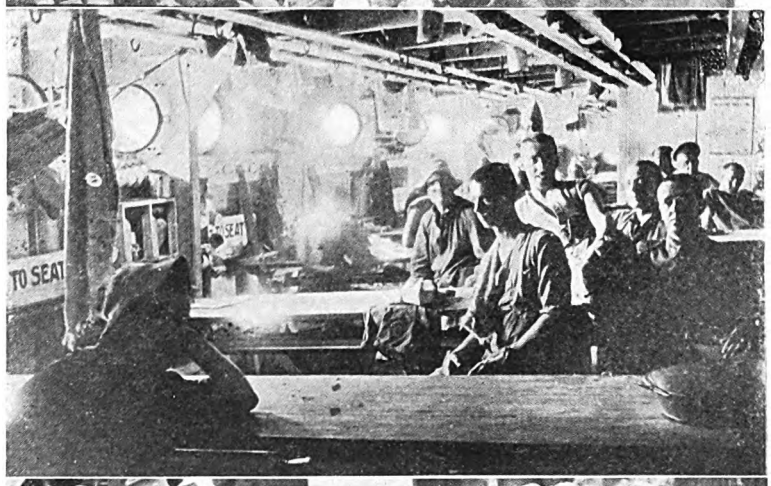
LIFE ON A TROOPSHIP



December, 1917: Transport "Ulysses" steaming down Sydney Harbor. Note the list on the Manly boat, also the dredge "Triton" going out to work.

February, 1916: A group of Pack Troop men on the "Khyber."



December, 1917: Transport "Ulysses"—"H" Troop Deck, port side, showing men of the L.M.W.S. ("D" Troop). See the hammocks and hammock hooks, racks for kit and mess gear, and the familiar inscription, "TO SEAT 16."

December, 1917: Fo'csle on the "Ulysses." This vessel carried nearly two thousand troops, including reinforcements for nearly every A.I.F. unit—consequently there was barely resting room on the decks for all the men at once.

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N.C.O.'s; all were to be mounted—making with the pack-horses a total of 13 other ranks and 18 horses. We were also to be called "C" Troop of the 1st Wireless Squadron, the other two troops being English. "A" Troop (Sappers and Miners) were then doing front line work; "B" Troop (Sappers and Miners) were stationed in India, and the A.I.F. Troop were to be "C" Troop. Training was seriously attended to, as it was the wish and hope of all to be doing something in the nature of our calling. We were told by the Director of Signals that another troop was to arrive almost immediately and would be camped alongside us, and that our C.O. was to arrange for its accommodation and meeting. Everyone was glad to see and welcome it, but more so when we learnt that they were New Zeaanders and were eventually to be operating with us. They were to man four pack stations also, and were to be called "C" Wireless Troop of the 1st Wireless Squadron.

THE N.Z. PACK TROOP.

This troop arrived in the field on April 18th. Its origin has already been referred to and its subsequent history was much the same as that of the Australian Pack Troop. The unit was under the command of Lieut. Clarke, and his men were operators and linesmen from the Government Telegraph Service. As *drivers* were required, the reason for sending linesmen was not clear, and placed the unit at some disadvantage (which, however, was soon rectified on the other side). The troop had about a month's training in equitation, musketry, visual signalling and buzzer work—which was not very much, but as all ranks were very keen the total result was excellent.

The unit sailed on March 4th, 1916, by H.M.T. 49 (s.s. "Willochra") and made a good passage to Colombo the voyage being saddened by the death (on March 25th) of Spr. McMillan. Three days were spent on the island, the men being accommodated at the Barracks. They were well looked after and had an exciting game of Rugby. Madras was reached on the 31st and the journey continued the same day by train to Bombay (arriving April 2nd). There they stayed at the Cooperage Camp and being granted leave, were hospitably received by local residents. The usual miserable trip up the Persian Gulf followed, and all were glad when Makina was reached and the unit joined up with their comrades in arms. However, the haste which had accompanied their movements all along did not desert them now, and within three days of their drawing horses the first station had to be embarked for up river.

FIRST STATIONS GO OUT.

April 18th (the day the N.Z. Pack Troop arrived) saw the first experiments on the part of the Australians at leading pack horses. Ten days later the first station had joined the 15th Division and was on its way to Khamisiyah. It was a happy day for the boys to be doing something worth while, but a sad one for the force—for it was on this day that a white flag fluttered over the battle-scarred walls of Kut.

Back at Makina alarms were the order of the day. On one occasion the camp was barricaded with bales of bhusa (coarse chaff) in anticipation of an Arab raid; on another the horse picquet spent half an hour skirmishing after a rustling tortoise.

On May 9th—the first N.Z. effort—a second station was embarked for Mudelil on the Tigris, above Amara. On the 21st, camp was moved northwards near the river to Magil. During the same month both the second New Zealand and second Australian Stations were despatched into the field—for Ali Gharbi on the Tigris and Nasiriyah on the Euphrates respectively.

In June two stations accompanied a force sent to strafe certain Arab tribes. One station from each troop

A pack station partially erected; the guys have to be adjusted and the aerial hauled up. An operator is unrolling the capacity earth-nets.

was detailed for this stunt. The column was made up and left on June 17th for Ghabishiyah—24 miles at 110 degrees in the shade (not that there was any shade either going or coming!). On arrival an aeroplane reported the inevitable—not an Arab in sight for miles. Accordingly return was ordered for the 20th. The feature of the affair that will remain longest in the mind was the sight of the New Zealanders' engine horse running amok through bamboo huts, leaving behind it a devastating ruin of Tommy mosquito nets.

July 1st proved to be the first day of sadness for the Australians—for death walked amongst them. On that day Driver Bowen died of malaria. It was the beginning. Malaria, smallpox, cholera, dysentery, enteric, and typhoid were soon to take a heavy toll.

On July 6th S.H.Q. and "A" Troop arrived from Australia and took charge under the title 1st Australian and N.Z. Wireless Signal Squadron.

The Australian Pack Troop Stations remained in the field till October—when they were recalled preparatory to the Squadron mobilisation.

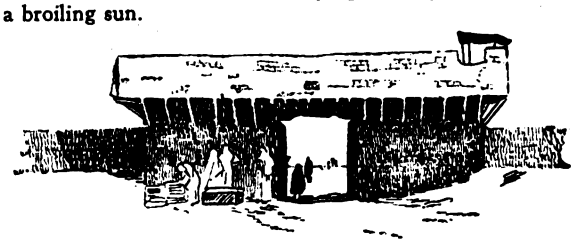
Pack Troop days were over, but the memory of good work performed during the force's darkest days remained with the High Command, promising well for what a larger signal body could accomplish in a wider field of endeavour.

The work of the two Australian pack stations in the field is now described.

THE KHAMISIYAH STATION.

15th Division takes over Euphrates Line.

On April 25th—as has been indicated—news was received that an Australian Station was to stand by to proceed to Khamisiyah. It comprised the O.C., Sgt. Pell, Corp. Simpson, Sappers Carmichael, McDowell, Fletcher, Jackson, Bourke and Bishton, Drivers Spragg, Parry, Watkins, Matthews, Shelley, with 20 horses and 18 mules for baggage; and it moved out with the 42nd Infantry Brigade (15th Division) for the first stage of their 140 mile trek. Shaibah Fort was reached on the 30th after a 13-mile trip. This journey was quite trying enough for the horses, but the Infantry had a terrible time of it, carrying their packs under a broiling sun.



The Shatra Gate, Nasiriyah.

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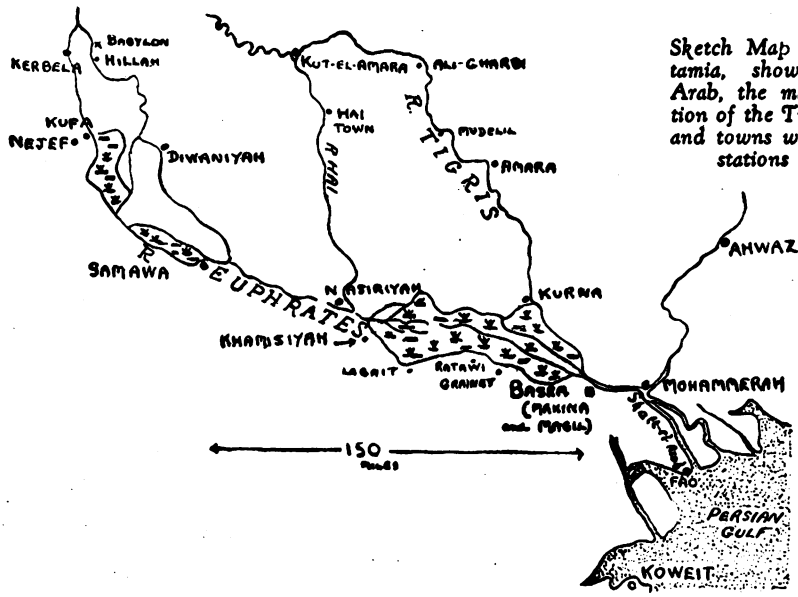

Sketch Map of Lower Mesopotamia, showing the Shatt-el-Arab, the marshes at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, and towns where the early pack stations were on duty.

Station erected upon arrival and remained open until 10 p.m., when it was dismantled ready for the trek on the morrow.

Next day, left at 6 a.m.; finished the morning's journey at 10 a.m., and erected. All suffered from dysentery due to the water, which was brackish. For the rest of the journey the mules for baggage transport were replaced by camels that had been waiting at Shaibah, and a magnificent sight they made as 750 of them moved slowly forwards. Left early the following morning for Grainat, 15 miles, which was reached after another tedious and trying journey. The infantry upon arrival had to set to and dig firing trenches round the camp.

The following morning, 14 miles was set for the march, and it was a pitiful sight to see the British infantry ploughing through the sand. Owing to the number going sick and exhausted at this stage, the ambulance wagons (each drawn by two bullocks) were placed at the head of the column, the idea being to let the men see there was no hope of being carried; they would have to see it through themselves. Sections were detailed to bring up the rear and to assist along the "knocked-out" ones. The Wireless Station horses had infantry rifles and haversacks hanging all around them. The ambulance wagons and A.T. carts were up to their axles in the sand, and after a cruel and terrible march the Brigade filtered into Ratawi. Wireless Station erected, and, during the evening, a press wire was received stating that General Townshend had surrendered.

The next trek was one of 10½ miles to Ghabisiyah, and after the usual torments of the march, all were delighted at finding the river water fresh and free from salt. The following day, 17 miles were covered, and a sick parade held for all troops at Lagait. Three wireless men were marked for return to Basra by stream. Friday, May 5th, was hailed as a holiday by the brigade troops, but the Wireless Station put in a busy day reporting progress.

The next stage of 28 miles brought Khamisiyah into sight, and we received orders that the Station was to remain with a detachment of troops, while the Brigade was to continue to Nasiriyah, doing two stages, in all 35 miles. Lt. S. J. White, after saying farewell to the Station, returned with the brigade sick, by boat to Basra.

The work of the Station on the long trek was a subject of congratulation from the Director of Army Signals, and had created quite a wonderful impression upon the English section by the speed at which messages were handled to and from VTC. In addition to its own messages, the Station had successfully relayed a quantity of traffic when conditions were bad.

THE NASIRIYAH STATION.

With No. 2 Pack Station to Nasiriyah.

This consisted of 13 other ranks, 6 Indians, 18 horses and 17 transport mules, and was embarked on barges at Magil on May 31st. Remount officers stood by and gasped as they witnessed the rapid and successful embarkation of the "outlaws" they had known so well—the horses walking behind their owners along a plank 3 feet wide and 20 feet long. The "wild horses" of April 1st were now the Station's pride and joy.

A steam launch soon had a barge on either side and the party was on its way to Kurna, junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. Here the route lay through the uncharted Lake Hammar, but on board was Miss Gertrude Lothian Bell, and she piloted the craft through. The daughter of a north-country ironmaster, she had been explorer, antiquarian and British agent in the Near East almost since girlhood. Her knowledge of local affairs proved invaluable to the force.

Nasiriyah was a pretty enough village after Basra. It had actually been laid out in squares by a progressive Sheikh. The place was the junction of the Hai River and also the British left wing, and the last outpost on the Euphrates, but rather dull from a military point of view. However, heavy rifle fire and Arab raids were a nightly reminder that something might be doing some day. Meanwhile, there was a fair amount of traffic, as land lines were continually down.

Later, an advance by river and launch to Samawa was ordered—the next important town on this part of the Euphrates. On a flyboat went some of the operators. Considerable Turkish opposition was encountered, but all traffic was satisfactorily handled both by the gunboat and the relay station at Nasiriyah.

The political importance of Nasiriyah must be mentioned. It is a land of gardens and mud forts and of chieftains divided amongst themselves. It commands Basra from the Euphrates side, controls the importation of arms and supplies, and watches the Hai tribes and guarantees their quietness.

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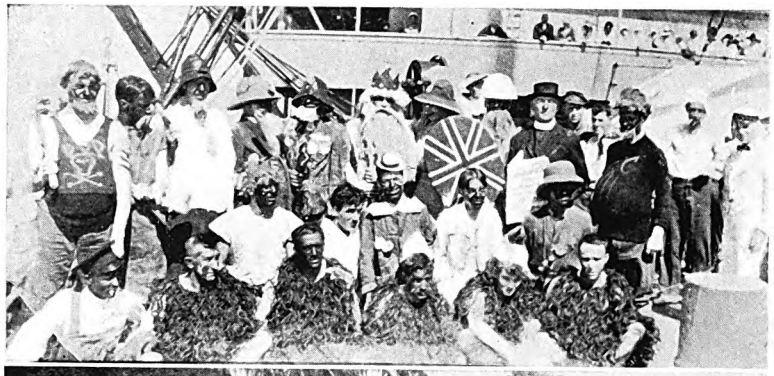
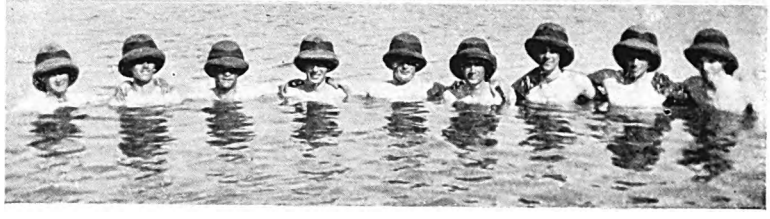
COLOMBO AND BOMBAY



June, 1916: S.H.Q. and "A" Troop men celebrating the crossing of the Line. Owing to accidents (on other transports) due to horseplay, the ceremonies were later forbidden by A.I.F. Headquarters.

February, 1916: Pack Troop men in the luxuriant Peradeniya Gardens, Kandy.

June, 1916: Squadron men at Mt. Lavinia, Colombo.



A reinforcement at Elephanta Island, Bombay. This island is famous for its ancient carved caves.

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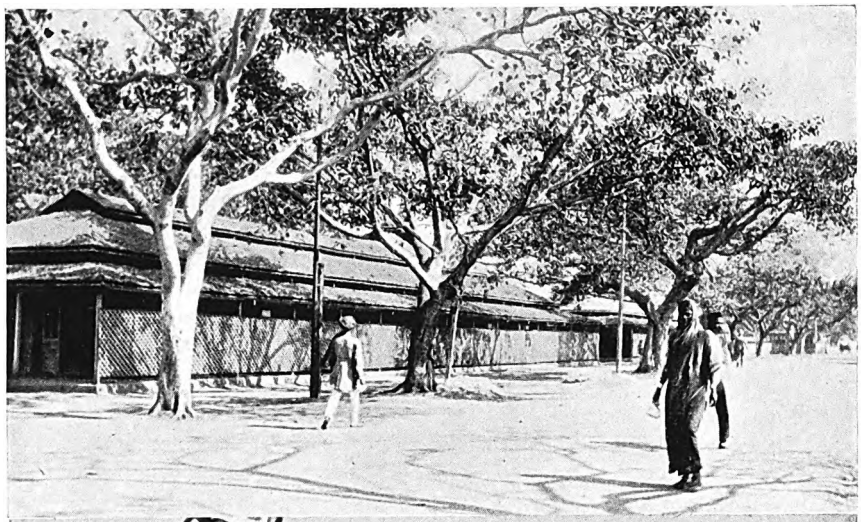
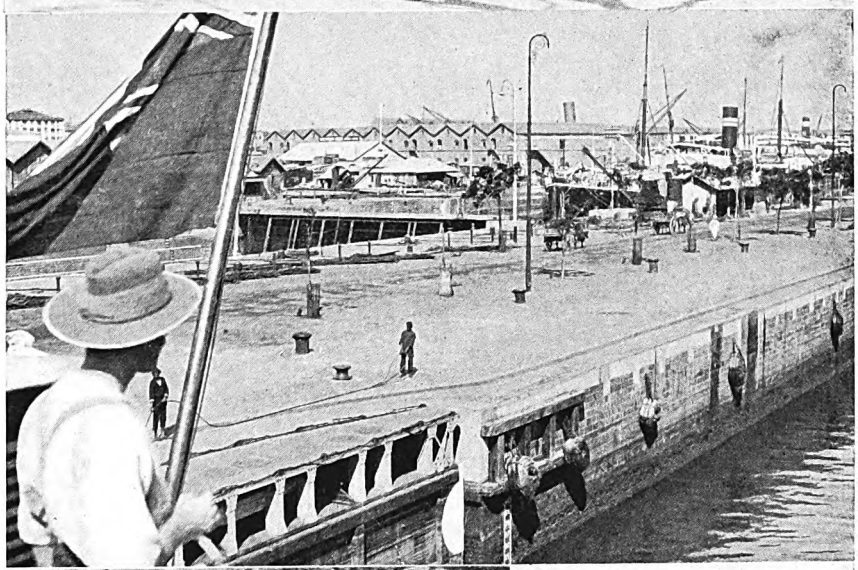
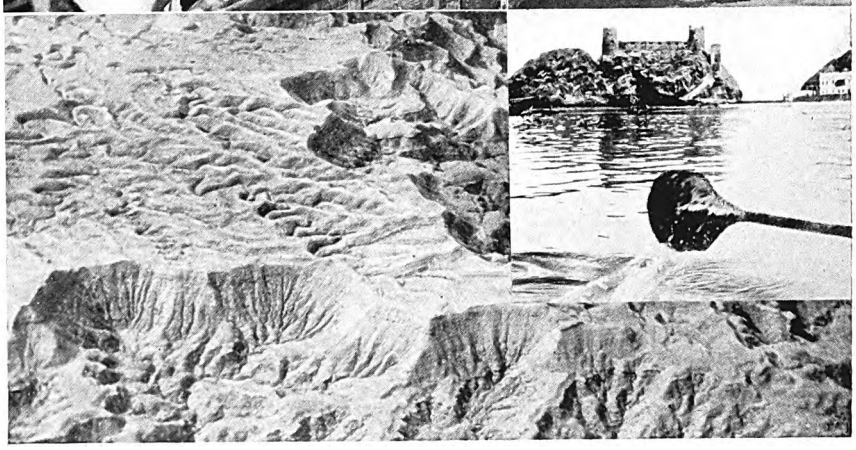
BOMBAY AND THE PERSIAN GULF



Colaba Barracks, Bombay—well known to small parties passing through. The Barracks are set on a narrow neck of land open to the sea on both sides.



March, 1918: Ambulance Transport "Varsova," warping out of Victoria Docks, Bombay, on her way to the Gulf.



June, 1916: "Ellengra" at Muscat—one of the hottest spots in the world. The castle dates from the old Portuguese days.

The background picture was taken by the Ross Smith party from the air. It shows the barren, water-worn hills along the Persian side of the Gulf.

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IN CAMP AT BASRA

Basra, the Base of the Force, was divided into four parts: Ashar (the port), old Basra (2 miles inland) Makina, and Magil—the military encampments to the north-west. In the foreground is the Shatt-el-Arab showing ocean-going vessels; beyond are the great dockyards of the Inland Water Transport as they appeared after the Armistice when this R.A.F. photograph was taken.

Summer, 1916, at Magil—with men on stations, fatigues, and sick in hospital—all we could rake up for parade.

An early mess parade at Makina.

August 4th, 1916: Operators turned stable hands.

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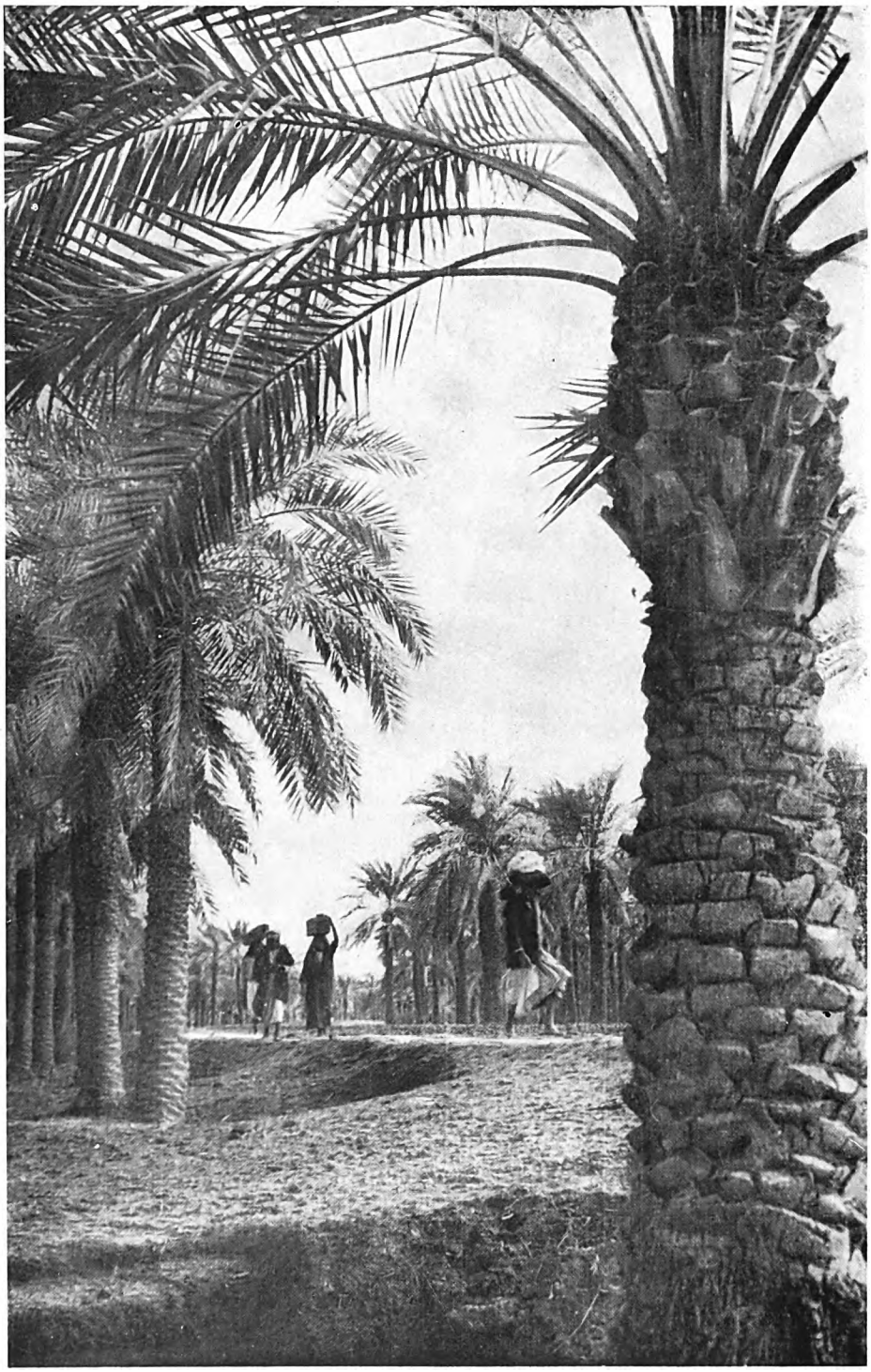
AT MAGIL, NEAR BASRA



A pathway through the date palms.

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FORMATION OF SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS and "A" TROOP

Early in March, 1916, the Imperial authorities informed the Commonwealth Government that it was desired to increase the wireless establishment in Mesopotamia by the addition of another troop, also an H.Q. section, thus making a complete squadron that would be a homogeneous Australian and New Zealand unit. First reinforcements were to sail with H.Q., followed by 15 per cent. reinforcements quarterly.

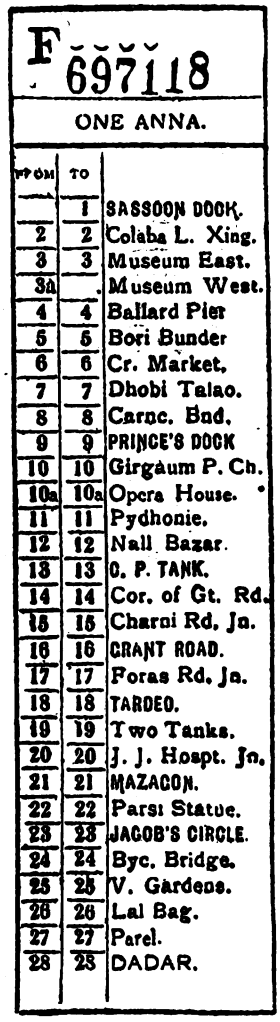
Accordingly Captain Gartrell (S.A.) was given instructions to collect men in the southern states and Lieut. Marr from the northern. Captain Gartrell was, however, accidentally drowned before the formation of his unit had been completed, and Major Sutherland was therefore appointed to command with Marr (now Captain) as second-in-command. The work of recruiting continued; every effort was made to secure men of the highest technical knowledge from all the military districts of the Commonwealth. After the customary visual training in Centennial Park, the N.S.W. section entrained on April 26th for Broadmeadows in Victoria, where, despite cold and rain, the complete unit managed during the next month to get in a considerable amount of wireless and transport practice. Rumors of sailing dates and similar exciting topics filled our conversation, and confirmation came quickly. By 8 a.m. on May 30th we were on board the P. & O. steamer "Morea," and, though the date had been kept secret, a crowd assembled on the wharf to say good-bye.

We had a day's leave in Fremantle, and on June 13th engaged in the Crossing of the Line ceremonies. On arrival at Colombo we were surprised to learn that the military authorities had no information regarding us—a circumstance that appeared curious at the time, but in later experience proved to be repeated everywhere. At any time troops and reinforcements destined for Mesopotamia might, for all the information the authorities in Ceylon or India had regarding them, have been going anywhere; in fact, reinforcements were occasionally sent to Egypt by mistake. It might also be said that the haziness regarding the Squadron's whereabouts and movements was by no means confined to India, Ceylon, and Mesopotamia itself, but was shared by Australia as well, for the General Staff there knew almost as little as anyone else about their own unit.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that the feeling of being "nobody's baby" was a general one among all ranks in the Squadron's early days in Mesopotamia, but, in fairness, it must be added that when Australia finally received definite details the response was immediate and generous. Especially was this the case in regard to reinforcements and comforts.

When one considered the conflicting reports that reached Australia and New Zealand, it was not to be wondered at that people had but the vaguest idea of Mesopotamian conditions. One individual would describe the country as a vast quagmire, while another would call it a huge dry desert with continual dust storms. A third would write of the extreme heat, a fourth of the extreme cold; someone else would mention the hostility of the Arabs and yet another write of their friendliness; and so on with every aspect of the country and conditions. Nor could it be said that any of these writers were wrong, for each was merely describing the country from a different view-point. In a land where a man could be sunstruck by day and frost-bitten by night all things were possible: a huge stretch of barren dusty country could, by a few points of rain or the breaking of a river bund, become an impassable swamp in a few hours. Arabs who sold eggs during the day would as soon rob the buyer at night. Allowing, therefore, for the general ignorance displayed concerning Mesopotamia's geographical position and of its climatic conditions, one ceased to be surprised at the somewhat ludicrous gifts that were sent to us at first, and remained grateful to those who showed that our small unit was not altogether forgotten. It was, for instance, unnecessary to forward

A Bombay Tram-ticket.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ONE ANNA.

FROM	TO	
	1	SASSOON DOCK.
2	2	Colaba L. Xing.
3	3	Museum East.
3a		Museum West.
4	4	Ballard Pier
5	5	Bori Bunder
6	6	Cr. Market.
7	7	Dhobi Talao.
8	8	Carnac. Bnd.
9	9	PRINCE'S DOCK
10	10	Girgaum P. Ch.
10a	10a	Opera House.
11	11	Pydhonie.
12	12	Nall Bazar.
13	13	C. P. TANK.
14	14	Cor. of Gt. Rd.
15	15	Charni Rd. Jn.
16	16	GRANT ROAD.
17	17	Foras Rd. Jn.
18	18	TARDEO.
19	19	Two Tanks.
20	20	J. J. Hospt. Jn.
21	21	MAZAGON.
22	22	Parsi Statue.
23	23	JACOB'S CIRCLE.
24	24	Byc. Bridge.
25	25	V. Gardens.
26	26	Lal Bag.
27	27	Parel.
28	28	DADAR.

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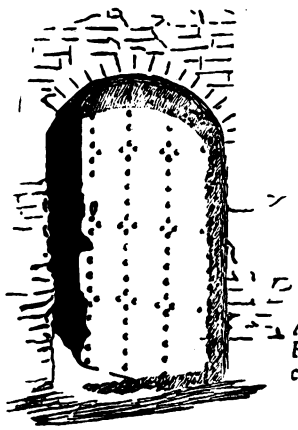


Almost anywhere on the Rivers — an iron-studded courtyard door telling of past troublous times.

packets of dates to troops who were camped under date palms, or tins of "bully-beef" to men who ate that nourishing article every day!

COLOMBO, BOMBAY, AND THE PERSIAN GULF.

Colombo arranged for the troop to stay at the Echelon Barracks. Leave was granted and the men went off sight-seeing. Next morning reveille was at 4.30, and, passing out of the barracks, the troop marched down to the jetty and was conveyed in a tender to B.I. steamer "Novara," leaving Colombo at 10 a.m. for Bombay. The troop-deck accommodation was so filthy that a small "mutiny" was necessary before second-class accommodation was offered. Monsoonal weather was experienced during the voyage. The steamer anchored in Bombay harbour at 3.30 p.m. on 22nd June, and, as the low tide would not allow her to berth alongside the quay, the men disembarked by tender. The troop stayed at Colaba Barracks, their advent, as elsewhere, being unheralded. Here the men were issued with summer uniforms in place of the thick woollen clothing with which they had been provided in Australia. (It turned out, however, that this woollen clothing, quite unsuitable in tropical weather, was exactly what was required for the bitter winters of Iraq and Persia).

Accordingly felt hats (always our pride) had to be replaced by topees, which were made further uncomfortable by the addition of a shade to protect the back of the neck. As a further and necessary protection against heat-stroke, pads, to be worn over the spine, were also issued.

On June 24th S.H.Q. and "A" Troop embarked for Basra in the B.I. s.s. "Ellengra." Karachi was reached on the 27th, after a voyage during which the ship rolled intolerably, and after spending a day here she proceeded to Muscat. The heat at Muscat was intense (122 deg.), and no one was sorry when, at 4.45 p.m. on the 30th, the voyage was continued. The next call was Bushire, where the "Ellengra" remained from 3.30 p.m. on July 3rd until 7.40 next morning, and then made the Shatt-el-Arab bar at 5.30 p.m. the same day, anchoring there for the night.

Next morning at daybreak a pilot was taken on board, the journey up river begun, and Basra reached at 4.45 p.m. Our reception was indeed a miserable one. Gloomy reports from the front, as well as stories of the terrible death-roll from heat stroke, the oppressive climate, and the incessant attention of insect pests, united in depressing our spirits.

The men remained on board in midstream until the 6th July, when they disembarked at Magil Wharf, and, marching into the camp, joined up with the remainder of the two troops already here, who were eagerly waiting to welcome their new comrades.

WITH THE SQUADRON AT MAGIL

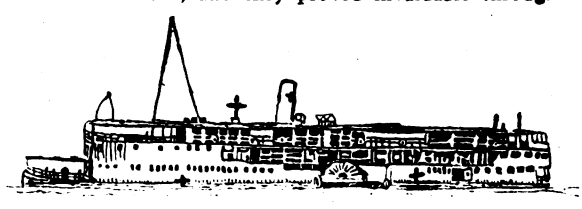
With the arrival of S.H.Q. and "A" Troop at Magil Camp on July 6th, the Australian and New Zealand Wireless Signal Squadron came automatically into being; it comprised S.H.Q. and staff, "A" Troop (2 wagons and 2 packs), "B" Troop (the Pack Troop —1 wagon and 3 packs), and "C" Troop (the N.Z. Troop—1 wagon and 3 packs).

The N.Z. troop suffered this same day a heavy blow when it lost its O.C. and only officer, Lieut. Clarke, and S.H.Q. suffered similarly three months later through the loss of Newman, its Squadron Sergeant-Major. (His place was filled by S.M. Head and in 1918 by S.M. O'Dea). Mid-July was indeed an unfortunate month for the squadron to arrive; it meant that all ranks were plunged into the terrors of a Mesopotamian summer without having had an opportunity for acclimatisation. By July 31st "B" Troop could boast only 27 effectives, "C" Troop 21, and "A" just about as many. The new unit therefore had to cope with sickness, disorganisation, extreme heat and ten months of bully beef, but the pluck and endurance of officers and men triumphed over all four.

The climate in the Basra district was the most humid in the country; the troops did not benefit by cooler nights there as they might have farther up the river. Sandflies, mosquitoes, and flies were such that little sleep was possible by day or by night; men would be seen walking about the camp at all hours, solely to escape the distraction of vainly seeking sleep hour after hour. During the daytime the men would lie in their tents nearly naked, yet still in a bath of perspiration; owing to the prickly heat many men, under the doctor's orders, discarded pants altogether and went about the camp in shirt and topee only, causing universal amusement.

In spite of camp orders to the contrary, the men insisted on watering their horses every noonday, preferring to take the chance of heatstroke rather than allow their horses to suffer. However, the trips to Gurmat Ali formed a useful training manoeuvre when we had got used to our horses and our sets. As many pack stations as possible were manned. We then set off northward to the Arab plantations at Gurmat Ali, erected stations, bought (and stole) fruit and watermelons, rested under the date palms, after which we dismantled the stations and betook ourselves home.

Meanwhile, by arrangement with the Second (British) Squadron, it had been decided that we should take over advanced wireless work and leave to them that at the base and on the lines of communication. To handle this work we were equipped with two classes of sets. These were rated as half-kilowatt and one-and-a-half kilowatt respectively, and were manufactured by the Marconi Company. Their design seemed to be based on dependability—with weight, efficiency, and up-to-dateness falling into second place—and dependable they certainly were for the hardest of work, and they proved invaluable through-



Hospital Paddle-Wheeler, with green-painted cots filling all the available accommodation on both decks.

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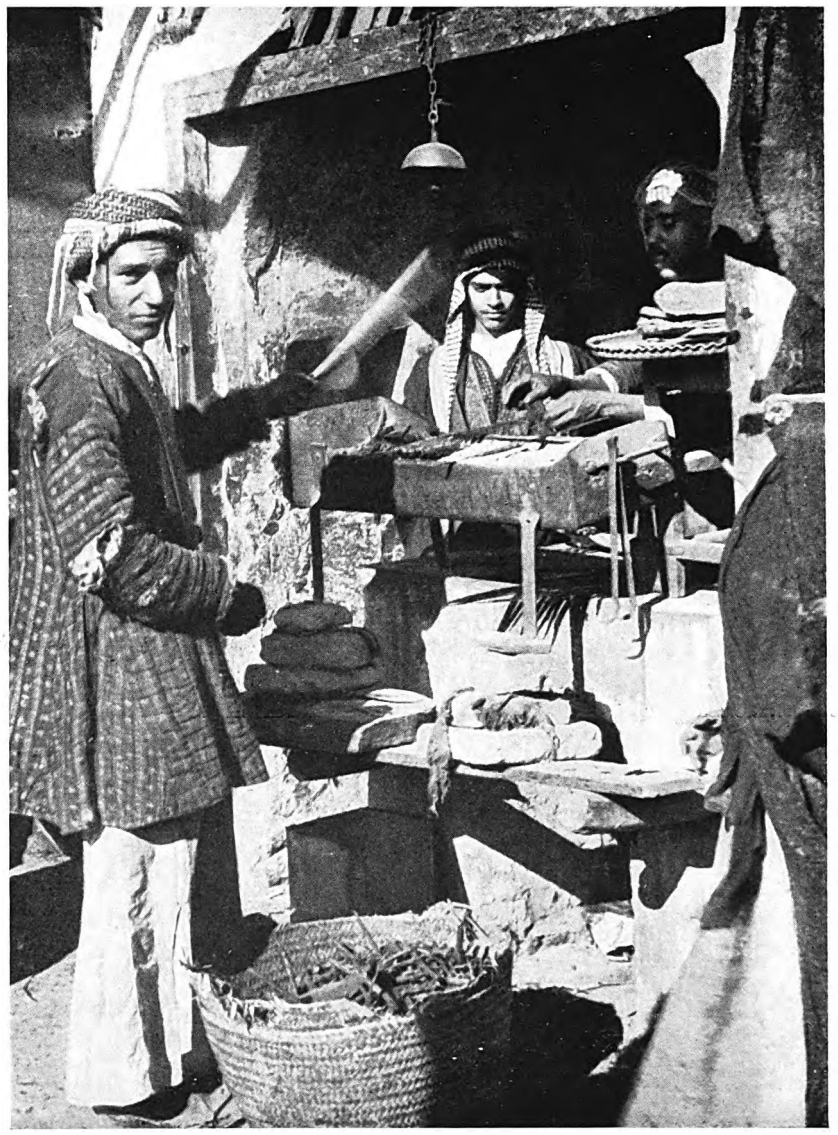
A COOK-SHOP IN THE BAZAAR



Squares of meat (kabobs) are being roasted on a spit over a charcoal fire. When they are ready, they will be served to a customer inside, wrapped up in a chupatty.

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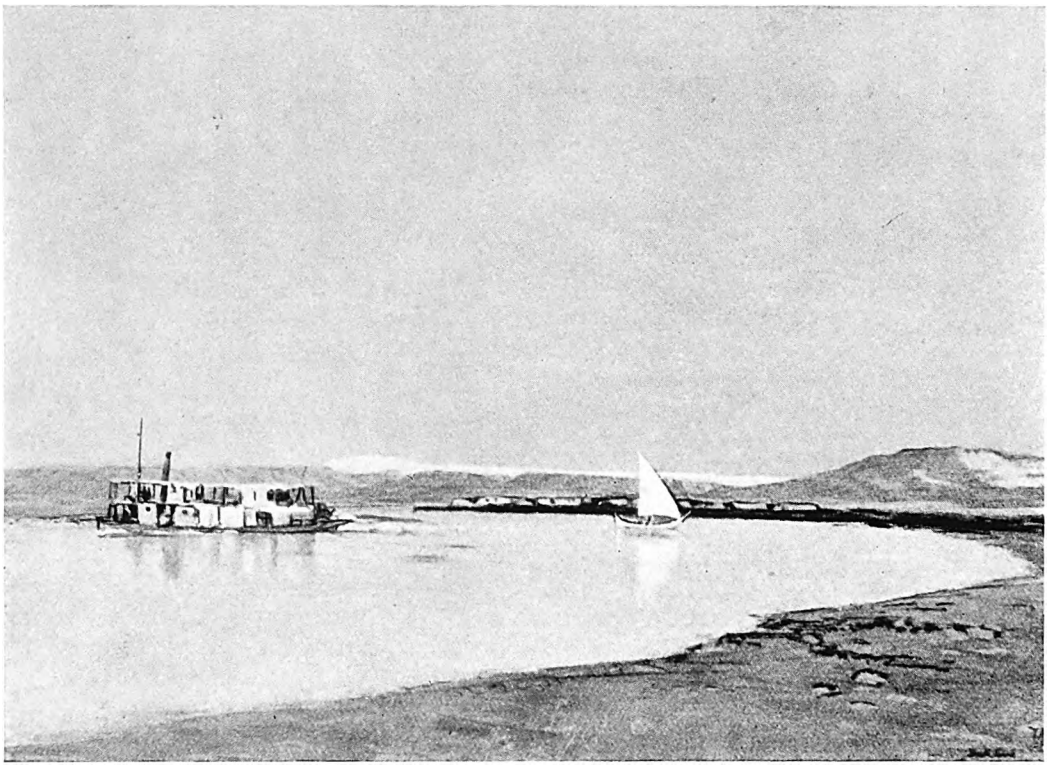
MESOPOTAMIAN DAWN



NEAR SHEIKH SAAD.
(from the Water-color by Donald Maxwell)

Far as the snow upon the untraversed hills,
Far and as lovely lies my dreaming thought
On heights where hope has magically wrought
Her rosy-gleaming wonder. The sun spills
Gold on the glittering plain, and music thrills
The frosted air as though the wind drew taut
Strings of invisible harps. Beauty is caught
In shining meshes, softly as God wills.

Young with the Dawn awakens out of sleep
The desolate interminable land ;
Her sinuous river winds across her sand
Swift, but the liquid silver seems to creep
As slowly as those unhurried flocks of sheep
That crop the withered grass and pause and stand.

J. Griffith Fairfax,
in "Mesopotamia".

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El Azair—The Tomb of the Prophet Ezra. Its blue-tiled dome was the most photographed thing in Mesopot.

out the campaign. Nevertheless one cannot help smiling at the idea of 500-watt stations rated for 35 miles, when amateurs to-day are sending half-way round the world on a tenth of the power.

The smaller and more mobile "set" was the "Pack Set," which got its name from the fact that it was carried as packs on horses or mules. It consisted of five separate loads carried on specially-built frames strapped on to pack saddles. Load No. 1 consisted of an air-cooled petrol engine of 2¾ H.P., built by Douglas and Co., evenly balanced by an alternator on the opposite side of the saddle. There was also a piece of shafting to connect both together when in use. Load No. 2—two boxes containing the actual sending and receiving gear. Load No. 3—two valises containing sufficient rigging material to erect two masts, also aerial gear and capacity earth nets. Load No. 4 was a pair of specially built frames, each carrying eight sections for the masts. The sections were constructed of tubular steel, with a flange so as to fit into each other for a few inches, and would make a mast 30 feet high. Load No. 5 contained spare parts and stocks of petrol and oil. The personnel of a Pack Station was: One N.C.O. in charge, a corporal in charge of transport, six operators, and five drivers—all mounted. Each driver had a pack-horse to lead and look after. Each operator had a distinct number of duties in the erection of the station, thus enabling a set to be erected and be in communication within seven or eight minutes. Later on a mechanic was allotted to every station, but they were not on the original establishment. It was also not till sometime afterwards that a sufficient complement of farriers, saddlers and carpenters was provided, and that only after a good deal of agitation.

The other "set" was the "Wagon Set," and consisted of two limbered wagons, each drawn by teams of six horses driven postillion fashion. The instrument wagon contained the engine, alternator, and rotary discharger in its front limber, and radio gear in its rear limber; the mast limbers carried petrol, oil, tools, the mast sections, and gear sufficient to erect two seventy-foot masts on the "jury" system. The staff employed was similar to that of a pack-station, but with the addition of an operator and a driver.

On September 17th Major Sutherland went into hospital, and was evacuated to Australia. Captain Marr, therefore, took command; shortly afterwards Lt. White was also evacuated to Australia. By now it was somewhat cooler, and work took on a new zest; nearly every day we had all the horses out on desert treks. It was just as well that we were starting to feel our feet, for the beginning of our real work was close at hand.

We already had two New Zealand stations up river; for the Australians October 14th was the great day when the staffs for a wagon and two pack sets were embarked on the famous old paddle-wheeler "Mejidieh." The following six weeks was a busy one, and by the time it was over the squadron stations had all been mobilised into their scheduled positions in the field. The details of that mobilisation are as follows:—

FIRST MOBILISATION OF SQUADRON STATIONS.

October 14th—December 12th, 1916.

Oct. 14th.—Two N.Z. packs (J and K) already at Mudelil and Ali Gharbi (posts between Amara and Kut).

Oct. 14th.—One wagon (E) and two packs (F and G) embark. Arrive Arab Village (G.H.Q.), 20th; E and F to 1st Corps H.Q., Felayieh (left bank), G to 13th Divn., Es. Sinn.

Oct. 23rd.—One pack (H) embarks, arrives Arab Village 30th and joins 6th Cavalry Brigade.

Nov. 12th.—One N.Z. and one Australian pack (L and D) leave by road. Reach Amara 21st, Sheikh Saad (Advanced Base) Dec. 2nd and Es. Sinn Dec. 5th.

Nov. 17th.—Three wagons (A, B and I) and one pack (C) leave by road; reach Ezra's Tomb 23rd and Amara 27th. I wagon remains Ali Gharbi Dec. 5th. C continues by road and A and B by river to Arab Village (Dec. 10th).

Nov. 18th.—Squadron Headquarters embark and reach G.H.Q., Arab Village Nov. 25th.

Dec. 3rd—Director of Army Signals orders squadron to be disposed as follows by December 12th:—

G.H.Q.	A Wagon and L Pack
I. Corps	E Wagon and F Pack
III. Corps	B Wagon and D Pack
Cav. Div. H.Q. .	C Pack
6th Cav. Bde. .	H Pack
7th Cav. Bde. .	G Pack
Ali Gharbi ..	I Wagon and K Pack
Sheikh Saad ..	J Pack

Dec. 13th/14th.—S.H.Q. and A Wagon with Army Commander at Sinn Abtar; L pack at Advanced Report Centre, Dujailah. All other stations already in allotted positions by the previous day.

About this time the N.Z. Government promoted two senior N.C.O.'s to commissioned rank. These were Sgts. Melville and McKeown, of whom the former was appointed to the command of the N.Z. Troop.

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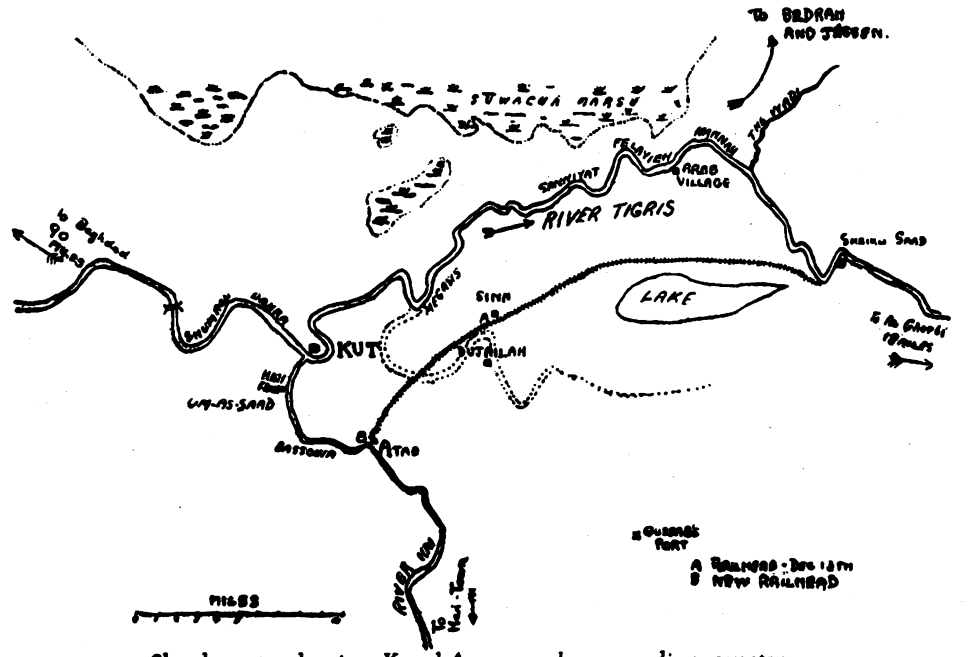

Sketch map, showing Kut-el-Amara and surrounding country. Prior to December, 1916, British military effort had been concentrated on the Turkish trench system at Sanniyat, between the river and the Suwacha marsh. This position was to all intents and purposes impregnable.

THE OPERATIONS ROUND KUT

REORGANISATION OF THE FORCE

A summer and winter had passed since Kut fell. In military operations nothing had been done (except on the Russian side), but behind the British lines a miraculous transformation scene was in progress. The noise of renewed activity mingled everywhere with the echos of the great disaster. Gone was the control of the India Office—its parsimony, its over-optimism—gone were even the memories of its mistakes.

In July the War Office took over. From the ashes of Indian Expeditionary Force D arose a shining phoenix—the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. A month later, General Maude assumed command. He had led his division through the dark days before Kut fell; now as Commander-in-Chief he brought his strong heart to the stern work of reorganisation—and with it a decision not to move till every detail was ready. The port of Basra was put in charge of a distinguished engineer; transport facilities were multiplied by five; hospital services were now all that could be desired. Ice and soda-water factories, canteens, a visit from the incoming Chief for India, new activities on every side enhanced the morale of the troops.

By December, Maude was ready (and the mobilisation of the squadron wireless stations was part of that readiness). His plans were to advance to the Hai and to secure it with a strong force, and then to continue a steady co-operation of infantry and cavalry throughout the winter on the right bank of the Tigris. No return to a useless sacrifice of life against an impregnable position; rather give the Turks something to think about elsewhere. The Hai flank must be turned!

All followed according to plan. In nine weeks' stubborn fighting, "Tommy" and Indian had cleared the enemy out of every right-bank trench; then in one glorious day Shumran was bridged, Sanniyat forced, and the Turk in full retreat on Baghdad, with his roll-call suffering by the loss of four thousand men, eighty guns, and vast masses of every kind of military stores. The task was done; British prestige in the Near East was again something to be reckoned with!

What share did the squadron have in the victory? A more substantial one, we believe, than the world knows, if only through the activities of the two stations at the advanced report-centres, of which more later.

During the operations round Kut the following stations did not move:—

E Wagon—Traffic for I. Corps H.Q. at Felayieh.
F Pack—(From Felayieh) at Es Sinn, Interception.
A Wagon—G.H.Q. traffic, also Interception.
B Wagon—Traffic for III. Corps H.Q. at Atab.
I Wagon } L. of C.,
K Pack } Ali Gharbi
J Pack—Advanced Base, Sheikh Saad.

The more strenuous mobile work thus fell on Packs G, H, C, D and L. (The personnel of the original C Station was exchanged with that of F on January 7th, their designations, however, not being altered.)

THE ADVANCE TO THE HAI.

When the operations began the Cavalry Division (6th and 7th Cavalry Brigades) was in camp at Arab Village bridgehead. On the 13th the division, with three pack stations (C, G and H) moved up to the Hai and beyond as flank guard for the infantry. The advance was rather experimental. Units lost contact with each other and with their commands; the wireless stations were not called upon to any extent. However, the objective was gained without much fighting and the division re-formed at Atab on the following day. Here G Station put through the first good batch of traffic.

A narrative of that first famous advance is given hereunder:—

"Wednesday, the thirteenth, dawns cloudlessly, and our camp with the cavalry at Arab Village is as peaceful and calm as could be, but before the sun sets we are destined to travel far and fast, as it is the opening day of a new campaign.

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"The troops are all quietly exercising their horses, and we are out on the desert practising erections and taking things easy, when a heliograph rapidly flashes out a message to return post haste, which we do, wondering at the excitement and bustle. Immediately we arrive we are ordered to pack up and to dump our kit with the exception of a change of underclothing and one blanket. The secret is out; a big stunt is imminent. Two hours later we are on the move.

"It is 5 p.m., and the sun slowly sinking in the west casts long and deepening shadows across the desert. Thousands of horses and men are moving out. Squadrons of Hussars and Lancers with colored pennants flying and swords swinging are a sight never to be forgotten as they turn and wheel into position. Batteries of field-guns are dashing hither and thither in quest of their respective positions in the vast multitude of horses and men. Despatch riders are delivering operation orders. Slowly but surely dusk overtakes them all, leaving a few parties still desperately trying to find their places.

"The place of our three stations is at the head of the column. The night is pitch dark, though clear. All is silent; orders are whispered; the only sound is the dull thud of our horses' hoofs on the soft ground. We appear to be alone, yet the neigh of an impatient horse and the stamp of a restless hoof tells us others are near. Leaning down we see silhouetted against the skyline the heads of horses and men and the tops of lances, and we know we are passing the 7th Brigade waiting its turn to join in the column. Strict orders about smoking, whispers, thousands of eager and restless horses and men, pitch darkness, destination unknown. Everything keys us to a high pitch of excitement. Smothered coughs and restless hoofs tell us we are still passing hundreds of armed men, hidden by the night and impatiently awaiting the order to advance.

"On and on we go, alternately walking and trotting, and no one knows our direction until we reach Twin Canals. Here we halt and dismount; rumour has it we are camping for the night, but no, we are off again. Riding 12 abreast we continue till midnight, when we halt to water our horses at what we afterwards discover is Es Sinn. Off we go again. Travelling is very rough—the pack horses have to be trotted over old trenches, *nullahs*, and holes. Away on our right at Sanniyat the artillery is bombarding heavily, covering our advance.

"We dismount and rest awhile. It is bitterly cold and we alternately run alongside our horses and ride to keep warm. Some sleep in their saddles, and some are asleep at their horses' hoofs the minute we stop for our 10-minute rest in every hour. Orders come back to the effect that all overcoats are to be strapped to saddles—and a shiver goes down our spines. It is bitterly cold and we very reluctantly obey. "We may come across the enemy at dawn" and "there may be no more stops" are other comforting messages sent back. We have another run and loosen our stiffened joints.

"Dawn breaks to find us on the banks of an almost dry river, which proves to be the Shatt-el-Hai. Here we erect our station in 6ft. liquorice reeds, in order to send some urgent messages, while our advance-guard is skirmishing with an enemy outpost across the river-bed. We are left alone with a squadron of lancers as escort while the cavalry division passes rapidly on. Our messages acknowledged and our work finished we dismantle, and proceed. Down one bank full tilt—up the other and on toward the cloud of dust in front. It is the cavalry miles ahead and travelling fast. We no sooner arrive and find the General than we have to erect. Finish, off again, another wild gallop to catch up and another stop for communications. All the morning we do this while the Division presses rapidly on, and we do our best to keep up communications with H.Q., and report our progress every 10 miles or so. Kut is now the centre of a terrific bombardment, across on our right still, though now farther back.

"Now the division divides. 6th Brigade to the right, 7th to the left, each taking its own artillery. In this formation a couple of miles apart we continue to advance till 3 p.m. The cavalry squadrons now advance in skirmishing order, four or five yards between each man, while we stop to erect. The horse artillery has galloped past and by now is in action, bombarding the Turkish line on the river bank. Turkish troops and cavalry can be seen advancing about 3 to 4 miles away, but by this time our guns have drawn the fire of a monitor (captured from Townshend at Kut), whose 6-inch guns outrange the 13-pounders of the horse artillery, and cause havoc. Ten minutes of this and it is realised that we will soon be blown to pieces, so the order is given to retire. The brigades on both flanks then come back at full gallop out of range, but our station has priority messages to transmit and gets left out on the desert with a troop of Indian Lancers as escort.

"Our aerial masts are now conspicuous on the vacant plain, and the next five minutes are lively. We decide to evacuate when a staff officer is seen galloping towards us, storming because we have been left to the mercy of the Turkish gunners. All records in wireless-dismantling are smashed within the next few minutes. High explosive lands all round us as we make off at full gallop. One shell lobs close enough to cover us with dirt. Luckily no one is hit and our horses need no spurs. At this moment an aeroplane working with us develops engine trouble and lands on our left, and the Turks, realising it, change their fire over.

"We bivouac near Atab about 9 p.m. (14th) and dine luxuriously on an ounce of biscuit and a little jam. Besides this, we have only had a biscuit or two, and half a tin of bully in 26 hours. The horses have hardly had their packs off during the same period. After a bitterly cold and dewy bivouac we are off again."

OTHER CAVALRY OPERATIONS.

On the 15th "D" Station joined up, and during the next week the division did good work by co-operating with the infantry in its efforts at cutting off the Haji-Fahan loop, with the artillery stunt north of Shumran (when Turkish communications received a heavy bombardment), as well as with the two premature efforts at bridging the Tigris.

L. Station (N.Z.) also participated in these operations.

By this time the wireless and the other cavalry units had settled efficiently to their work—which was exceedingly strenuous and conducted under extreme shortage of rations and water, and often under heavy fire.

RAIDS ON ARABS.

Later, just before Christmas, G, H and D went off with the division on a raid southwards to Qussab's Fort. Here two Arab compounds were shelled and burnt and large quantities of grain seized. Boxing night saw them at Arab Village (except that L stopped at Sinn and D went back to Atab). Here the divisional stations, thoroughly soaked, found all their tents had disappeared and that they were homeless. Stations and tents had to be erected in the rain and mud and darkness.

The desert Arabs were a problem in themselves. They were forever hovering on our flank or that of the enemy, ready to take advantage of any accident or confusion by the way. That they usually singled us out for attention rather than the Turks was simply because they depended on gaining more plunder from the average British soldier. Their mobility was as-

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tonishing; they had only a bag of dates, a small ration of grain, and a Mauser or Martini-Henri, while our chargers were handicapped with all their official accoutrements and trappings. They were for ever swooping about on the horizon, watching—watching for the isolated soldier, for the wounded man—for a chance to kill and rob and mutilate. Treating them as they would treat us was the only way to deal with them; the only teaching they would listen to were the ranging observations of artillery observing officers.

Despite the line of blockhouses and wire-entanglements along the light railway flanking the camp on the desert side, raids by Arabs were frequent, and many were the "dodges" devised by them to obtain a little loot. A certain staff-colonel saw a suspicious figure prowling around the camp one night and gave chase in his pyjamas armed with a revolver. He was gone only five minutes, but in that time everything he possessed, including even his tent, had disappeared!

Exceedingly good work was done by the wireless stations during these strenuous ten days. Incidentally they had no transport and had to depend on the contents of their haversacks for rations and clothing. Wet weather lasted till January 7th, when a night cavalry movement was ordered from a new base on the Hai (G, H and C Stations), while D went with the 14th Division. However, a thick mist arose and the cavalry only got back to their base by following a paper trail.

HAI TOWN AND THE WADI STUNTS.

Communications for the division on the famous Hai-town stunt were provided by C, H and G Stations (January 10th to 15th)—a raid on a larger scale than that previously undertaken. The division travelled all day, and camped in the open to the tune of continuous Arab sniping. Vast quantities of grain and live stock were captured, as well as seven thousand rifles and a quarter of a million rounds of British ammunition, but British ideas of humanity prevented the raid from being pushed to a point where it would have had any effect on the Oriental mind, and it was a psychological failure. However, the stations managed to get a few fowls into the larder as well as some extra food for their horses.

On January 19th, C Station was sent on a combined cavalry and aeroplane reconnaissance round the marshes north of Sanniyat (Fort Abdul Wahad). This reconnaissance showed that it was quite possible to turn the Sanniyat position by a wide flanking movement around the Suwacha Marshes and through Jessen and Bedrah, near foothills. Special preparations were accordingly made for such a movement with a combined force of cavalry and artillery. C, H and G went off on this expedition (afterwards known as the "Wadi" stunt), carrying as much fodder and rations as they could. Unfortunately, severe thunderstorms passed over the foothills, and hail and continuous rain fell on the plains. Marshes overflowed and dry wadis became roaring torrents. One station (G) erected and, with men holding a tent over the apparatus, was gallantly attempting to clear traffic when the whole affair collapsed and all concerned received a high tension shock! When the order to return was given, the bivouac was six inches deep in water; however, saddling-up was accomplished by the light of a flaring Primus. An unexpected rum issue saved the life of the party. On the way back things got even worse. The artillery had an absolutely terrible time man-handling guns and limbers, while the wireless lost a horse in quicksand. Most of the time they were floundering in slippery mud or struggling in water up to their horses' knees. Charges by wild pigs added to the excitement. At dawn G Station erected under difficulties, and managed to put through a batch of traffic.

All were back in a new camp S9 (near Bassouia) by January 27th; on the 30th Station H accompanied a party on an Arab raid (and brought home fowls, kids and lambs—a welcome change from "bully").

FURTHER CAVALRY ACTIVITY.

On two occasions (Feb. 1st and Feb. 2nd-3rd) the cavalry were ordered out (G and C Stations) as a flank guard for the artillery during their bombardment of the Kut salient, and were again under heavy fire. The Turkish pieces were hidden by smoke—with yellow bursts of flame against the black. The roar of the guns was continuous. On the 7th and 8th another visit was paid to Hai Town (C and H); on the 10th an artillery raid (C, H, G and L Stations) was made on the Turkish communications from the heights of Baghailah Ridge, and this ended, as similar raids had done, to the tune of pretty hot enemy fire. After Baghailah G Station went back to Sinn. February 14th, 15th and 16th were busy days again—flanking the infantry to keep off some of the enemy fire. On the last day the cavalry captured 1000 prisoners; but the Turks cut the bund on the way home, and the troops had to wade knee-deep for miles. We found out afterwards that our Arab friends had suffered badly by this flooding; so much so that we did not see them again for months!

This was the end of various flanking movements round Kut. The cavalry wireless stations had been almost continuously on the move for over two months; they had attended to a variety of jobs, under a variety of circumstances, and had shown the stuff they were made of. In enlarging upon cavalry activities, the work of the remaining squadron stations must not be forgotten. Though they were stationary a very careful and continuous watch had to be maintained. Often messages from the cavalry stations had to be copied first time of sending; there was no time for repeats, corrections, or even acknowledgments.

More important still was the work of A wagon and F pack stations at Squadron Headquarters. These two stations were on the important intelligence task of copying down the whole of the traffic of the enemy stations. At the same time this work always gave way to traffic from the cavalry stations, which messages were splendidly handled, and we believe that a repeat was hardly ever asked for by the G.H.Q. stations.

We must not forget that the final winning of Kut was an infantry job. Every inch of the ground had to be won with bomb and bayonet and machine-gun, every trench and sap gained only at the cost of heavy British and Indian casualties. Troops fought and suffered with the same heroism on the mud plains of Kut as did their comrades on the fair fields of France.

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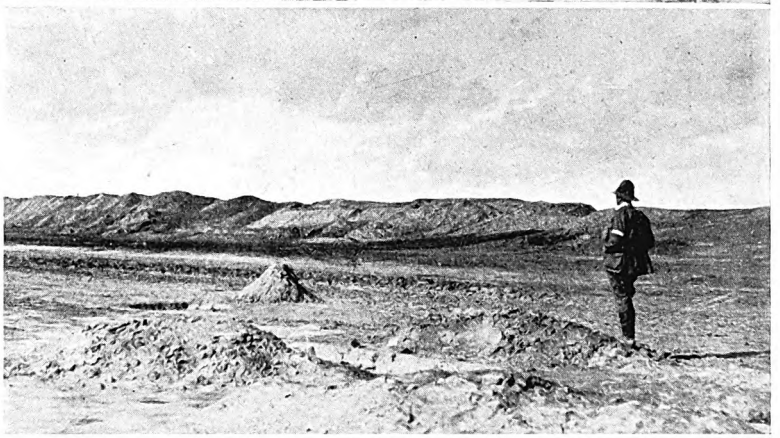
OPERATIONS ROUND KUT

British Riverhead and Advanced Base at Arab Village, showing bridge leading to Felayieh. The tents are those of the wireless stations attached to the Cavalry prior to the advance to the Hai



Sinn Banks, as they appeared at the beginning of the operations, December 12th.

On the Hai-town Stunt—"H" Station erected to ask G.H.Q. what was to be done with a British aeroplane that had been forced to descend. The portrait is that of an Arab tribesman who is watching his grain and livestock being carried off by way of reprisal for his and his fellows' misdeeds.

Cavalry operations round Kut—a station erected half-mast during one of the artillery raids.

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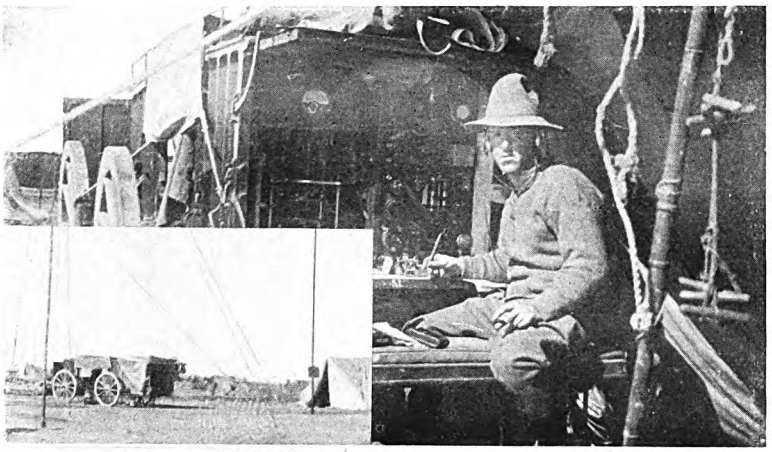
ON THE PLAINS OF KUT



"E" Wagon erected at Felayieh handling traffic for I Corps.

Just mud! So tenacious is Mesopotamian mud that an hour's rain was sufficient to immobilise troops for a week.

The N.Z. cookhouse at S9—a cavalry bivouac on the Hai.

Looking towards Kut—one of the last terrific bombardments of the Turkish position.

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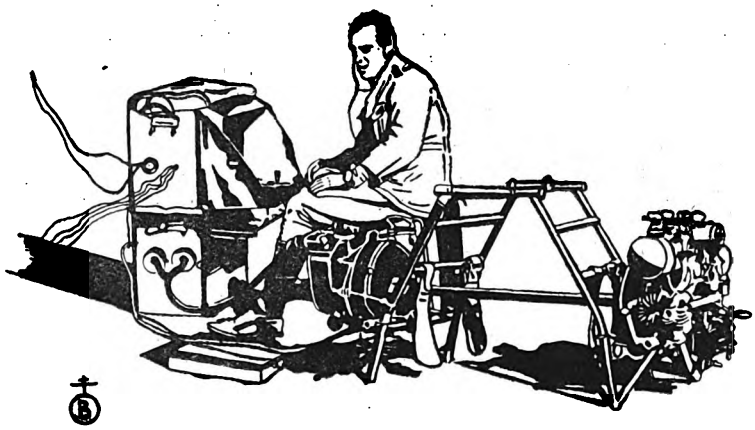

A pack station erected

THE ADVANCE TO BAGHDAD

THE CROSSING AT SHUMRAN.

February 23rd dawned. It was the great day. For weeks Sanniyat had been subjected to an absolute inferno of H.E., but without the usual infantry waves charging behind; for weeks enemy communications at Shumran had been subjected to artillery raids from across the river, and now at Kut and Megasis the Turk could detect ill-concealed preparations for bridging and ferrying. An attack was imminent, but where? The Turkish commander decided to strengthen the Megasis line.

Maude struck, but not at Megasis. Instead, our infantrymen followed on behind the last terrible bombardment of the Sanniyat position. Upstream at Shumran a bridge and three ferries had been planned in the hope that the ferries would succeed where the pontoons might fail. It turned out otherwise. The ferries had to be abandoned by their rowers under withering fire, yet at Shumran the bridge grew under the sappers' hands as smoothly as in peace-time practice.

By dusk on the 23rd the bridge across the swiftly-running, tawny Tigris was open for traffic; our leading troops crossed, and at once closed with the enemy rearguard in a fierce action. THE ADVANCE WAS ON. At 3 a.m. came D Station, under orders for III. Corps at Shumran, the first of all the mounted troops to cross the bridge, and it received the wrath of the engineer staff upon its collective head for so being. Behind, through the wintry dawn, followed the Cavalry Division (C, H and L Stations). They had been up most of the night, but were too late to do anything but spend a weary day in a vain endeavour to outflank the Turkish rear-guard ensconced in the maze of mounds, nullahs, and ruins that made up the Shumran peninsula.

During the morning the bridge was opened for a little while—it was the hour of the Navy. Monitor after monitor streamed through, their decks cleared for action. On the banks the troops halted and cheered, and then they cheered again. It was their first news that Cobbe had unlocked the gate at Sanniyat. Yes, it was true, that final bombardment and that last charge had carried the stronghold which defied us for more than a twelve-month, and had won for the British the empty shell-torn walls of Kut-el-Amara.

At nightfall the cavalry were in the thick of it—a battlefield littered with heavy casualties. General Crocker's horse was shot from under him. But the great moment waited for by every cavalry man—the chance of riding down a mob of panic-stricken fugitives—was denied them.

ON TO BAGHDAD!

Next day the force at Shumran began to move north-west—for the Turkish rear-guard had decamped overnight. Ten miles away in the desert Khalil was making another stand, and the cavalry were therefore ordered to outflank the enemy by the river bank, but could make no headway in the marshy country against entrenched infantry. Nevertheless all was not going well on the enemy side; every moment the Turks were finding it more and more difficult to get away with any semblance of cohesion, especially now that the navy had begun to take a hand. Our monitors, disregarding a withering fire from artillery, machine-guns, and rifles at every river bend, pressed on past the fighting rear-guard and did enormous damage among the retreating columns. On land, the armoured cars drove up to trenches, likewise regardless of point-blank fire.

On the 26th the pursuit was organised in two columns, one following the river, the other (the cavalry) striking a day's march across the arid plain towards Summar, in the hope of intercepting a considerable body of Turks. But the bulk of them were too quick for our people, and the cavalry were only in time to come under unpleasantly close fire. Each station erected about four times during the day, and at one of them the men of H had a close shave—a shell dropping within 20 yards and rifle bullets falling like hail 40 yards short. "Stepping up" (that is, one station erected while another moved on) was the order of the day, and this scheme was maintained on a continuous and well organised basis. By river the navy was having a better time and succeeded in sinking or capturing most of the enemy craft.

Rations all round were by now pretty short—and they had not exceeded a bit of bully and a few biscuits per man for some days. Our supply and transport service had expected a rapid advance, but nothing like this! Sleep was another thing we badly needed—it had not been possible to snatch more than a few hours, for nights past. The weather, too, was bitterly cold—there was ice in our water-bottles in the mornings.

A similar plan of action was attempted on the 27th, but fortune still failed to smile upon the cavalry. The Turks, stripping themselves of every encumbrance, just evaded them, though not without a severe mauling from aeroplane and artillery-fire. Everywhere signs of panic and rout were found—bullocks still alive and entangled in the traces of trench-mortar carriages, broken wheels, overturned limbers, and hundreds of

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live shells, all scattered over the country for miles. Every bend in the road told its tale of confusion and flight. Here was a field post-office with its money-orders circling round in the wind; there a brand new car held up for want of petrol; cartloads of rifle ammunition and oil drums; things destroyed or half-destroyed; and white columns of smoke ahead told of further destruction. There was enough litter by the road to keep the army in fuel for weeks. This abandoned material very soon attracted the attention of looting marauders, who did not hesitate to attack small parties barring their desires, and it was found necessary to station numbers of troops along the road.

The cavalry, after dismounting and attacking in the dark, halted in exhaustion by the river-bank, and the navy then took up the fiery pursuit till, at midnight, the Turks were streaming through Aziziyeh in confusion. It was on this occasion that two of the stations came upon Turkish barges by the river bank. Dismounting, they rushed them. On board were hospital and signal stores, and, best of all to hungry men and horses, a quantity of dates and grain.

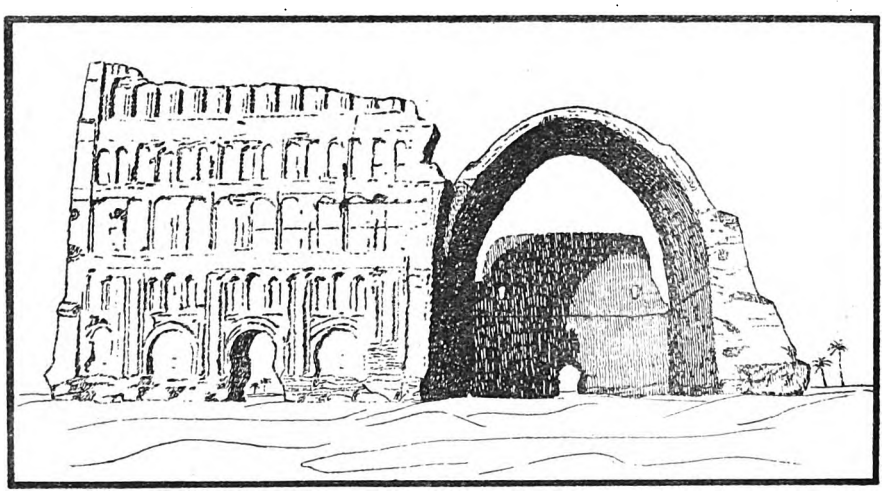
Other stations were now closing up to the front—those of III. Corps, followed by I. Corps and Squadron Headquarters—and G Station was keeping in touch with the G.O.C.'s paddle-steamer P54. In fact the whole of the communications during the advance was proving to be a wireless matter. Cable wagons could not keep up and their lines were often cut by Arabs. Every Anzac station was doing good solid work as it came; and each day the staff could see fresh evidence of the dependability of the wireless.

On the 28th the cavalry moved to Iman Imlik, a few miles off in the desert, awaiting the arrival of the infantry. Aziziyeh was entered the following day after a reconnaissance, by which time the 14th Division and its station were already there. The pursuit was now broken off for a few days while communications were reorganised and supplies brought up from Arab village. A week before the supply problem had centred round the narrow-gauge railway to Atab; to-day that transport facility was as useless as if it had been a thousand miles away. And, much as the Turks had suffered in the retreat, they were not so completely routed that it would have been possible to keep them off with cavalry and gunboats alone, while, for an advance in strength with the whole force of the infantry and all the necessities of modern warfare, some delay was necessary. Nor could Maude afford to venture a second Ctesiphon with anything less.

Marshall's corps arrived on the 2nd March, followed a day or two later by Cobbe's, as well as Adv. G.H.Q., and Squadron H.Q. On one occasion the whole of the Australian stations were in camp together. Rations arrived, and even a mail! On the 5th the advance was renewed, and cavalry patrols were in brisk touch with the enemy at Lajj, the III. Corps being seven miles behind at Zeur. On March 7th the cavalry and III. Corps were in touch with the enemy all along the Diala. An attempt to ferry troops proved disastrous, and flanking unsuccessful, so, in order to create a diversion and perhaps succeed in enfilading the further bank of the Diala, the troops of the 35th Brigade were ferried across the Tigris at Bawi and soon had a bridge finished. On the night of the 8th the cavalry crossed, followed in the early morning by the 7th Division and the remainder of I. Corps.

Heavy fighting was still in progress along the Diala, where a pack was in the thick of it. While the East Lancs. were struggling with desperate gallantry at this crossing, the right-bank force, after a long night march, had come into contact with the enemy at the ruined Shawa Khan, with the cavalry working to the west. The Shawa Khan position fell, but, owing to shortage of water, the cavalry had to be brought back to the river. While watering the wireless were fired on from the Diala position. Snipers' bullets whistled past and two mules and an Indian "ghari" driver were injured by a shell. The station mechanic had even to knock some dents out of the mast sections.

On the 10th the 13th Division was across the Diala and a pack with them, engaged in a final brush at Tel Mahomet. On the right bank the cavalry succeeded in getting to within a few miles of Baghdad, only to be driven back by a blinding dust-storm. The wireless



CTESIPHON

"The Great Arch—all that remains of the Summer Palace of the Sassanian Kings of Persia. Around it is "thirsty soil that has swallowed many empires". The arch of King Chosroes is the only monument that survives to the dignity of man in Mesopotamia—and even its survivorship seems fateful. Here Julian's retirement marked the setting of the Roman Star in the East; here the troops of the Caliph Omar put an end to the Persian domination of the plains; here Townshend found himself in a position in which neither gallantry nor genius could save him; just across the river shapeless mounds alone remain to tell of the vanished glories of the Greek city of Seleucia"

"We had good reason to be glad to leave behind so ominous a milestone on the long road to Baghdad." (*Candler*).

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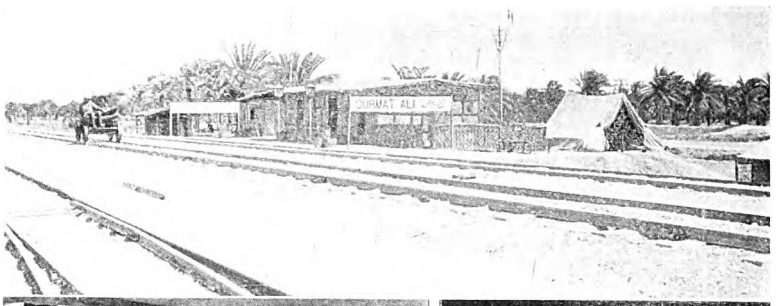
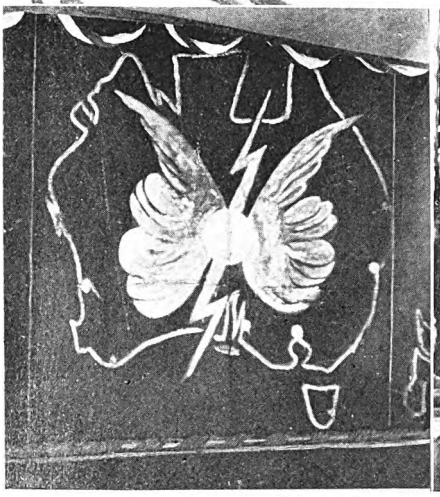
BEFORE THE ADVANCE



Railway Station at Gurmat Ali, near Basra—an important railway and shipping centre.



At left: the drop curtain for the famous concert at Es Sinn, at which General Maude, General Hopwood, General Money, and others of the Staff were present and highly pleased. (A copy of the programme is reprinted elsewhere).

At right: "L" Station's cook—probably the best known member of the Squadron.

Christmas at Es Sinn—we receive an issue of billies (Comforts).

The N.Z Pack at Ali Gharbi (reinforced by some Australians) out with a patrol column.

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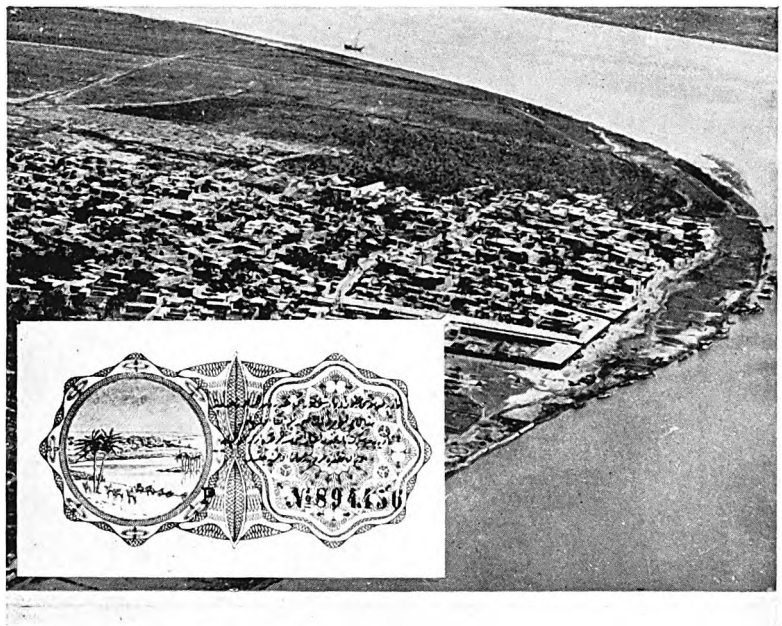
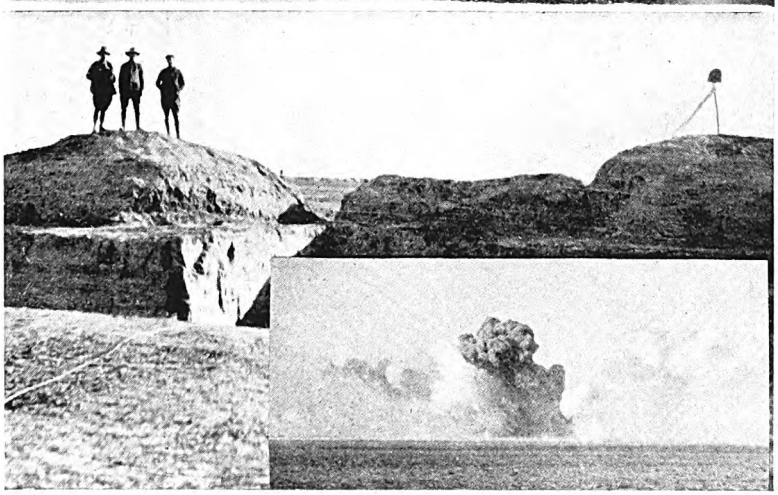
THE ADVANCE BEGINS



The peninsula of Kut-el-Amara, downstream from the British bridge at Shumran. This R.A.F. photograph shows it restored to its present peace and prosperity, but at the time of the advance it was but a shell-torn ruin. Inset is a reproduction of a Turkish bank-note issued to commemorate their victory over Townshend at Kut.

Dawn on February 24th—Cavalry Division crossing the Bridge at Shumran. So that there would be no crowding, all units were mustered and passed across by the military police.



Turkish trenches at Shumran bend. A white flag is flying from the shovel on the right. Inset is a photograph of fire from a British fly-boat, which came so near the cavalry that a Station was ordered to erect and advise them—a difficult job because they had been out of action so long that we were not in possession of their wireless call signals.

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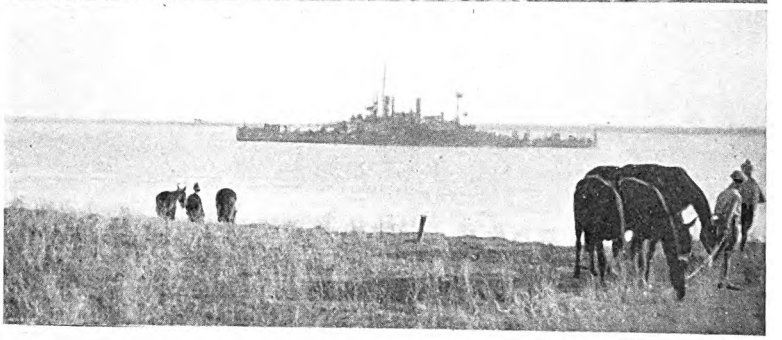
SCENES ON THE ADVANCE

E Wagon with leading III. Corps troops, showing block-houses and army gear by the wayside.



A monitor passes the land forces. The heroism of the naval ratings on the advance is well remembered. With half their ammunition "dud" (supplied by a neutral country) and their craft pierced in dozens of places, they pressed on after the Turks and engaged them at every bend in the river.

E Station in sight of the great arch of Ctesiphon. Here it was that, centuries before, Omar's men had cried aloud "Allahu Akbar! What is this but the white palace of Chosroes. Now hath the Lord fulfilled the promise which He made unto His Prophet."

A printing section of the Sappers and Miners (an English unit) engaged in setting type for corps orders. Note that their gear is carried in yakdans (boxes specially designed for pack transport).

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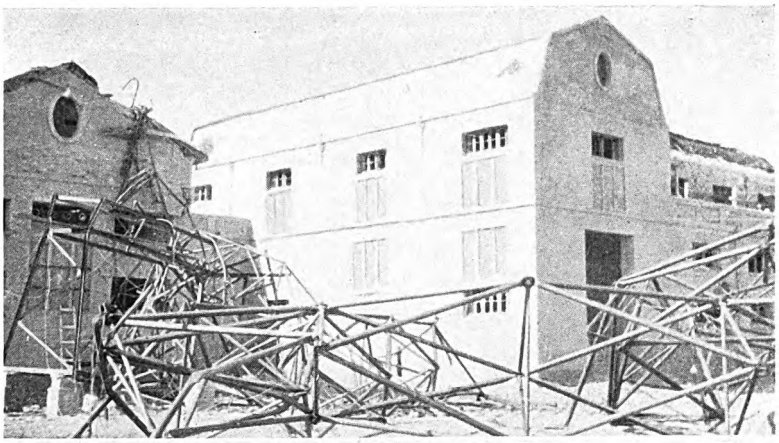
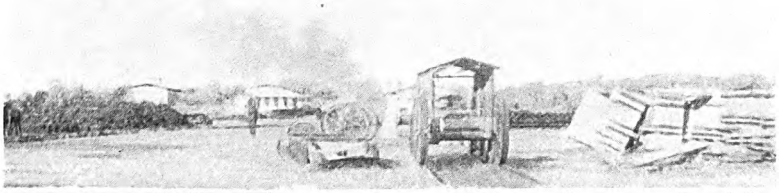
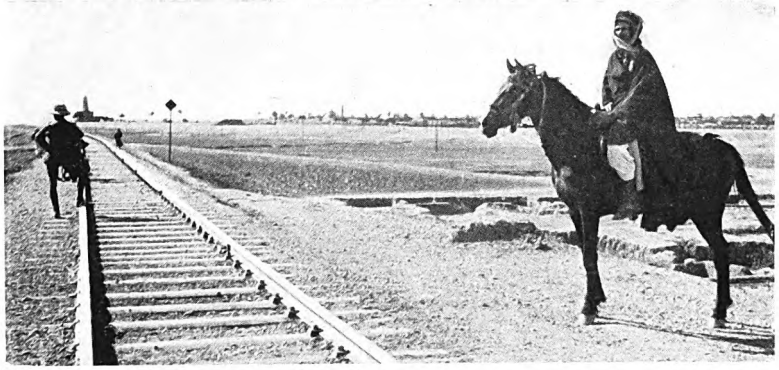
BAGHDAD AT LAST!



Ruins of the big German wireless station south of the city. S.H.Q. went to bed one night at Bawi (from which point the tall masts could be seen) with dreams of operating the big station next morning. But when dawn broke, there were no masts to be seen; the Germans had utterly destroyed over £60,000 worth of gear. The buildings were inherited by the Royal Air Force for their headquarters.



In Baghdad station yard—burning railway stores, set alight by the Germans.



A meeting of East and West—a desert Bedawi and the Baghdad-Samarrah section of Germany's famous road to the East.

March 12th: Squadron men allowed on leave in Baghdad. In the foreground ruins of Khalil Pasha St. (soon to be known as New Street): in the background one of Baghdad's many blue-green tiled domes.

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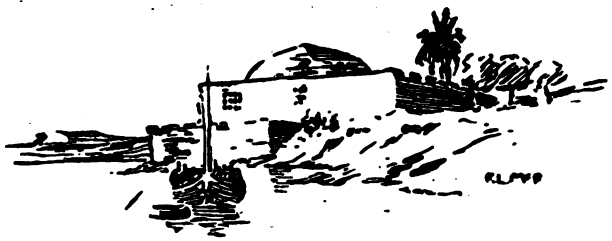


Suleiman Pak—the tomb of Mahomet's barber—on the Tigris near Ctesiphon.

stations handled plenty of work this day, but hands, faces, and lips of the men were cracked with exposure to the hot dust-laden wind. Furthermore they had to take the horses seven miles to water, got lost coming back, and had to stand-by in the desert all night.

Next morning our advanced troops (the Black Watch in the van) groped their way to the railway station, to learn that the enemy had retreated beyond the city. In catching up, one station came to grips with a party of Arab marauders who were casting eyes at a dump of British ammunition and rifles.

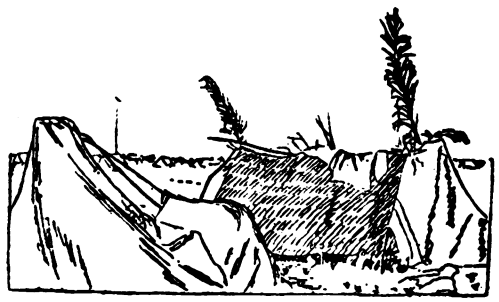
Early on the same morning (March 11th) Marshall found the Turks abandoning the Tel Mahomet position and lost no time in pursuing them, but the dust again prevented anything like a decisive action. An hour or two later he had completed the circuit of the city and General Maude, the last of Baghdad's many conquerors, entered by the Moazzam Gate. The arrival of the British, as they tramped, dirty and unshaven, amongst the ruins of Kahlil Pasha's new street that had been in process of construction, had nothing of triumphal grandeur, but it was a great relief to the Baghdadis, who were threatened with looting and burning by a riff-raff of Kurds and Arabs. Order was presently restored and the British flag once more flew over the British Residency (where the bombs left by the Turks had by some obliging accident been left unlit).

Baghdad (right bank) was reached about half-past eight. Baghdad city (left bank) an hour or two later. On both banks the wireless men were amongst the first troops in. One station was erected in the left bank bazaar; a little later (4.30 p.m.) a scratch set was working in the Residency building, and, to S.H.Q.'s amazement, immediately got in touch with Basra and was able to exchange the whole of G.H.Q.'s traffic for three or four days until the land line was completed.

The cavalry moved up four miles to Kazimain, where a few stragglers were rounded up. Afterwards they went into camp near Hinaidi for a much needed week's rest. "The poor old horses," writes a driver in his diary, "were about done up and could just crawl—stumbling over every bit of uneven ground. We took them to some oat crops next day—their first good feed for over a week."

So fell Baghdad—the immediate base of Turkish warfare and one of the most famous cities in all the East. If the recapture of Kut had produced an effect, the fall of Baghdad made an impression vastly greater. The conception of a great advance eastward through Turkey-in-Asia had long been a fundamental part of the German scheme of world politics. Where was that scheme now?

Meanwhile we must turn back a little and include two narratives of the advance, which are typical of the squadron's adventures during this famous fortnight. The first describes the work of D (Pack) Station, the second that of E (Wagon) Station.



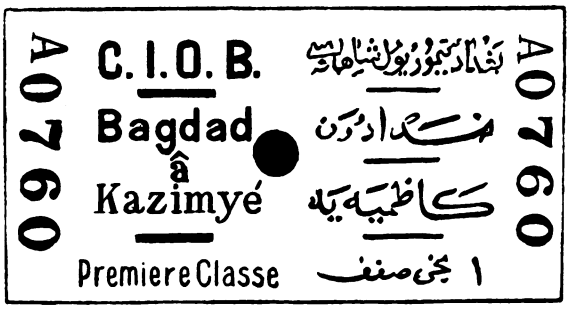
Blanket and palm-frond bivouacs of the cavalry stations near Bawi.

TYPICAL PACK NARRATIVE.

"On February 22nd, we moved with the Advanced Report Centre of III. Corps to within two thousand yards of the river. Next day, the 23rd, history was made, a V.C. won, and the Tigris bridged. All day long we stood by ready to move. Long before dawn on the 24th orders came to hand and daylight found us across Shumran, within a hundred yards of the front line, and with our station erected. The British attacked, and a few minutes later we had to find shelter for our horses back under the river bank. We remained here all day with the 14th Divisional Headquarters, and at midnight hurried off to catch up with the 13th. By a process of early start and late arrival, which was continued for some days, we managed to handle the traffic of both divisions. On one occasion we had a go at traffic between the Cavalry and the G.O.C.'s steamer, and were so busy that nightfall found us out on the desert without guard or guide, with an anxious eye cocked for marauding Arabs.

"When the Tigris was bridged at Bawi we crossed with the troops of the 35th Brigade, and on the right bank came under heavy and persistent sniping from the Diala position (which had not yet fallen). On March 10th there sprang up dust storms that we shall

Found at Baghdad Station the morning of its capture—a torn fragment of a waybill and a train ticket to Kazimain, the first station on the northward.



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never forget. The dust was fine and white and seemed to penetrate right through us and our horses. After a few hours' travelling our eyes looked like holes burnt in a blanket, while Indians were seemingly transformed into white men. Nevertheless, everybody was lighthearted at the thought of Baghdad. On this and on the following nights we had to take the horses back seven miles to water. Incidentally we had not seen much in the way of rations for three days.

"Early on the morning of March 11th, we came in sight of Baghdad Railway Station. Our party explored it inside and out. Many were the jokes that were passed—one would go to the ticket window and ask for a ticket to Berlin; others would parade up and down the platform calling out the name 'Baghdad,' and telling imaginary passengers to change for all sorts of places! It was the first real railway station we had seen for years, so our fooling was pardonable. But we had no train! The Turks had taken the last one at two that morning.

"Our fun ended when an order came for the advanced troops to push on, and in a few minutes we were in the centre of the city on the right bank. Here we received orders to erect station, which we did in the main thoroughfare. Needless to say we had some difficulty in erecting our station, as the aerial wires had to be put over telephone wires and other obstructions. At last we got working and communicated with several stations on the other side of the river, and with one of the monitors which was advancing upstream. All the time we were besieged by jabbering men, women and children. It took three or four of us all our time to keep them back so that the set could be worked. Little Arabs, three and four years old, sat on our earth mats, and, although they were almost naked, the sparks off the mats failed to shift them.

"Our next move was but a few hundred yards to the river bank; here we had to dispense with our horses and carry our set down to the water's edge and load it on gufas for the crossing to the Barracks on the other side."

TYPICAL WAGON NARRATIVE.

"The wagon is to be off at last! For a couple of days we have been warned to be ready and have been busy packing. Through the camp transport of every description is streaming, to be in readiness for the troops on the great day.

"Then comes moving out. It is the funniest hour in the station's history. Everyone is in a bustle and a hurry to get near the head of the column. Organisation is among the missing elements. Everyone is having accidents of the same sort, everybody causing everybody else's. Everybody is endeavouring to break into somebody else's column. The road is no road; we are constantly coming to an old trench and having to call for picks, etc, to fill it in, so as to cross. Picks and spades are stolen wherever possible. Carts are advancing about six abreast; then trenches make them squeeze into single file and cause a hold-up. Drivers who manage to push in get across—the others are left. Vehicles are mixed up galore. Staff officers and others are galloping around in confusion. In general and in particular everything is in a mess. At Shumran bridge, however, the organisation was wonderful.

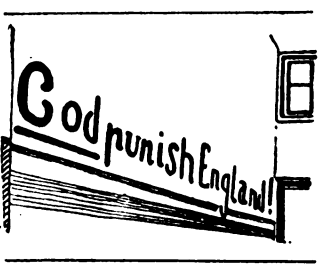
"At the end of the first day we are at Sheikh Jaad. A swim looks welcome, but proves to be bitterly cold. Already the troops regret having dumped their spare kit at Felayieh. In fact, we never saw it again, nor any new issue for over three months. At Sheikh Jaad we camp near Squadron H.Q., and do so again two days later at Aziziyeh. Camp—did I say? Let me enlarge on the process of settling down at any old camping ground during the advance. The column is wheeling and trekking towards the river for its allotted spot. Our sergeant careers madly back, waving his arms and yelling: 'We will erect here.' Bored and tired operators drop off and set about erecting. Finally the show is half up when a 2nd Lieut. comes along to inform the end-mast men that the mast must be shifted as his camp lines are right where it is situated. More cursing ensues, a fresh spot is picked, and the weary crew slog in again. By the time the aerial is up the huge camp has established latrines and a road to water right under the mast. The mast crew disdain to notice such trifles, pick up their spares, and amble back to find that the cook for the day has turned 'rusty' and that a big argument is in process as to the relative merits of drivers and operators. The bored ones pull out the old tin of bully, sling the water-bottle, stretch out in the dirt and soliloquise on many things, meanwhile knocking off stray spiders and scorpions. Dusk falls, and so does the far mast, owing to the carelessness of a mounted individual, who, hearing our pithy and juicy remarks from the far end, vanishes in the murk. Over the ensuing peace conference I draw a veil. . . . . .

"All through the advance the dust is our worst enemy. It is not an exaggeration to say that at times we cannot see the outline of the horse and rider immediately in front. The dust is the cause of many transport carts getting lost and mixed up with other units.

"On the 10th, we follow the cavalry across the river, and, after a short march, make camp for the day in an onion crop. We have onions cooked in all manner of ways for days afterwards.

"At about 5 a.m. the following morning, the memorable 11th March, 1917, we are told to get on the march at double-quick speed, and advance as fast as possible. We are given precedence of all other troops for the road, and have to go at a fast trot for three hours to overtake Corps H.Q. At times we can hardly tell where we are, as the rising dust is so dense, but since we have authority to pass all others on the road, are soon in front and so escape much of it. A final gallop brings us to Corps H.Q., where the station is at once erected to send messages, and we then pack up again and go off with the General. We are told that we shall be in Baghdad in a few hours (and so we are). Erecting near the railway we pass back the good news. The finish is great—heavy guns, light guns, infantry, cavalry, hospital and engineering stores, all advancing at the double. Ambulances are at work clearing our casualties, every kind of vehicle being pressed into this service. Near the station destruction is supreme. A giant wireless station (that has sent only one message), roundhouse, wagons, and rolling stock—all destroyed. Coal stocks burning—rubbish and litter on every side.

"On March 12th three men are allowed into the city on leave but they return disappointed. Bazaars, shops, and houses alike are shut up; an air of desolation pervades the dirty streets, while through the city the ruins of Khalil Pasha's new street run like a horrible scar."



"God punish England"—a message painted by German operators on the wall of their wireless station, which they had destroyed so thoroughly that there was not so much as a square foot of marble left on the switchboard.

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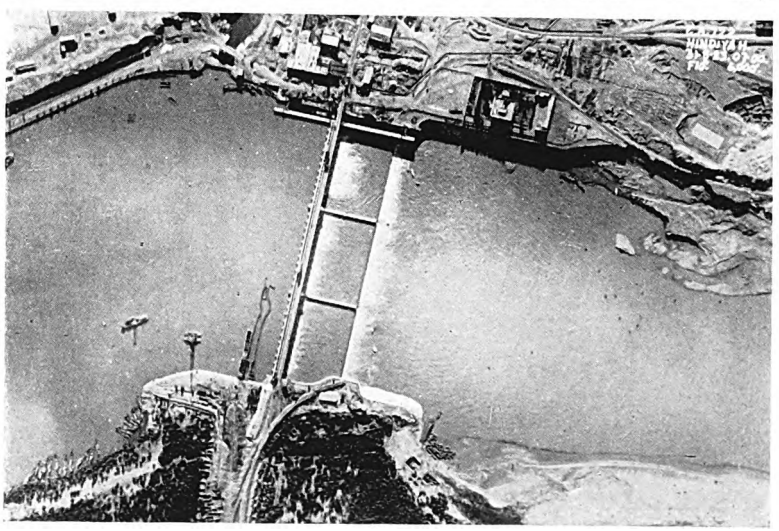
AFTER THE FALL OF BAGHDAD

F Station, Baghdad, March 12: Comforts before rations. The first barge to arrive in Baghdad was one laden with comforts for the Squadron. S.H.Q. had re-addressed it from Sheikh Saad BEFORE *the advance—and the joke came off.*

C Station with the Cavalry, erected during the operations on the Diala and Khalis Canal. Note the arrangement of apparatus, also reels on which the aerial wire was wound. The officer is Captain Hillary.



A Royal Air Force photograph of the Barrage at Hindiyeh, visited by several stations during the summer of 1917.

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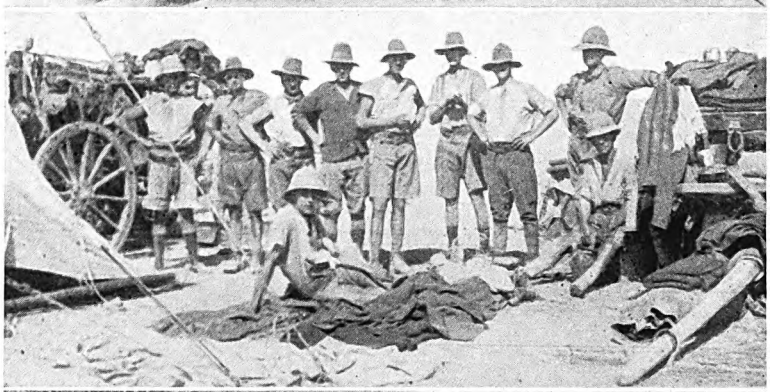
AFTER BAGHDAD, APRIL 1917

H Station, near Daltawa, receives a mail. Mail Day—let us quote a paragraph from a diary:

"The man calling out the names on the envelopes as he picks the letters out of the bag commands the attention of all.

"Suddenly one hears his name called—takes his letter and glances hurriedly at the loved hand-writing and retires to a solitary place. No one interferes with him, for each has his own letters to peruse. Contentment reigns in camp, and more than one eye has tears of happiness in it. These messages from home draw us closer together. Our joy is mutual. Each soldier looks at his comrade and understands."



E Station, on the upper Adhaim River, on the morning after a dust storm.

E Station, Barura riverhead, on the Tigris. A few mutual words after an egg raid.

F Station erected at Beled, one of the British outposts on the Tigris.

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General map of the Near East, showing the relation of the Palestine and Mesopotamian Campaigns.

CONSOLIDATING BAGHDAD'S DEFENCE

While it was desirable to restore order in Baghdad, to enlist the sympathies of the population, and to rehabilitate the city, it was more important to render our position secure. Three roads meet in Baghdad—those to Samarrah, to the Euphrates, and to Persia along the River Diala. It was therefore essential to safeguard both our right and left flanks as well as to obtain control of the Tigris for a satisfactory distance northwards. For the moment the Tigris movement was the more important; it was now the flood season, and the enemy was in control of the bunds. If he could cut them and allow the waters to stagnate in vast stretches of marsh, he would seriously retard British activity. So an advance beyond Baghdad by the 7th Division (G Station attached) followed immediately on the capture of the city and involved continuous marching and skirmishing for two days and two nights. Yahudie was occupied on March 13th, with an advance-guard at Kasirin. At daybreak on the 14th the column was in sight of the Turkish entrenchments at Mashahdidah. With cavalry co-operation, the Ghurkas and Black Watch flung their full strength against that part of the enemy line farthest from the river, with complete success. A day or so later our airmen reported the Turkish van nearly 50 miles away.

FELUJA.

Tigris affairs being thus brought to a temporary success, the quesion of the Euphrates could now be considered. Accordingly, G Station was brought by forced marches from the north, and set with the 7th Brigade upon the road to Feluja. As the map shows, the two rivers are here but thirty miles apart, and to command those miles is to command the communications of the country. That the enemy abandoned without a tussle so important a strategical centre shows how greatly his morale had suffered from the fall of Baghdad. But the British commander had expected more of the Feluja expedition; he hoped that it would be in time to catch the garrison retreating from Samawa, but unfortunately it was not in time to effect this. The Turks, instead of cutting the bunds at Feluja and so flooding Baghdad, cut them at Ramadie, which, far from hurting us, raised the level of the Tigris about two feet and enabled our river-craft to come all the way to Baghdad!

An incident of this advance was a demonstration by Arab irregulars. G Station erected and called for assistance, and in a very short time an aeroplane appeared and dropped bombs with good effect.

KHALIS CANAL OPERATIONS.

Meanwhile, the main scene of hostilities had developed in the British right centre—in the stretch of country that lies to the immediate north of Baghdad, between the Diala and the Tigris. The occupation of Baqubah and the situation on the Persian road are referred to some few pages on; about the same time the important centre of Daltawa had also fallen into British hands. To the north and north-east of these points the Turks were in strength with two army corps—one at Dali Abbas in retreat from Persia, the other on the Adhaim near its junction with the Tigris. Within a day or two it became evident that a converging movement was in the air. In his usual way Maude decided to strike first and, with the object of containing the Dali Abbas force, sent the cavalry (C, H, & L Stations) N.E. between the Diala and the Khalis Canal. On the 25th, a strong column, centring round the 13th Division (F Station attached), was concentrated in order to follow the Tigris and deal with the Adhaim Corps. By the 31st the cavalry had reached Dali Abbas, only to find it abandoned, and for a very good reason. The immature Turkish converging movement had been effectively thwarted by the gallant and spirited 13th Divisional advance, which had driven the enemy beyond Dogameh.

With Dogameh in British hands, the first week in April saw further movement on the right bank of the Tigris. Here the 7th Division was advancing steadily.

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Someike fell on the 6th, and Beled on the 8th, followed by Harbe on the 9th, on which day F Station joined them, its III. Corps job having been taken over by E Wagon.

EVENTS ON THE ADHAIM.

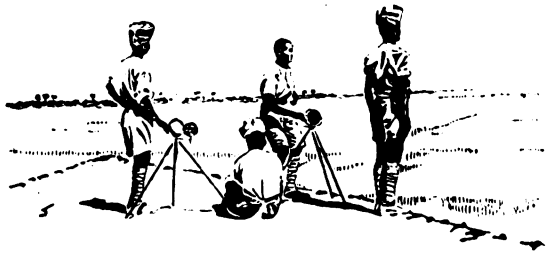
At Harbe a pause was ordered to allow of further operations on the opposite bank, the next step, this time in the province of III. Corps, being the forcing of the Adhaim River. A reconnaissance of the crossing was in progress when word came of a second enemy converging movement. Under instructions the cavalry advanced to Dali Abbas, and then slowly retired to draw the enemy on. This retirement was successfully carried out on April 9th, 10th and 11th, and, at an opportune moment on the last day, a column of the 39th and 40th Brigades was able to take the Turkish flank by surprise at Shialah, forcing a withdrawal to Arab-bu-Abin. Contact with the enemy, now entrenched for a rear-guard action, was regained by the cavalry at dawn on the 12th and, the situation continuing thus on the 13th and 14th, our progress was slow. The cavalry essayed an enveloping movement on his right, in an attempt to gain the Kifri road ahead of him, but lack of water prevented this objective from being attained. However, on the night of the 14th, a clever British feint at Serajik caused him finally to take to his heels, and by dawn he had melted into the Jebel.

The success of this manoeuvre enabled the Army commander to reduce his demands on the cavalry division, which had now been hard at it on short rations for the best part of five months. Accordingly, a composite cavalry brigade was formed round the old 7th, with H Station for wireless communication, the remainder (with C and L Stations) later returning to the rest camp at Sindiyeh.

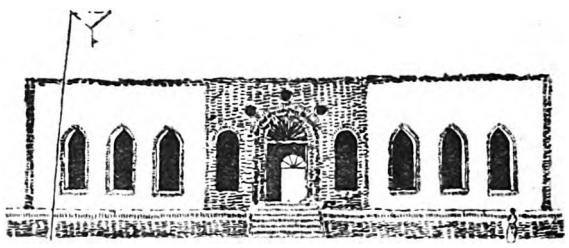
The eastern flank being once more clear, it was now possible for the 38th Infantry Brigade to go ahead with the Adhaim crossing. With the assistance of the cavalry, this operation commenced on the 8th, the river-head being advanced to Sinijah on the following day. By skilful handling of the cavalry, the Turkish retreat across the Barurah peninsula was turned into a rout and, after a slight stand at Dahuba, the enemy disappeared some distance up the Adhaim.

BACK TO THE TIGRIS.

Hostilities were once more transferred across the Tigris, Istabulat falling after heavy fighting round the bastions of the Median wall. The 7th Division (F Station) had a hard struggle here, for the old stubborn spirit of the Turk in defence asserted itself again, and he showed a more resolute opposition than had been seen since Kut. But against the dash and gallantry of British, Highland, and Indian troops, a long stand was impossible. On the left, valuable co-operation was



At Daltawa—an Indian helio station.



Ruined billet, Kazimain, occupied by H Station after the fall of Baghdad.

rendered by Cassell's cavalry brigade (the 11th), now under fire for the first time. Samarrah railway station was occupied on April 23rd, and the town on the following day, with the enemy in full retreat on Tekrit. The station buildings had been partially destroyed by fire, but in the yards there was a rich booty of railway material. In little more than a fortnight trains were running from Baghdad. Thus the whole section of the line built by the Germans had fallen into British hands practically intact, and, with the danger of inundation past, the successful accomplishment of two of the main objects of this section of the campaign had been achieved.

While this advance was in progress, it became evident that a third Turkish thrust was developing—again down the Adhaim. On the 23rd, the enemy's leading echelon had reached Dahuba, with another a day's march behind. The opportunity of catching them piecemeal was too good to be missed. On the 24th, when we attacked frontally at Dahuba, the composite cavalry brigade was assigned the mission of intercepting any forces that might come up in support. The action developed rapidly and the Turks were soon in retreat towards Satha. Further British progress was delayed by furious dust-storms, but on April 29th the enemy was found entrenched in a promontory in front of the village of Band-i-Adhaim. After a rather bloody engagement, the "boot" (as the promontory was called) was captured and the British were able to see the last of the Turks disappearing through the defile back to the hills. For a day or two after this the cavalry was engaged on the eastern flank towards Abu Ghuraib, but the Adhaim fighting was over and Baghdad was absolutely secure.

In every direction the enemy had been pushed at least eighty miles from the city. Despite its brilliant retreat from Kermanshah, the Turkish XIII. Corps had three times been engaged and defeated, and was now forced back into the fastnesses of the Jebel Hamrin. On the right bank, the Turkish XVIII. Corps had fallen back on Tekrit, having been five times defeated in the month of April alone. With the exception of one engagement our casualties had been slight, while transport, supply, and hospital facilities were now as good as on any front. Maude could call a halt with an easy mind.

One last sentence must be included, a quotation from the official "Eye-Witness":—

> "The success of these operations is only one instance of the good work of our intelligence, which was becoming almost uncanny in the certainty with which it forestalled every movement of the enemy." (And, during these same operations, he might have added, operators of the wireless squadron by day and night were copying down all enemy wireless traffic).

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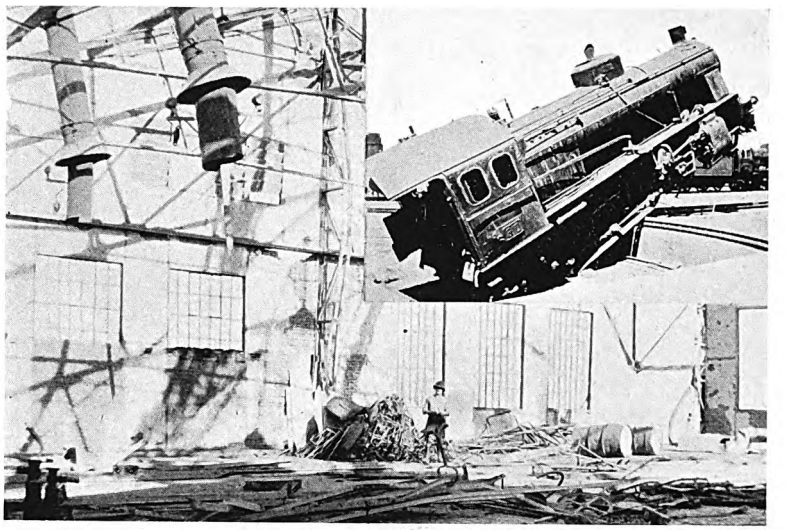
AT SAMARRAH ON THE TIGRIS



Engine shed partially destroyed by the Turks. Inset shows engine disabled by being backed into the turntable pit. This engine was so little damaged that it was running again within two days. April, 1917.

Summer, 1917. A group of men of E Station looking rather thin after their adventures on the Adhaim.

Canteen, Samarrah. The Expeditionary Force canteens contributed enormously to the comfort of the force. Being at railhead, this canteen usually had good stocks and was rushed by troops returning from operations.

Christmas Dinner, 1917. E. Station.

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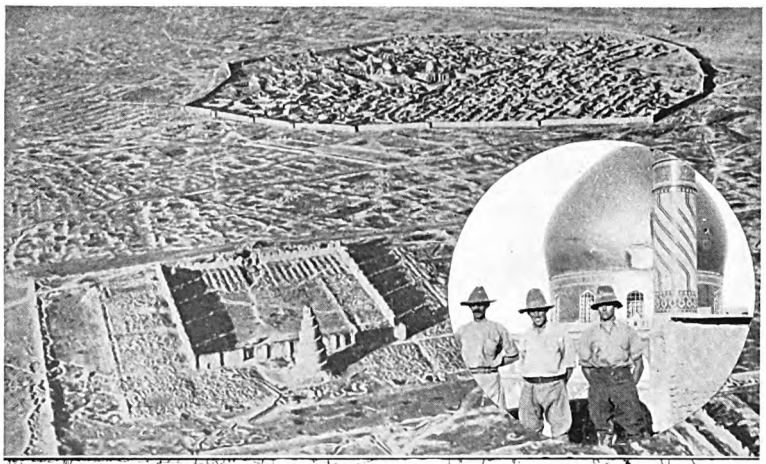
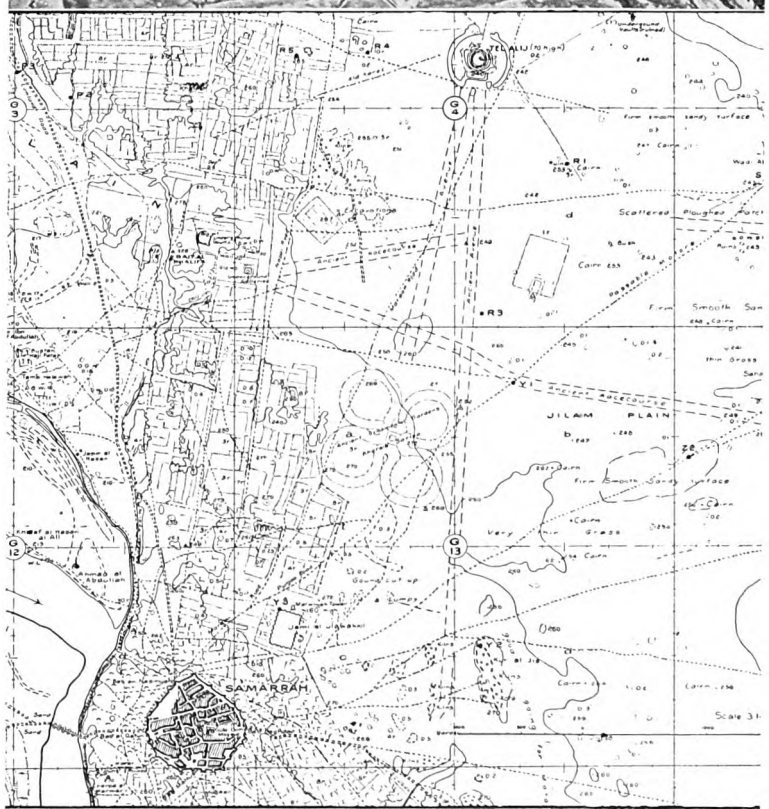
SAMARRAH AS IT IS TO-DAY



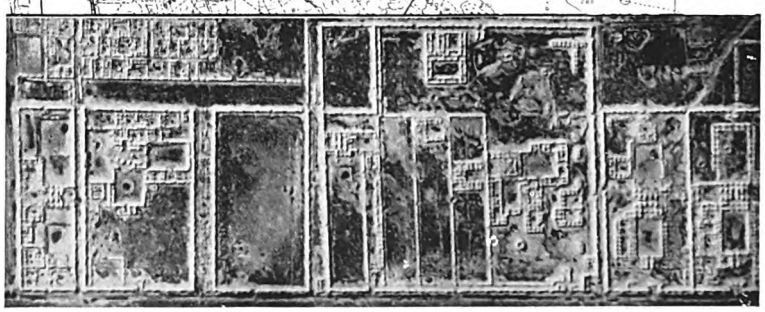
An Air Force photograph; in the foreground the ruins of the vast Malwiyah minaret and mosque (about A.D. 850); in the distance the little modern town of Samarrah with its glittering dome, set down like a child's toy upon the waste—a toy half-broken and thrown away.

"It is walled—one of the few walled towns left in the world, the wall the gift of a very rich and pious Persian pilgrim. The golden dome (and it is real gold, a quarter of an inch thick all over) covers a cleft in the rock into which vanished the Mahdi, 'the last of the great holy men of Shia Islam, who will appear again when the time is ripe.' Therefore, when you see black ensigns coming out of the East, then go forth and join them; for the Man of God will be with those standards, and he will fill the world with equity and justice.'

—(G. L. Bell)



For more than twenty miles to the north are the ruins of Motassim's city (A.D. 836/892) — parallel streets, houses, courtyards, even ornamental gardens and a race-course—drawn on the desert as by a giant's pencil; now revealed to Western eyes for the first time by the mapping activities of the Royal Air Force.



One of the sectional photographs, made by the Royal Air Force, used in the construction of the above map.

"All around modern Samarrah the uneasy desert has rolled over the City of the Caliphs, covering, but not obliterating, the streets and courts, of which the walls are dimly apparent, as though they struggled through a veil of silted sand."

—(G. L. Bell)

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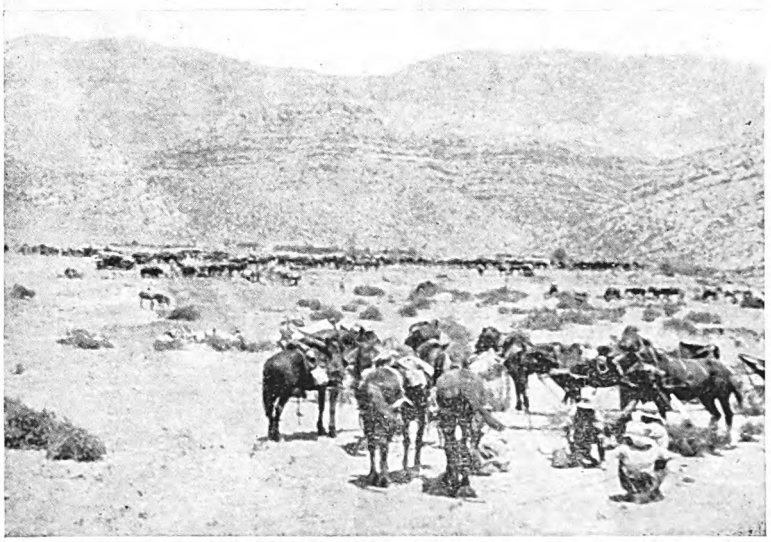
TO PERSIA WITH "AA" STATION

May, 1917: "AA" men bivouacked amongst the ruins of Kasr-i-Shirin (ruined by the theft of roof-beams for timber). The stain on the tent is merely engine oil.

May, 1917: At Kasr-i-Shirin. Some of Baratov's Russian soldiers.



June, 1917: "AA" and the 1st Caucasian Division ready to climb Paitak Pass. This pass, classically known as the "Gates of Zagros," is one of the most famous in the world. It takes its present name from an ancient arch of sanctuary near the summit.

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In Chahar Zabar pass, No. 9 Wagon posed approximately at the spot where the Kurds attacked the Russian column.

July, 1917: Kermanshah. Personnel of Russian H.Q. and of "AA" Station. In the front row are Lt. J. White and Lt. (afterwards Major) S. J. White.

September, 1917: Kermanshah. Loyal Partizanski ready to return to serve in Mesopotamia. They are being blessed by their priest on the morning of their departure.

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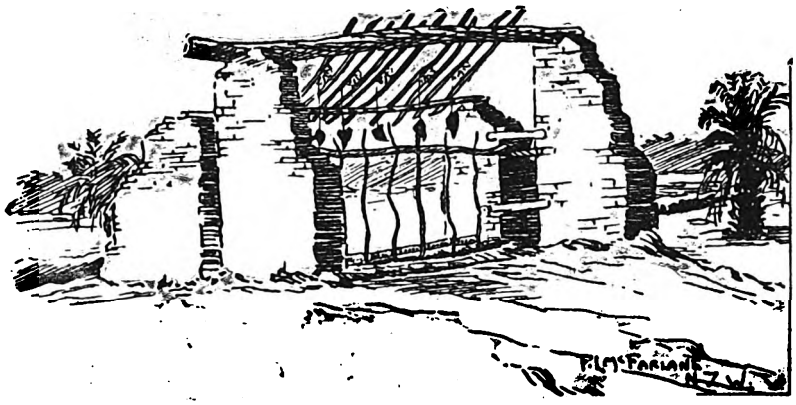


A water-lift on the Tigris. A rope running over a pulley had one end attached to a well-trained beast of burden, the other to a long funnel-shaped leathern bucket. By an ingenious arrangement of ropes, the water emptied itself into an irrigation channel as soon as it reached that level.

INTERCEPTION OF ENEMY MESSAGES.

The time has now come for a few detailed notes on a subject we have mentioned several times. In the early days at Magil (Autumn, 1916) by way of practice for our operators, we first began copying enemy messages. After a little while we managed to get down with accuracy the mixed figure and letter groups (which were sent at high speed), and the O.C. forwarded the various batches of traffic to Signals, who were somewhat nonplussed at their receipt. The matter did not reach General Maude's ears until some time later, when he was rather annoyed that he had not been informed earlier, and forthwith ordered that a cable be despatched to the War Office asking for a deciphering expert to be sent out.

Meanwhile S.H.Q. had moved up river, and in its camp before Kut made further progress with this work. The operators now recognised the comparative importance of the various messages and even the branches of the army in which they originated. In addition, a rough and ready direction-finding plant had located the situations of many enemy stations (e.g., SAR, Dahra Bend; SMR, Samarrah; SBA, Mosul; DAS, Damascus). A little later Capt. Clauson arrived; he was five feet high and only a handful at that, but ciphers were his lifeblood. Within 23 hours he had mastered the secret of the first code; thereafter, despite daily changes and enciphering of a most complicated kind, every enemy message arrived at I Branch as surely and certainly as if it had been addressed to them.

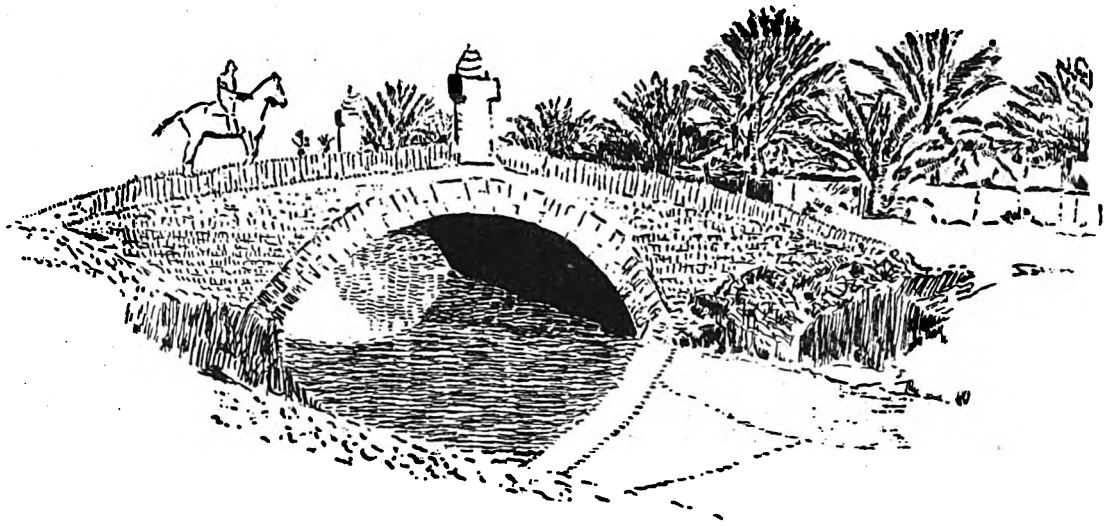
But from the squadron's point of view this special work was not easy. It required two stations, two staffs of our best operators, and the most assiduous attention for over two years. The information gained enabled us to forestall many enemy moves, and also to confirm the reports brought in by spies. On one occasion the Army commander stated that the intercepted messages agreed so exactly with his previous information that there was only a discrepancy of two guns and seventeen men over the whole Turkish Near-Eastern front. We were hardly surprised when, a year later, a special unit arrived in Baghdad and began the erection of the most fabulous of direction-finding stations—each carefully surrounded by barbed wire!

Russian traffic was quite important and was most difficult to handle, as it necessitated familiarity with a new Morse code covering the thirty-odd letters of the Russian alphabet.

As a side line our intercepting operators also copied down press from Basra, Bombay, Malta, Eiffel Tower, and also Berlin itself.

ALONG THE DIALA AND TOWARDS PERSIA.

Of the routes over the Mesopotamian plain which Maude won with the capture of Baghdad, none was more important than the historic highway to Persia. Along this road for thousands of years caravans had borne the rich commerce of the East to the ancient Empires of the Tigris and Euphrates; along this road throughout the centuries countless armies had marched to and fro. By it Darius had fled before the might of



A Canal, Baqubah.

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A Kurd, Kasr-i-Shirin.

Alexander, and by it, in the days of Omar, the victorious banners of Islam had been carried into the heart of Asia. In the present campaign it had seen the indecisive ebb and flow of Turk and Russian—and now it was to be of concern to Briton and Australian too.

North-east it runs by the hot banks of the Diala to Kizil Robat, whence it follows the rushing Hulawan to Khanikin and Kasr-i-Shirin; then it climbs the great Paitak pass, travels on through Karind and Kermanshah (in rocky valleys of the Median Range) and so to Hamadan upon the high Persian plateau.

THE RUSSIANS.

Here in Hamadan lay Baratov and his small force of infantry and Cossack cavalry. Early in the preceding year his outflung patrols had knocked at the gates of Khanikin, but the bold adventure was brought to a swift termination by the disaster of Kut. Now that we were in Baghdad, we ventured to hope for a renewed Russian offensive, with which we might co-operate, and thus cut off the enemy's natural line of retreat through Qarah Tappeh. It was therefore not a time for the British to delay, nor did they. Four days after the morning of Baghdad saw Keary's column (comprising the 8th and 9th Infantry Brigades of the 3rd Division, with D Station attached) on its north-eastward way. On the 17th March the Diala was crossed at Buhriz, and the column fell unexpectedly from the east upon the Turkish garrison at Baqubah.

By this time Kermanshah had fallen to Baratov, thus closing one line of retreat—that through the mountains by Senneh—and the Turks were beginning to feel unpleasantly hemmed in. To save his corps the enemy commander threw out two strong flank-guards, one at Paitak and a second at the Jebel Hamrin, in order to delay the advance of Russian and Briton respectively until he could get his main body across the Diala to safety.

Sharoban fell to Keary's artillery on the 23rd, and on the same day the pack D was relieved by E wagon. Unfortunately, delay occurred in bringing up bridging material for the Ruz Canal, and this, combined with a mistaken optimism as to the imminence and strength of Baratov, led to the mistiming of the attack on the Jebel. The 9th Brigade, with its supports, suffered heavy casualties, losing as many as one-third of their numbers. About this time E Station was under orders for Persia, but, owing to the failure of the attack, its personnel lost both the honor of being first into Persia, and the satisfaction of seeing what was on the other side of that bare range which lies in front of Sharoban.

By the last days of March the Turk was out of the trap, his flank defences withdrawn, and the scene of hostilities moved northwards to Dali Abbas (where the cavalry and its stations were working), and later to the valley of the Adhaim (H and E Stations). Paitak was abandoned to Baratov, whose Cossack patrols were able in a few days to join hands with the British at Kizil Robat. It was, however, a hurried meeting, for neither force could stretch its communications sufficiently, nor was there any great need to do so, and consequently the British returned to Sharoban, while Baratov made his headquarters at Kasr-i-Shirin.

"It was only after this meeting that we realised that our Russian allies were starved in the matter of ammunition, transport, and supplies; political conditions in Russia were paralysing the sinews of the army. The party which met us was but a single *sotnia* far in advance of the main body. They came in at a walk, riding with short stirrups, toes down, heels up, leaning forward, their weight thrown upon their stirrups. Besides their rifles they carried knives and Caucasian scimitars without handguards. Their small horses looked thin and spent and were heavily laden. For a week they had fed on the dry leaves of scrub oak. There was neither grain, transport, nor supplies to be gained from the exhausted countryside. Our small motor-convoy gave them the best meal they had known for months." (Candler.)

"A" JOINS THE RUSSIANS.

To afford signal facilities to Colonel Rowlandson, Liaison Officer with Baratov's force (1st Caucasian Division), came A Station, known later, when it was almost given up for lost and another wagon added to the squadron establishment in its place, as AA Station. Since the advance this wagon had been desultorily employed at Aziziyeh, but early in April it was relieved by I Wagon and hurriedly brought up to Baghdad, and then across the sixty miles of blank emptiness (which is Mesopotamia) to the upland of the Jebel. Here, in strange contrast with Baghdad's palms, little spring flowers were cropping up everyhere amongst the red sandstone, that colorful rock which lightens and darkens respectively with the sun and every passing cloud.

April 22nd saw A Station at Khanikin, a rabble of old-time houses clustering around a great high spanned bridge; a further day's trek took them twenty miles over the Persian border to their destination, Kasr-i-Shirin, and into camp with the famous "go-as-you-please mob." Here willows formed a pleasant change, likewise the rolling hills, rich with the greenery of spring. For the historically-minded there was a centre of interest in the walls of cyclopean masonry to the north of the town, where the foundations of fort and palace, wall and aqueduct stretched for many a long mile. It was here, too, fourteen or fifteen centuries before, that the famous Dastigird, the summer palace of the Sassanian kings, stood; within these buildings lived Khusru Parvis and his beautiful and accomplished Christian wife, Shirin, of which pair many a legend is to be heard in Persia. The town itself is set on a hillside, all flat roofs and arches of ruddy brick, watched over by a square-walled castle. Behind rise the sheer cliffs of the Simbula Kuh, rainbow-shaded rock, all red and blue and purple when the sun goes down.

Life with the Russians was fairly satisfactory, for no ungentlemanly hostility disturbed the daily bath of Turk and Russian in the Hulawan, or the pleasant refreshing anticipations of our men for the escorted convoy which brought rations and mails every few weeks.

High-spanned bridge over the River Hulawan, at Khanikin.

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THE ARAB

"Left to himself the idle, hungry Bedawi, picturesque figure as he is and romantic social asset, is the bane of civilisation. He is the marauder whose depredations must be bought off, since there has been no power capable of restraining them. His private interests run counter to those of the community. He does not wish to see the plough conquer fresh acres where the wild herbs were enough for his sheep and camels, nor the highroads where he waylaid merchant and muleteer, held up the post and put the traveller to ransom, turned into secure and well-guarded ways of communication and commerce. Peace does not suit him; he has not the slightest inclination to set a term to blood feuds, which combine pleasurable excitement with the fulfilment of family duties.

"But these predilections, though strongly rooted, are not invincible. The cultivating tribes along the rivers who were nomads a couple of hundred years ago, are now villagers under a tribal organisation. Some of the great sheikhs have recognised the solid advantage of real property, and though they still boast that they are unfettered children of the wilderness, are in fact anchored by the possession of estates and gardens in the settled areas."

"The conversion of the wandering camel breeder and camel lifter into a cultivator of the soil, in so far as it has taken place in Mesopotamia, was an inevitable process. In their progress northward the tribes found themselves ultimately upon the limits of the desert; the wide spaces essential to a nomadic existence no longer stretched before them, while the pressure of those behind forbade any return. They were obliged to look to agriculture as a means of livelihood. Instead of devastating hordes, sweeping like locusts over cornfield and pasture, the surplus population of Arabia may find in a Mesopotamia reconstituted by good administration not only abundant supplies but far-reaching possibilities of social and intellectual advance."

(G. L. BELL)

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SECRET.—3rd DIVISION OPERATION ORDER No. 76. Copy No. 18.

Reference Map T.C. 87.

NOTES. 1. "Railway from Air report" is Decauville Railway. It is incorrectly shown West of R of Railway.

2. MUFRAZ Post is at 8 F.0/30 where Decauville Railway reaches EUPHRATES.

3. RADWANIYAH Post is at junction of RADWANIYAH Canal and EUPHRATES.

INFORMATION. (a) The KURAD Section of CHIDADAH Arabs (strength 100 rifles) and KROUSHIEEN Arabs of RADWANIYAH (strength 300 rifles) implicated in murder of Lt. Col. MAGNIAC, 27th Punjabis, on 28th April, are near IMAM HANZA and along both banks of RADWANIYAH Canal, about 7 E.0/3, respectively.

(b) (Details as to strength of other tribes likely to join the malcontents).

(c) (Possibility of Deleim riflemen crossing Euphrates and joining malcontents).

(d) (Attitude of the BENI TAMIN, strength 500 rifles).

INTENTION. 2. The Divisional Commander intends to deal with the KURAD and KROUSHIEEN Sections, in the first instance, by the operation of punitive columns from MUFRAZ and RADWANIYAH Posts, which will attack the tribesmen, thoroughly destroy their crops and habitations and seize their livestock. These tribes are to be most rigorously dealt with. Further operations will be carried out according to the situation disclosed by the first phase, and the consequent attitude of neighbouring tribes.

ORDERS TO TROOPS. 3. (a) Troops "A" form LUCAS'S COLUMN.

(b) Troops "B" form DAVIDSON'S COLUMN.

Commander: Brig. General F. G. LUCAS, D.S.O.

"A" 2 squadrons 14th Hussars.
A composite Batty. 4 guns A/B 215th Batty. R.F.A.
3 cars 14th L.A.M. Batt.
42nd Infantry Brigade (less 2 Battalions).
Detachment 3rd Divn. Signal Company.
Detachment Wireless (from G.H.Q.).
A composite detachment Field Ambulance (from 3rd Divn).

Commander: Brig. General S. R. DAVIDSON.

"B." 300 rifles 7th Infantry Brigade.
1 section Machine Gun Company, 7th Infantry Brigade.
1 section 66th Batty. R.F.A.
1 section 21st Coy., Sappers and Miners.
1 Company 34th Pioneers.

(c) LUCAS'S COLUMN will assemble at about 2 miles South of IRON BRIDGE near junction of old and new Decauville Railway lines before 12 noon on 3rd May, and march to reach MUFRAZ before midnight 4/5th May.

4/5th May.

DAVIDSON'S COLUMN will concentrate at RADWANIYAH Post before midnight 4/5th May.

(d) On 5th May LUCAS'S COLUMN will deal with KURAD and DAVIDSON'S COLUMN will deal with Arabs near RADWANIYAH Post, the Columns operating towards one another and clearing the country between the EUPHRATES and the RADWANIYAH Canal.

(e) On 6th May the whole force under Brig.-General DAVIDSON'S orders will deal with the KROUSHIEEN; LUCAS'S COLUMN, as such, being broken up.

(f) Any further operations which may be necessary will be carried out under Brig.-General DAVIDSON'S orders.

SUPPLIES. 4. Six days' rations for LUCAS'S COLUMN will accompany the Column.

REPORTS. 5. Reports to 3rd Division Headquarters, BAGHDAD.

SUSPENSION OF EXECUTION. 6. These orders will only become operative on receipt of a message worded "Carry out 3rd Division Operation Order No. 76," which will be despatched by 3rd Division to all concerned on receipt of orders from G.H.Q. to undertake the punitive operations in contemplation.

R. POPE-HENNESSY,
Lieut.-Colonel,
General Staff, 3rd Division.

Copy of 3rd Division Operation Order authorising the punitive operations of May 18th-24th (postponed from May 4th), in which C Station participated.

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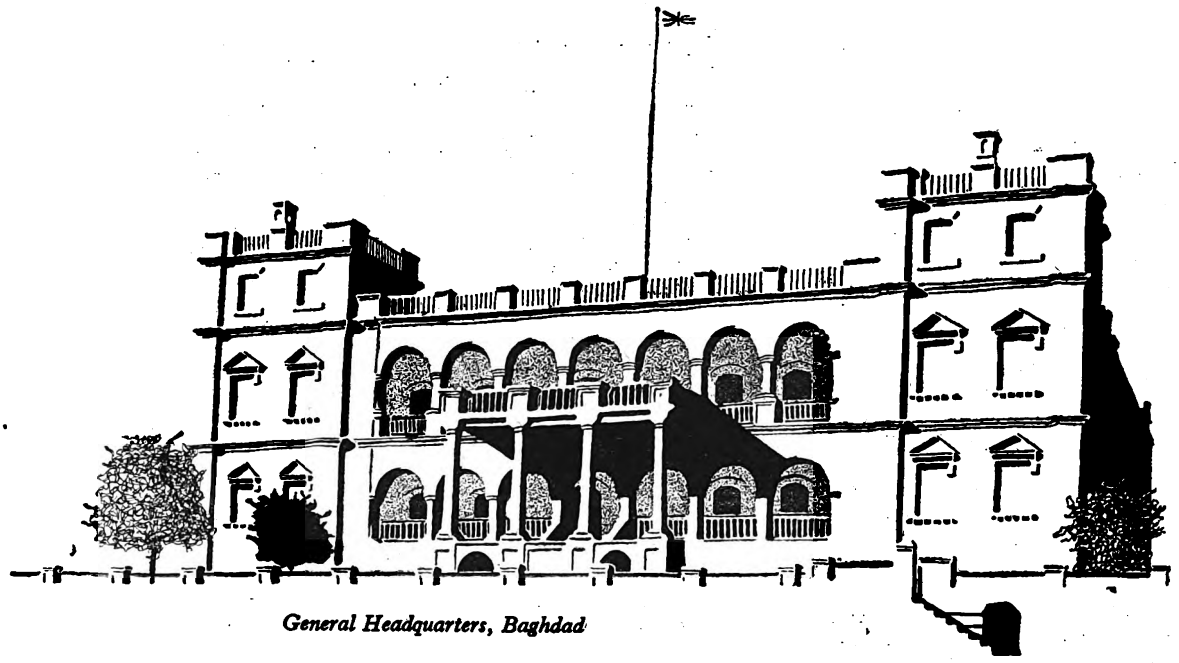

General Headquarters, Baghdad

SUMMER 1917—IN THE FIELD

THE HINDIYEH BARRAGE.

Seven stations found work to do during April — a month that gave full promise of a summer likely to be abnormally hot. Of these, the work of A wagon in Persia and of E wagon and L, C, H and F packs on the Tigris and Adhaim has already been reviewed; the other, D, was brought into Baghdad on the 28th and attached to a column of the 52nd Brigade, bound for Hindiyeh to see what had become of the Barrage.

Of all the works planned by Sir William Wilcox for the reconstitution of Mesopotamia's prosperity, this had been the only one undertaken by the Turks—and that simply because its construction had become essential if the last cultivated areas were not to disappear. Below Hindiyeh the Euphrates divides into two branches—the Hillah and the Hindiyeh: the former (flowing by the ruins of Babylon) is the old stream; the latter was once only a swollen canal, but it grew every year till at last it took all the water from the old bed and so deprived the Hillah district of its irrigation. Though the Turks had (through the British contracting firm of Sir James Jackson) built the Barrage at a cost of £2,000,000, they had not completed the few canals necessary to finish off the job. Now, as they retreated, attempts were made to destroy it, but the Arab cultivators prevented this — yet the very same men looted everything of value round the works on their own account!

Now in April the British were on the spot and began at once to get the regulator and its canals into working order. They also commenced tapping the rich corn resources of the Euphrates, and all the summer the old road north from Babylon was thick with the dust raised by mules. Later the connection was made by rail.

As soon as the British were firmly established here, arrangements were put in hand for linking up with our troops at Nasiriyah, thus bringing the whole of the lower Euphrates under control. It was singularly peaceful penetration, welcomed by the Arab cultivators, and adding enormously to the resources of the force.

May found most of the stations settled in summer quarters. Experience had shown the unprofitableness of campaigning under the blazing heat of the mid-summer sun of Iraq—and 1917 was to prove the hottest season for many a decade. During the month E Station returned from Satha and camped with F and the 7th Division at Samarrah, then the British front line on the Tigris.

STRAFES ON THE ARABS.

Another move was that of C Station. It had gone back earlier with the cavalry to their summer camp at Es Sulaikh on the outskirts of Baghdad, but was ousted from this palm-shaded retreat for a day or two to provide wireless communication for Lucas's column, which undertook a reprisal on the Arabs in the Mufraz-Radwaniyeh region below Feluja.

A copy of the operation order issued for this stunt is reprinted on the opposite page, as it gives interesting sidelights on how such affairs were managed.

H Station was also travelling during May, being deputed to make a second trip up the Adhaim—this time with a reconnaissance of the 40th Brigade. During June, too, H maintained its well-earned reputation for getting over the ground, as it had to go across to Baqubah to allow L Station to co-operate in another strafe. It had hardly settled down again with the III. Corps at Sindiyeh when it was ordered out with the 37th Brigade for the occupation of Beled Ruz. This move had been rendered necessary by the retirement to Kermanshah of the Russians, with whom went A. During the same month K was out on the inevitable Arab strafe, this time round Aziziyeh. F was withdrawn from Samarrah to join the 8th Brigade, which was then holding the British second line at Beled.

TWO N.Z. STATIONS REACH BAGHDAD.

In July, the last two New Zealand stations came

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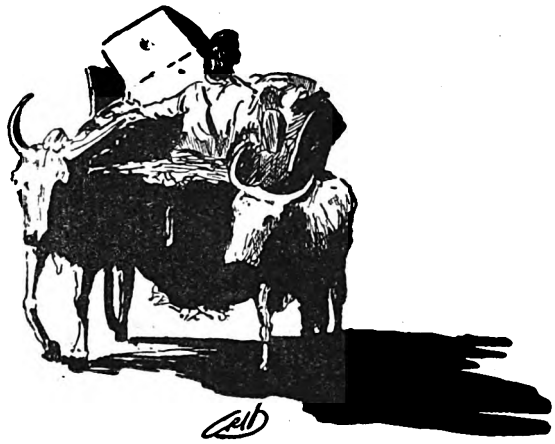

Army transport cart or "ghari". This one is a member of the Lucknow Bullock Corps. Bullocks were used in base camps—the more active "cutchers" (also Jaipur ponies) in the field.

up-river from L. of C.—I from Aziziyeh and J from Baghailah, the latter going on to Hindiyeh to relieve D, whose transport animals were suffering from the poorly cleansed grain available in that region. It was indeed good to get these two N.Z. stations up-river at last. They had been denied a share both in the adventures round Kut and the glories of the Advance—yet the long months of humdrum L.-of-C. work had not weakened their efficiency or enthusiasm. H station was also relieved by L at Beled Ruz and was able to get six weeks' rest, or at least as much as work on the horse-lines of Es Sulaikh would allow.

FAILURE AT RAMADIE.

Early in July activity again became necessary on the Euphrates. Feluja was being held comfortably enough, but the position could hardly be considered satisfactory, for the presence of a strong Turkish force at Ramadie led to continuous friction with the tribesmen. For once Maude was led to abandon his definite summer policy, and, accordingly, the 7th Brigade (G station attached) was ordered to concentrate at Dhibban, ready for an advance on Ramadie. The heat was distressing, but, as careful arrangements had been made for the supply of water, and for the transport by van and lorry of a part of the force, all hopes were for success. But, just as our men came in touch with the enemy at his advanced position, a blinding dust-storm sprang up, and, this combined with the heat, placed them in a difficult situation. The projected attack was therefore cancelled, and the entire operation abandoned.

A G. Station account of this stunt has been preserved: "Orders to move out came at 11 p.m. on the 9th July—the hottest July in history—130 degrees in the shade, and G was to have four days and nights of it. We trekked all night and spent the days on duty, fatigues, or lying gasping under the shade of the gharis. How quickly the sun moved the shade round and left us frizzling. Also we went in fear of the bunds being cut, and erected station with the masts well sandbagged.

"Early on the 12th we hove in sight of Ramadie and incidentally came under pretty healthy fire from the enemy and from Arab irregulars—'zips' and 'thumms' from all kinds of bullets seemed to be everywhere. However, we dodged into cover under a hill and put up the station for traffic, when Johnny saw the tops of our masts and dropped some bombs uncomfortably near. Still we hung on all day, even when one of them raised a pile of pack saddles high into the air! Then at night came the retreat—and more attention from our Arab friends, who seemed to be out in force. They gave it to us the whole way back, and at one point where the road ran along the river bank away from cover we lost three horses in as many minutes to marksmen who were absolutely invisible. As soon as we bivouacked, the lads tried to get their own back—but it was no go, and we were just about done in, anyway. After this stunt a mud hut in Feluja seemed heaven—I need say no more!"

Although the operation was a failure, it served to give the Turkish commander false confidence, an error for which he was to pay dearly in less than two months' time. After this the 7th Brigade (which had been all through the worst of the Mesopotamian campaign) was withdrawn from the Euphrates, the 15th Division taking over. The brigade rejoined the remnants of its division (the 3rd), which was thereupon transferred to Palestine.

CAPTURE OF SHAROBAN.

In August orders were issued for the capture of Sharoban, on a canal from the Diala, near the defile by which that river issues from the Jebel Hamrin. This place had previously been in British hands, but had been given up after the Russian retirement in June. An aeroplane reconnaissance now reported that the Turks were entrenching hereabouts—hence the orders, which were carried out by two converging columns, Thompson's from Baqubah, and Hesketh's from Beled Ruz. D Station, which had been relieved at Hindiyeh by J, accompanied Thompson's column, and C was attached to Hesketh's. On our approach, however, the Turks hastily retired into the Jebel, without making much of a stand. Good work was done by the wireless stations in keeping the two columns in touch.

Here is C Station's story, related by one of its members:—"We got off at 11 with about 500 cavalry and a few infantry, and marched till daylight, when we camped near a rice field (20th) with water handy. We moved again the same night at 10.30 and trekked towards the hills, stopping just before day broke. When it got light we set off again, but hadn't gone many yards when a Turkish gun in the hills let go, bursting shrapnel all round us. We turned to get away and found we had a river on the other side, which was so deep that we couldn't cross, so we stood about waiting for orders for five minutes, and men and horses were going down. One of our horses was shot, otherwise we got off, but it was pure luck. We put up the station just after this and a few more bullets came across, but nothing to speak of."

It turned out afterwards that we had advanced too far and that our advance guard had failed in its mission, which was to destroy a bridge over a deep canal.

During the summer the remainder of the stations were handling traffic as follows:—

AA Wagon.—Col. Rowlandson, 1st Russian Caucasian Division, Kermanshah.
A Wagon.—Baghdad.
B Wagon.—S.H.Q., Baghdad.
E Wagon.—7th Division, Samarrah.
I Wagon (N.Z.).—L. of C., Aziziyeh and Cavalry Camp, Es Sulaikh.
F Pack.—8th Infantry Brigade, Beled and Istabulat.
K Pack (N.Z.).—Stand-by for mobile column, Aziziyeh.
J Pack (N.Z.).—L. of C., Baghailah and Hindiyeh.

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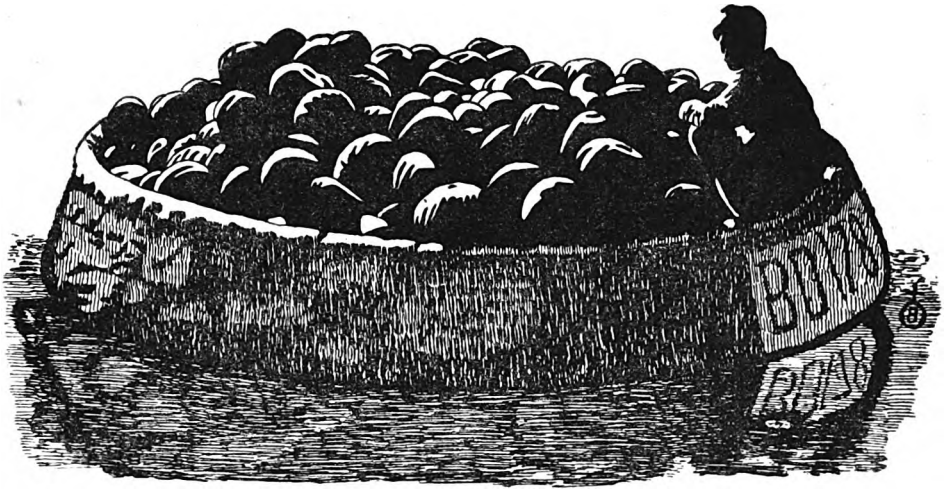


A GUFA WITH A LOAD OF PUMPKINS.

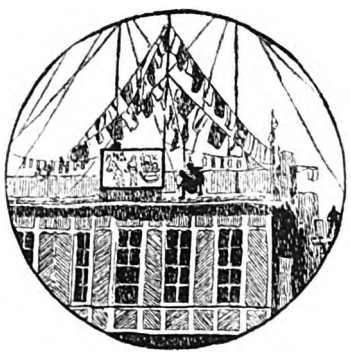
For centuries Baghdad has been headquarters for this curious type of boat and many hundreds have been registered with the British Administration. They are solidly built of wicker-work covered with bitumen and their large capacity and ease of loading makes them ideal for lightering and ferrying. Unless carefully rowed by two boatmen paddling in opposite directions, however, they spin round and round with the force of the current in a way that is rather disturbing for the unaccustomed passenger.

LIFE IN BAGHDAD

THE BILLET.

April—the dates were blossoming—and the "close season" for fighting beginning. Both Turk and Briton bowed to a common enemy—the sun. Still not all the squadron stations were able to enjoy a rest, or rather to endure the heat, flies, and dust in summer quarters. In Baghdad life was beginning to be more comfortable than it was on the bare plains of Kut. The merchants were back in the bazaars; the coffee shops filled with their old-time *habitues;* rations became more plentiful; and comfort coaxed romance back to Baghdad's narrow streets and blue-tiled domes. Two homes were found for the wireless—for the Squadron Headquarters, a group of billets in New Street, nearly opposite G.H.Q.; for a details' camp, a site in a vacant patch between the palm-groves outside the south gate (Bab-es-Shargi).

At the "Billet," the rear building provided living and messing accommodation for Headquarters' staff, which included mechanics engaged on repairs, operators on traffic and interception work, the orderly room staff, quartermaster's department, etc.; the front portion contained the officers' quarters and mess, as well as the various offices. One recollects with amusement that we had our masts up on the roof a good week before receiving authority from the Military Governor to move in!



Christmas, 1917—the Billet decorated with blue and white signal flags, also a painting depicting the Kaiser and the Crown Prince in the hands of Beelzebub.

Though you will not find much reference to Squadron Headquarters through the book, we hope you will not forget that they are still behind the scenes, keeping station equipment and personnel at the highest pitch of efficiency.

THE HORSE-LINES.

Our details' camp, where unallotted men and horses were to be found, became known as the "The Horse-lines." It fronted the Hinaidi road, separated from the Tigris by a small date plantation. A small but well-proportioned single-story building—said to have been a Turkish police post—contained the sergeant's mess, and provided cooking and messing accommodation for the men. It was distinguished by the variety of its patterned brickwork; we saw nothing anywhere else more beautiful. The tents were erected over four-foot pits, or dugouts, with raised walls of "mutty" (a mixture of mud, straw, and water), and in the centre two standards kept the tent poles on ground level so that the maximum of breeze and the minimum of sunshine were obtained by the occupants; in summer-time sheets of matting were sometimes placed on light rafters as an inner ceiling. Before long we discovered that we could buy beds, cleverly patched together out of the central stems of palm fronds. It was, on the whole, quite a comfortable camp, except during the rainy season, when it became a quagmire—yet we did not mind that if we could get gum-boots.

The squadron farrier-sergeant was stationed here. He was in charge of the horses and horse-lines, and, besides selecting animals to replace casualties in the field, also tended those that fell sick. If necessary he called in a veterinary officer. Each man usually had four or five horses to look after—still there were compensations. First of all there was room in the big dugouts to stand up or lie down at a reasonable distance from the scorching canvas. There was also a dhobi-woman (washerwoman) and a barber; and tables in the mess-room on which to put your plate and mug (this in itself is a greater comfort than most people imagine)! And we were always sure of some excitement when the G.S. ration wagon left—at the gallop!

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Admission Ticket to Arab Theatre—and incidentally to the dullest thing in Baghdad.

At the rear of the Horse-lines were camped those of our Indian soldiers and followers not actually on stations. The soldiers were under the charge of a havildar (equivalent to a sergeant), and comprised horse drivers of the artillery and mule drivers of the Supply and Transport. Among the followers, who are drawn from the low or no-caste tribes of India, were mehtas (sweepers), bhistis (water-carriers), and moochis (saddlers). Caste and religion are very strong factors in Indian life, and the follower was consequently much despised by the Indian soldier. Their diet also comes under rigid regulation, and so, when live rations were issued to us, the job of preparing the meat was usually handed over to the Indians, who saw that everything was done in the prescribed way.

HYGIENE IN THE FIELD.

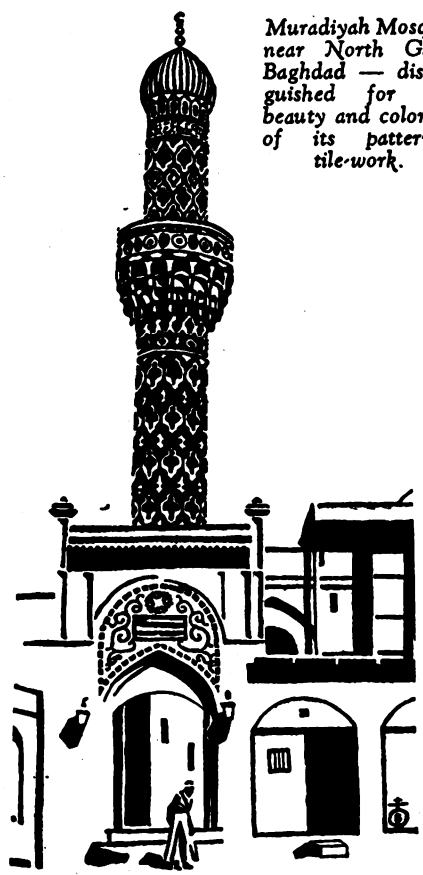
The squadron, like the remainder of the M.E.F., suffered heavily from the endemic diseases of the country. New arrivals especially had a bad time, and usually more than fifty per cent. were soon in hospital with sandfly fever, colitis, dysentery, etc. The list of men invalided home grew to large proportions; of those who stayed many became so debilitated that their names were frequently on sick reports, up to fifty-seven admissions being recorded in a single month (June, 1918). More than twenty per cent. brought home malaria in their blood, or T.B. tendencies, while our casualty list showed the toll of small-pox, cholera, enteric, and other diseases, in spite of the efforts of medical skill. We were repeatedly vaccinated and inoculated, and all drinking water was chlorinated. Chlorination served the double purpose of throwing down sediment (which was exceedingly heavy in spring) and of killing microbes, but as it was usually practised to excess, and the water seldom allowed to stand very long, most of our food, and always our tea, suffered from a strong taste of chlorine. As it turned out, by some curious gesture of Mars, we did not lose a single man by enemy bullets, yet this volume records some fifty odd occasions when stations experienced shell-fire, sniping, aeroplane bombs, and raids by Kurds and Arabs. As you read you will see that on many occasions whole stations missed death by inches; at other times shells turned out to be duds, though coming so close as to splinter an instrument-box or kill a horse. It was nothing short of a miracle that the enemy inflicted only two or three slight wounds on the men of the wireless stations, whose aerial masts usually offered a good target. Another risk incurred by our men was the frequency with which stations were ordered to move hundreds of miles without escort. Yet here again our luck held good. AA station might easily have been wiped out at Chahar Zabar, or half-a-dozen other stations have met a similar fate during their long treks without escort. Even in 1919, within a few days of No. 24 Station leaving Amadia in North Kurdistan, the political and telegraph staff were murdered as they slept.

To return to hygiene, not the least of the discomforts suffered by our boys were the *ukhts*, or Baghdad sores. Practically no one escaped these pestilential sores; some even developed them after their return to Australia. The Baghdad sore is a sloughing ulcer, commencing as a tiny red pimple and developing till it is an inch and a half across and half-an-inch deep. Believed to be caused by a parasite introduced by a sandfly bite, it attacks the face, hands, wrist, or ankle, and its progress, which is exceedingly tedious, usually lasts a whole year. The local population enjoy no immunity from the scourge—in fact, practically everyone seen in the streets bears a relic in the shape of a disfiguring scar on the face.

In Baghdad our chief entertainer was the Y.M.C.A., which contained the usual equipment of such institutions. Best of all was the Y.M.C.A. Open-air Theatre, near G.H.Q., where something was provided for the troops every night in the week—lectures, concerts, moving-pictures, Indian jugglers.

BAGHDAD'S ANCIENT DAYS.

For those who were enthusiastic enough to walk further afield, all the charms of Baghdad waited. And Baghdad has charms for anyone who will look around him with a seeing eye. Let us make a start with some history. Mesopotamia was but a province of the Arabian Empire from the battle of Kadisiyah (A.D. 636) till A.D. 762. The second Abbasid Caliph, Mansur, after the destruction of the Umeiyad dynasty (which ruled from Damascus) perceived that a fresh capital was needed for the new dynasty. The decay of the Arab tribal system, on which the military power of the Umeiyads depended, decided him to move the seat of government to Mesopotamia. Accordingly he founded the famous Round City of Baghdad on the right bank of the Tigris, at a point which may now be



Muradiyah Mosque, near North Gate, Baghdad — distinguished for the beauty and coloring of its patterned tile-work.

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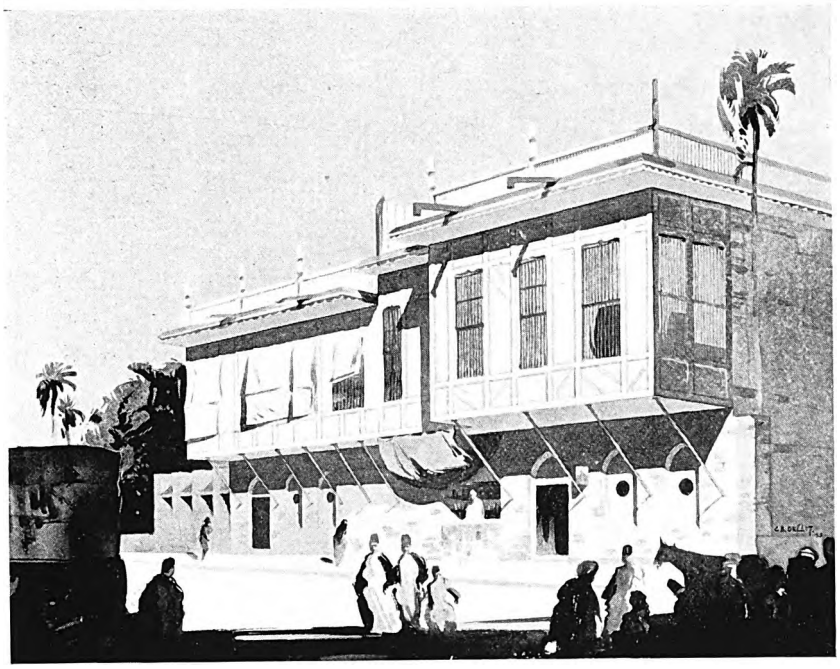
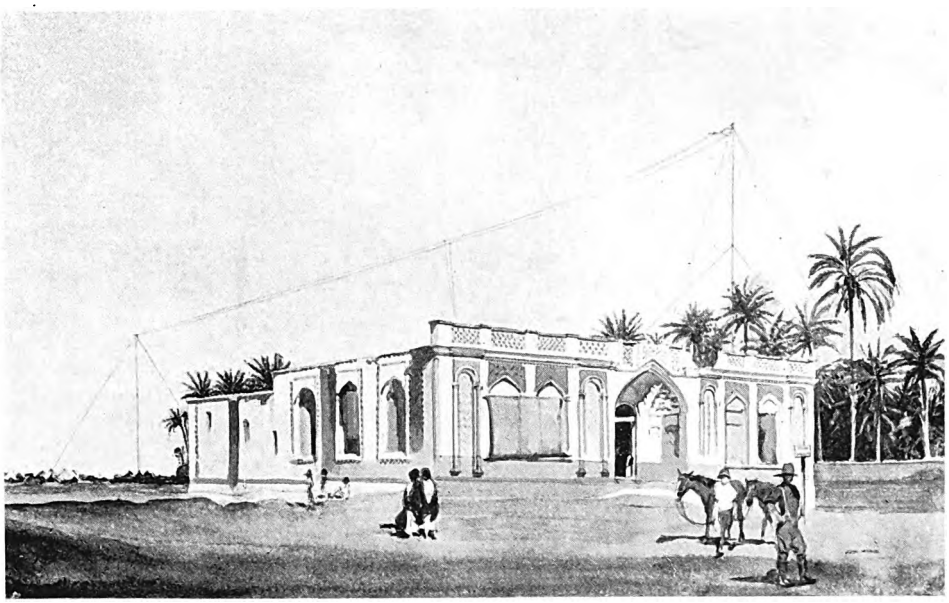
OUR HOMES IN BAGHDAD



THE BILLET
(from the water-color by C. B. Dellit)



THE HORSE-LINES
(from the water-color by John D. Moore)

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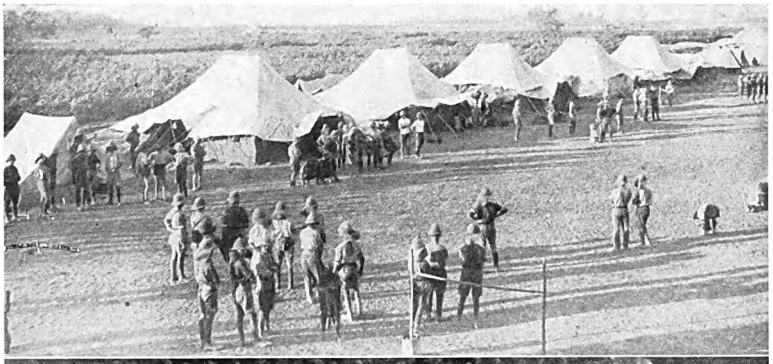
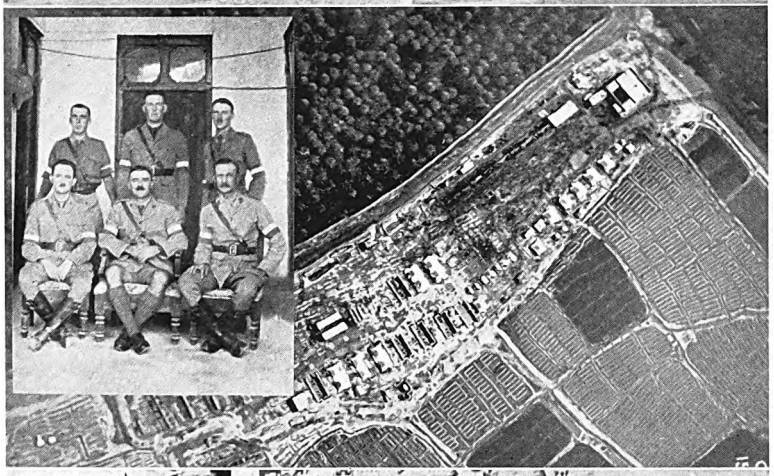
SQUADRON LIFE IN BAGHDAD



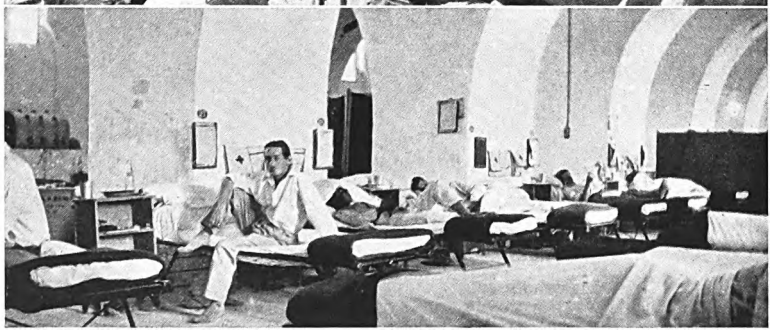
Summer, 1917: A sports meeting at the Horse-lines. In the background are the large E.P. tents erected over dugouts.



A Royal Air Force photograph of the Horse-lines, showing the billet, some E.P. tents, also dug-outs without tents. See how a palm-grove looks from the air, also a typical irrigated field.

Inset shows Officers at S.H.Q. during the first days in Baghdad. Back row: Lt. Melville, Lt. McKeown, Lt. Bagot. Front row: Lt. Hillary, Major Marr, Capt. Clark.

The Horse-lines.



A member of the squadron in the 31st British General Hospital (the old Turkish Infantry Barracks). Most of our men were at one time or another either in this or in the 23rd, just outside the North Gate.

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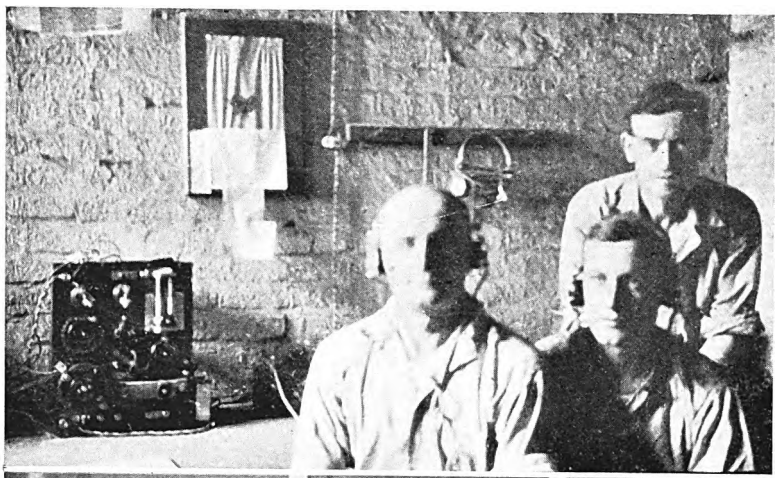
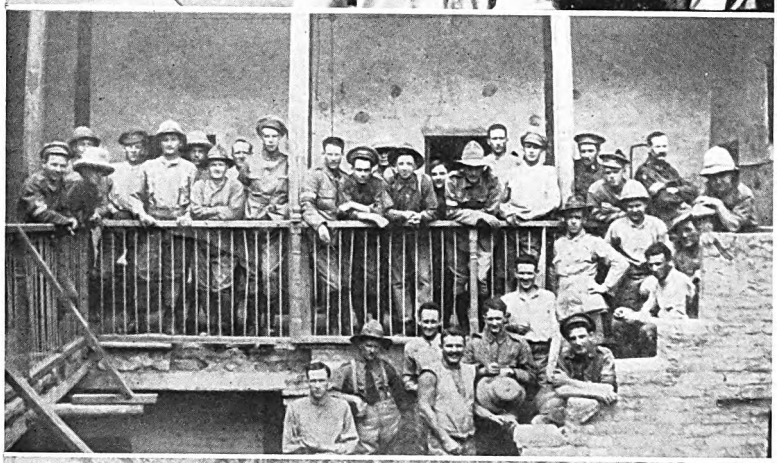
SQUADRON LIFE IN BAGHDAD



Interception Room at Baghdad, showing operators on duty.



May, 1918: A group in the court-yard of the men's billet, Baghdad.

Summer, 1918: No. 7's mess-room at Chaldari. Cavalry Summer H.Q.

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SOME BAGHDAD PERSONALITIES

On the left—our barber; on the right—three Baghdad Jews. A Turkish proverb runs: "It takes three Jews to cheat a Greek, and three Greeks to cheat an Armenian."

Mary, our washerwoman, and her daughter Selima.

A Sikh soldier and two sweepers at S.H.Q.

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described as situated between West Baghdad and Kazimain. This was a triple-walled fortress city, circular in form, wherein were located the principal State buildings, palaces, etc., while for fear of treachery the populace were ordered to live outside. Here it was that the three great Caliphs, Mansur, Harun-el-Rashid, and Ma'mun, flourished in turn in Baghdad's golden age, from 762 to 833 A.D. It soon rose to eminence, second only to Constantinople during the Middle Ages, and was unrivalled for splendour throughout Western Asia; yet to-day not a trace is to be found of the Round City.

After a short removal for political reasons to the vicinity of modern Samarrah (836-892), the Caliphs again returned to make Baghdad their capital, and it was at this period, when many gorgeous palaces were built, that the city grew mainly on the left bank of the river, until it stretched as far as the present suburb of Moazzam. Near the end of the eighth century, an Abbasid Caliph formed a bodyguard of Turks from the marshes of Turkestan, where the outposts of Islam were. This body gradually grew in power and influence, while the Caliphate rapidly declined, and thus it was, that, when a tribe of Turks called Seljuks came south under their chief, Tugril Bey, they found men of their own race, language, and religion ruling the rulers of Islam. In 1055 Tugril Bey was invested by the Caliph with what was practically the temporal sovereignity of Baghdad, Mesopotamia, and the countries then in the power of Islam. The Caliphs become mere figureheads, living in a mysterious seclusion. The break-up of the Seljuk power enabled the Caliphate to re-assert a brief flicker of independence, which was, however, extinguished in the cataclysm of the Mongols. In February, 1258, Hulagu Khan took Baghdad; the city was sacked, and the last caliph of the Abbasids taken prisoner and killed. The wealth and treasures of ages were plundered; priceless literary and artistic remains were destroyed. An irreparable blow had been delivered at the heart of Moslem civilisation. It ended Arab rule in Mesopotamia, and was accompanied by the ruin of the whole system of irrigation. The country which had known prosperity for thousands of years became a waste of unfruitful waters in arid plains of dust and sand, and the work of three hundred generations of men was destroyed in a single year; and the desolation of the Mongols has endured to this day.

1917—THE BRITISH ARRIVE.

And now the British were in Baghdad—the last of her many conquerors, yet the first to enter her gates not unmindful of the ancient glories. Let us quote a passage from General Maude's proclamation to the Baghdadis:—

> "Since the days of Hulagu, your city and your lands have been subject to the tyranny of strangers, your palaces have fallen into ruins, your gardens have sunk into desolation and your forefathers and you have groaned in bondage. Your sons have been carried off to wars not of your seeking, your wealth stripped from you by unjust men and squandered in far off places."

True indeed; the last nine hundred years had dealt hardly with the old city—at one time its population fell to fifteen thousand. So it is right that we should make allowances for those centuries of tyranny as we walk through its narrow streets. Let us forget our disappointment at finding Harun's Palace only dust beneath our feet, and pay tribute to a city that still lives and works despite the vicissitudes of time. These people we meet in the streets—these portly merchants—these proud faces from the desert—these toiling porters and sweating coppersmiths must surely be the same as Sinbad met and talked with. Are these not the flat roof-tops and open courtyards across which Harun walked disguised? Yes; Baghdad to-day is as ever, a city of the Arabs. The towns of Morocco and Egypt are products of the melting pot, but Baghdad remains of the Bedawi.

FEATURES OF THE CITY.

Of her attractions, the river has pride of place. It flows through the city and gives space and dignity wherever it goes. On it ply military craft of every description—from giant paddle-wheelers to fussy hospital launches; a tug slowly ploughing its way against a seven-knot current sends consternation into the heart of a giant Arab who is dexterously manœuvring a gufa; a raft of brushwood and skins sends ripples to the shore, where an uncomplaining ass monotonously operates a creaking waterlift. Upstream two sinuous bridges of boats rise and fall on the flood, and across them all day long a busy crowd passes to and fro. And what would we do without the river at twilight? Every evening we go across to the waterfront and watch the passers-by, or a boatman kindling his brazier on the deck of a high-pooped mahailah. And here we can get a glimpse of "home life" in an Arab village, and relapse into quiet thought as the setting sun throws the palms into sharp silhouette.

To-morrow, before the sun has made the day too hot, we can go in search of more material things. First of all, to the bazaars—the long-roofed arcades thronged with every sort of people buying and selling at every sort of shop—Arabs and Jews, Kurds and Persians, Hindus and Tommies, Armenians in fez and women in veils—half-clad urchins and donkey boys filling the air with their shrill cries—overburdened coolies calling

A Kurdish Porter—one of a hard-working tribe who will not disdain to carry even pianos on their broad backs.

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PROCLAMATION

"To the People of Baghdad Vilayet.

"In the name of my King, and in the name of the peoples over whom he rules, I address you as follows:—

"Our military operations have as their object defeat of the enemy and the driving of him from these territories. In order to complete this task, I am charged with absolute and supreme control of all regions in which British troops operate, but our armies do not come into your cities and lands as conquerors or enemies, but as liberators.

"Since the days of Hulagu your city and your lands have been subject to the tyranny of strangers, your palaces have fallen into ruins, your gardens have sunk in desolation, and your forefathers and yourselves have groaned in bondage. Your sons have been carried off to wars not of your seeking, your wealth has been stripped from you by unjust men and squandered in distant places.

"Since the days of Midhat the Turks have talked of reforms, yet do not the ruins and wastes of to-day testify the vanity of those promises?

"It is the wish not only of my King and his peoples, but it is also the wish of the great nations with whom he is in alliance, that you should prosper even as in the past, when your lands were fertile, when your ancestors gave to the world literature, science and art, and when Baghdad city was one of the wonders of the world.

"Between your people and the dominions of my King there has been a close bond of interest. For 200 years have the merchants of Baghdad and Great Britain traded together in mutual profit and friendship. On the other hand, the Germans and Turks, who have despoiled you and yours, have for twenty years made Baghdad a centre of power from which to assail the power of the British and the Allies of the British in Persia and Arabia. Therefore the British Government cannot remain indifferent as to what takes place in your country now or in the future, for in duty to the interests of the British people and their Allies the British Government cannot risk that being done in Baghdad again which has been done by the Turks and Germans during the war.

"But you people of Baghdad, whose commercial prosperity and whose safety from oppression and invasion must ever be a matter of the closest concern to the British Government, are not to understand that it is the wish of the British Government to impose upon you alien institutions. It is the hope of the British Government that the aspirations of your philosophers and writers shall be realised and that once again the people of Baghdad shall flourish, enjoying their wealth and substance under institutions which are in consonance with their sacred laws and their racial ideals. In Hedjaz the Arabs have expelled the Turks and Germans, who oppressed them, and proclaimed the Sherif Hussain as their King, and his lordship rules in independence and freedom, and is the ally of the nations who are fighting against the power of Turkey and Germany; so, indeed, are the noble Arabs, the Lords of Koweit, Nejd, and Asir.

"Many noble Arabs have perished in the cause of Arab freedom, at the hands of those alien rulers, the Turks, who oppressed them. It is the determination of the Government of Great Britain and the great Powers allied to Great Britain, that these noble Arabs shall not have suffered in vain. It is the hope and desire of the British people and the nations in alliance with them, that the Arab race may rise once more to greatness and renown among the peoples of the earth, and that it shall bind itself together to this end in unity and concord.

"O people of Baghdad! Remember that for twenty-six generations you have suffered under strange tyrants who have ever endeavoured to set one Arab house against another in order that they might profit by your dissensions. This policy is abhorrent to Great Britain and her Allies, for there can be neither peace nor prosperity where there is enmity and misgovernment. Therefore, I am commanded to invite you, through your nobles and elders and representatives, to participate in the management of your civil affairs in collaboration with the political representatives of Great Britain who accompany the British Army, so that you may be united with your kinsmen in north, east, south and west, in realizing the aspirations of your race."

F. S. MAUDE,
Lieutenant-General,
Commanding Army of Occupation.

March 19, 1917.

A copy of General Maude's proclamation to the citizens of Baghdad upon his occupation of the city.

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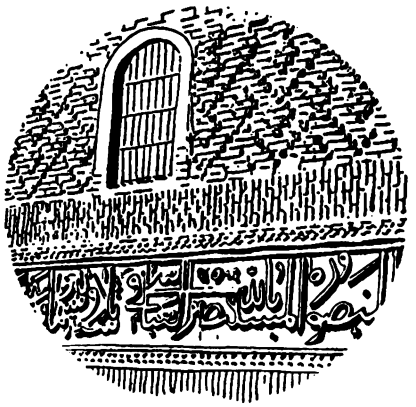

Built before Harun's time—the wall of Mustansir's University, with its Kufic inscription deeply cut. Near Upper Bridge, Left Bank, Baghdad.

"balak" to all who would cross their path. Strange sights and smells, and stranger foods and sweetmeats—cloth from Manchester, brass from Ispahan, copper from Russia, carpets from Kerman, and rags from every loom in Asia. Everything is in the bazaar. Things useful and things useless, and heaps of mere rubbish. A thick murky air is pierced by a single ray of purest sunlight. Incessant clatter of hammers and anvils, and a noise and confusion of tongues to out-babel Babel; the brave glow of a tiny brazier in the distant darkness of a tinsmith's stall; tailors working in alcoves, with their machines humming like bees in jasmin; hatters making caps of Astrakhan; a shoemaker cutting uppers of red leather. Haberdashers sell a medley of miserable trumpery; but fruit stalls are high heaped with rosy pomegranates in season, and the sherbet seller keeps no stall at all but walks bent down by the weight of his great jar and rings his brass cups like cymbals as he goes. A rushing hither and thither and a wild living and dying—all this, and more, in the bazaars of Baghdad.

Another day, we have eyes only for blue-tiled minarets whereon the muezzins call to the faithful. And while we walk we can get glimpses, far-off and faint, of the Great Baghdad that was the centre of the world: the towering minaret of the mosque of Caliphs—the old, old Khan Orthma, still, after seven hundred years, in use as a commercial mart—the wall of Mustansir's University with its Kufic inscription deeply carved.

Over an understanding heart this city casts a subtle spell. Bricks and stones weighted with years, an ancient calm in ancient places, colours that run riot—new buildings and ruins on every hand, and spread around it all a fringe of nodding palms and of melancholy desert waste. Then yonder, romance at last, stirring the imagination of the dullest—domes and minarets of lustrous, shining gold. It is true; just seven miles away, by ricketty horse tram, are minarets and domes covered with gold as thick as your finger, and vaults containing a treasure that is envied by the little old lady of Threadneedle Street. But you must turn elsewhere if you would know more of the gold and the treasure.

REINFORCEMENTS.

As with other units of the A.I.F., reinforcements for the squadron (from the second batch on 20th June, 1916) sailed fairly regularly until the beginning of 1917, when there was a pause for some months. A complete unit—the Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron—was then despatched to Mesopotamia, but, after some twelve months' service was disbanded, and most of its personnel transferred to the wireless squadron. In November of the same year a reinforcement of drivers was embarked, and in December another complete unit—"D" Troop (light motor wireless sections). Two further drafts, 11th and 12th, were also sent a few months before the Armistice. The first and second batches were sent over in charge of Lieuts. Clarke and Hilary respectively. Complete details of the reinforcements will be found in the nominal roll in the Appendix.

The adventures of the reinforcements were exceedingly varied. Some went in transports and others in P. & O. mail steamers, and were usually disembarked at Colombo, travelling *via* Madras to Bombay (Colaba Barracks). Most of the time not passed in travelling was spent either in luxurious sight-seeing, or in penurious starvation in depots and barracks.

INDIAN LEAVE.

In the heat of summer few hostile movements were possible, and consequently it became permissible to release a certain proportion of troops for leave to India. Australians and New Zealanders were included in this percentage, and the fortunate ones started full of hopes on the journey down-river in the direction of the comforts of that land.

An entire volume might be written on what happened before the individuals in these parties eventually returned to their units. The first feature of leave that our boys observed was the difference between being with their own unit and of being dependent on the doubtful hospitality of rest and base camps. For reasons unknown, rations hardly seemed to exist in those institutions; railway trucks invariably appeared to have been used quite recently for the transport of horses or coal; fatigues and guards were encountered with regularity; and interminable delays experienced at every possible point.

Naturally this sort of thing did not go down with our men. If rations could not be wangled or helped to, there was usually the char and wads of an Arab cafe round the corner. If the truck had coal in it—well, they could hardly be blamed for helping themselves to a few sheets of tattai matting in the face of an expostulating engineer N.C.O. Fatigues and guards—yes, there were even ways of dodging these; but the interminable delays made us want to be back with our unit.

"and the sherbet seller keeps no stall at all . . . ."

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BAGHDAD—
The Marjan Mosque.

In the Gulf, the ration question burnt with its old-time ferocity. On arrival at Bombay, leave was hardly ever given; straight on the train for Poona, the closest of the hill stations, on the Eastern Ghat, 60 miles above Bombay. It seemed strange to be once more amongst white bungalows set in gardens. From Poona, a leave pass for one month was usually granted, together with a second-class railway warrant; then the fun started. Unfortunately, there seems to be no record of most of it. I cannot say whether they travelled first or second, paid for their refreshments, or how they kept flush of rupees on empty paybooks. However, here is an authentic diary of the movements of one member of the first leave party of 1917.

April	22nd	Left unit.
May	3rd	Basra—embarked on "Egra."
May	13th	Bombay.
May	14th–20th	Poona.
May	24th–30th	Calcutta
May–June	31st–7th	Darjeeling.
June	8th–10th	Calcutta.
June	11th–17th	Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow. Delhi, Agra, Bombay.
June	18th	Poona.
August	6th–13th	Persian Gulf.
August	31st	Baghdad.

In India, too, were to be found sundry details—invalided sick off transports, or back from Mesopotamia. some of these were honestly trying to return to their unit, others trying equally hard not to get back! The wireless unit was small, the branches of the Indian Army wide, and it was seldom known whether we had a depot or not in India. Hence everything and anything might and did happen. However, after urgent representations were cabled back from the O.C. of the unit at the front, a gradual sorting out took place; the fit and worthy were returned to Baghdad, while those who had suffered too severely from the numerous maladies of Mesopotamia were invalided to Australia and New Zealand.

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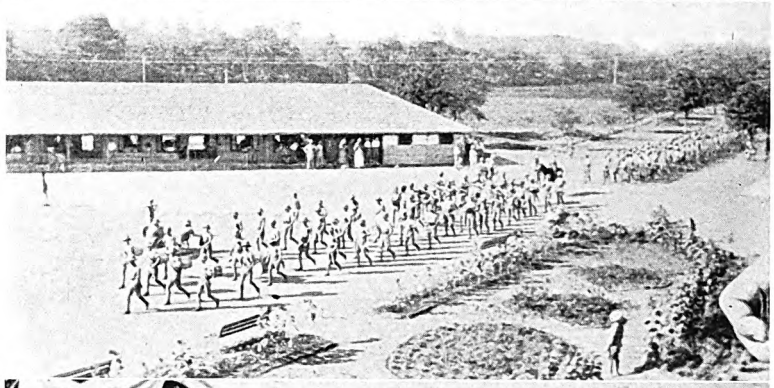
AT BOMBAY AND POONA

Freeman Thomas War Hospital, Bombay. During the war Bombay was a city of hospitals, practically every public building being utilised.



Deccan Hospital, Poona. A parade of convalescents.

Poona—A furlough group.

Outside Poona Barracks—a cycling party. Cycling (on hired machines) was one of the attractions.

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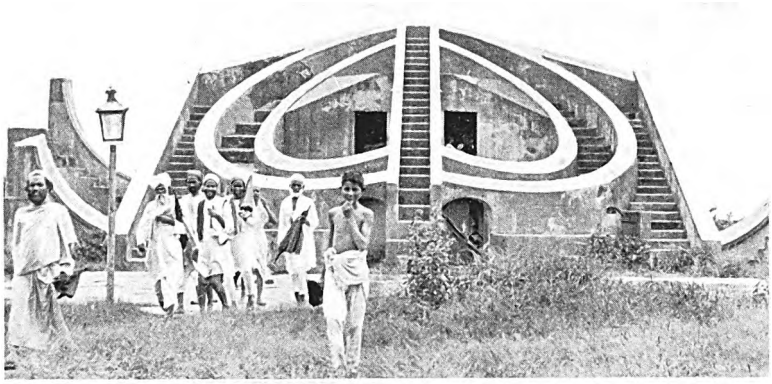
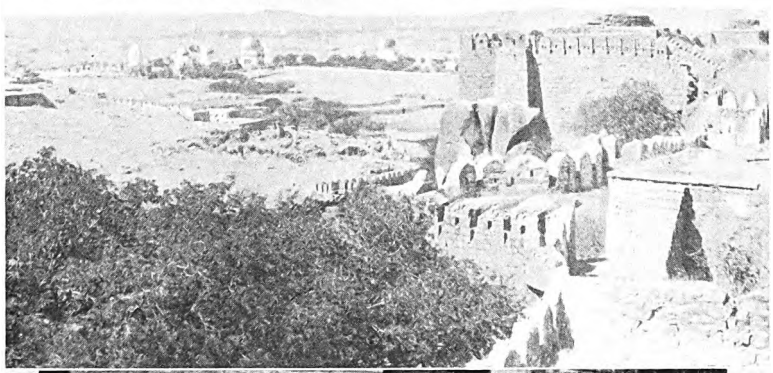
ON FURLOUGH IN INDIA

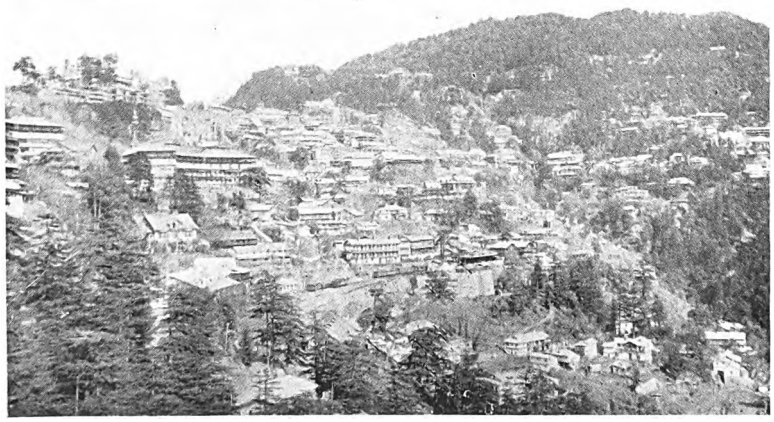


Ancient astronomical apparatus, Old Delhi. It dates from the seventeenth century, when Delhi was the capital of the Mogul Empire.



The Fort, Golconda. Golconda was formerly a powerful kingdom in the Deccan, but was subdued by Aurungzebe in 1687. The fort is extensive and still in good repair, but the city has disappeared and only an arid desert remains.

At Murree Depot (30 miles N.E .of Rawalpindi): Squadron men about to be invalided home.



Rawalpindi, on the N.W. Frontier. It is one of the largest military stations in India. The Indian Depot for Mesopotamian Signal units was situated here.

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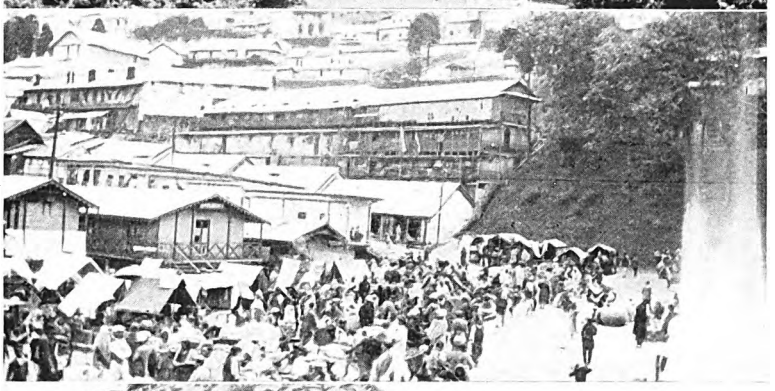
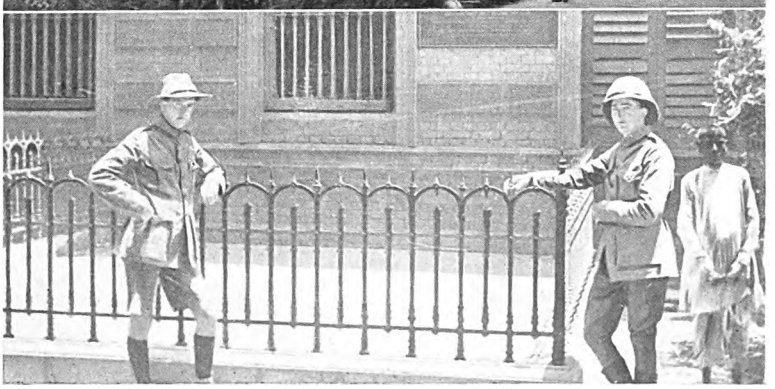
ON FURLOUGH IN INDIA

The Gate, Lucknow—a famous relic of the Mutiny.



At Darjeeling.—The market square. Darjeeling is on the Sikkim frontier and is the most beautiful of the Indian hill stations. It is in full view of the mountain ranges that culminate in Mt. Everest.

Jain Temple, Calcutta.



Site of the Black Hole, Calcutta. A memorial tablet reads: "The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India in 1901, to mark the site of the prison in old Fort William, known as the Black Hole, in which 146 British inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive."

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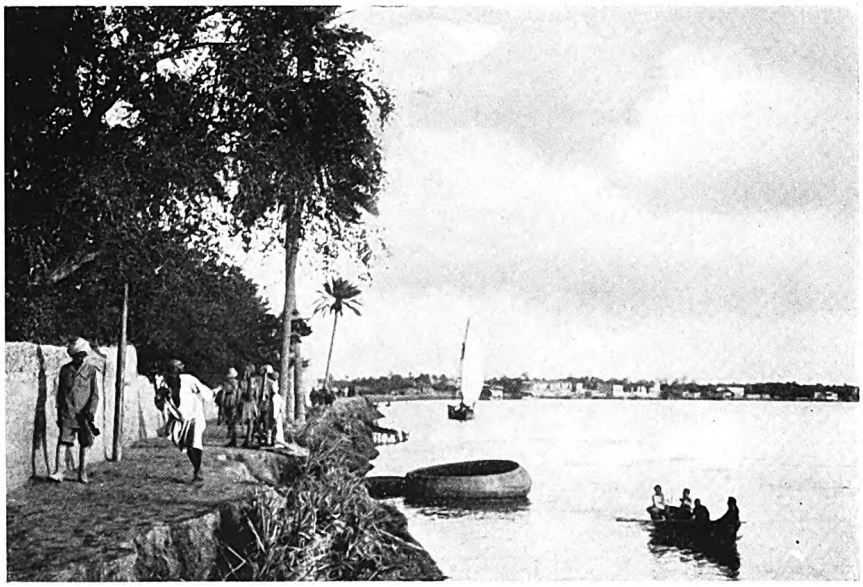
Upper (Khotah) bridge of boats, looking westward to the coffee shops on the right bank.



Waterfront at Battaween (near the Horse-lines) looking towards Karradah. In the foreground can be seen a large gufa used by Remounts and a bellum being towed upstream (towing being easier than rowing against the stiff seven-knot current).

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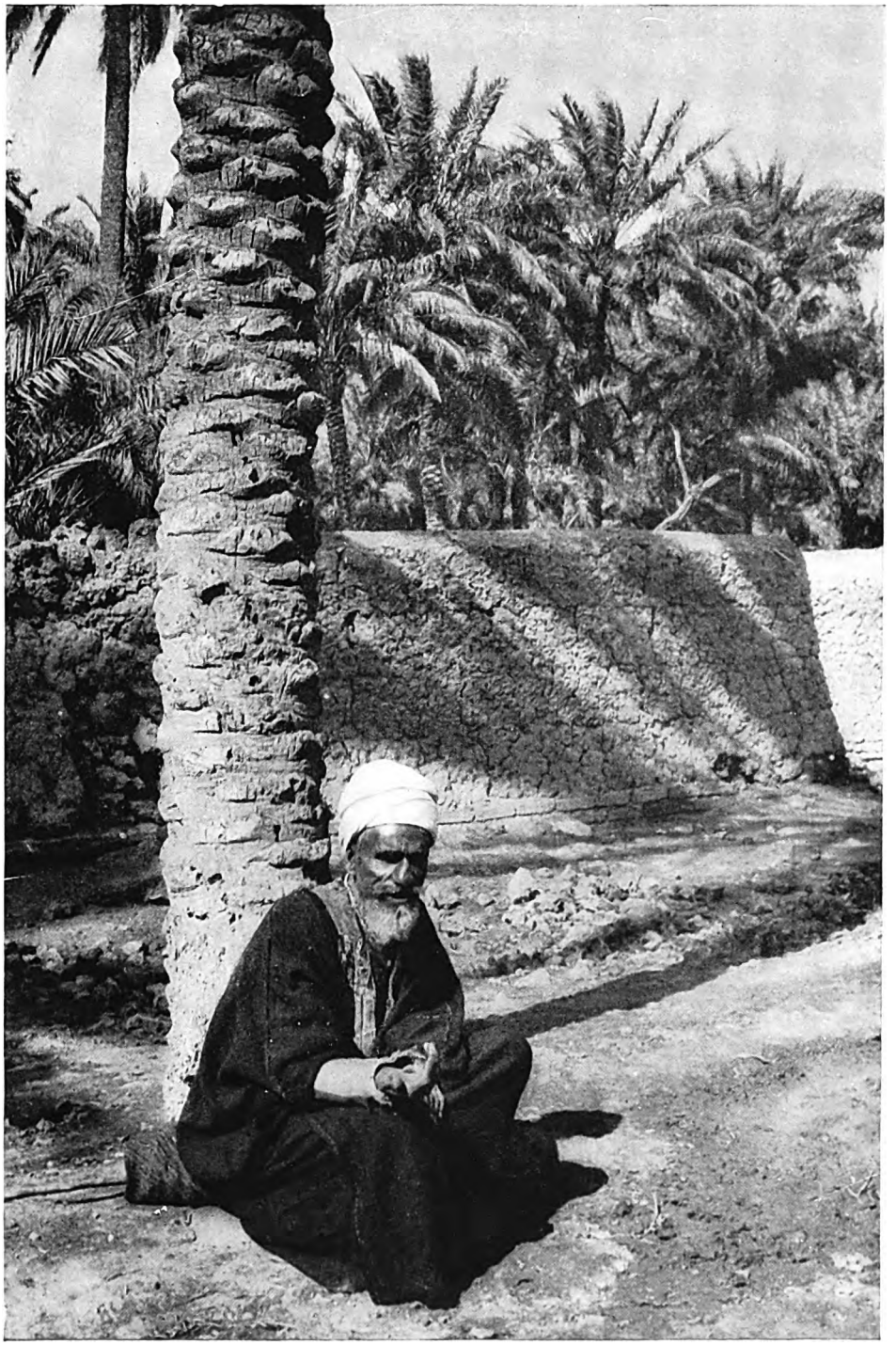
A BEGGAR OF BAGHDAD



The giving of alms is enjoined by the Koran, so naturally there is no shortage of suitable recipients!

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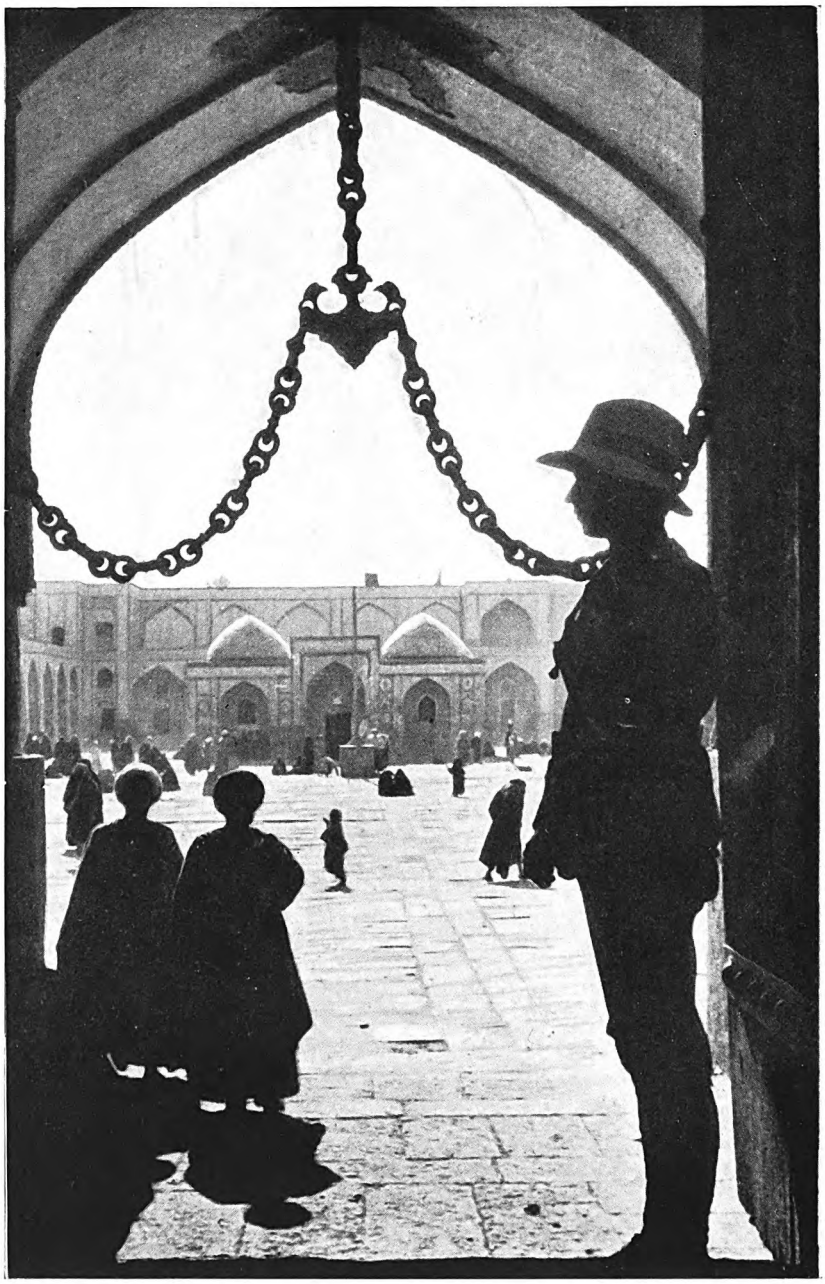
AT KAZIMAIN SHRINE



A modern pilgrim at an ancient shrine—the tombs of the Imams at Kazimain. Being an infidel, he cannot pass the arched gateway. In 1874, Nasr-ud-Din, Shah of Persia, caused the twin domes and the four minarets of the shrine to be overlaid with golden plates.

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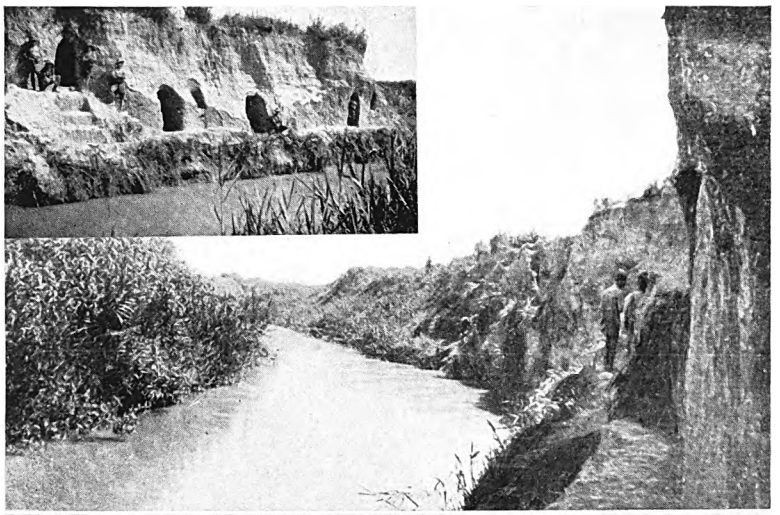
IN THE FOOTHILLS (JEBEL HAMRIN)



An ancient canal, probably thousands of years old, yet still in use. The Ruz Canal conveys water from the Diala (near Sharoban) southwards to Beled Ruz, Telibarah, and other desert towns. These photographs were taken in the spring or early summer of 1918, when the drivers of No. 6 were camped there while the station was at Surkhadiza and Kermanshah. The dug-outs, constructed by the boys, were quite commodious.

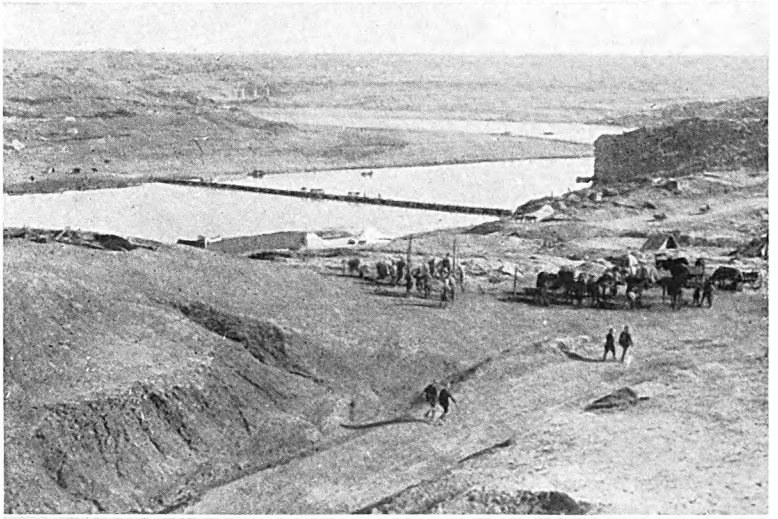


Table Mountain (near Ruz), where the Diala has cut its way through the Jebel Hamrin. Longridge and Dali Abbas (through which troops passed on their way to the Qarah Tappeh operations) are a few miles across the bridge.

Country near the Sakultutan pass, at the summit of the Jebel Hamrin. This ridge continued to be held by the British after the withdrawal from Qarah Tappeh.

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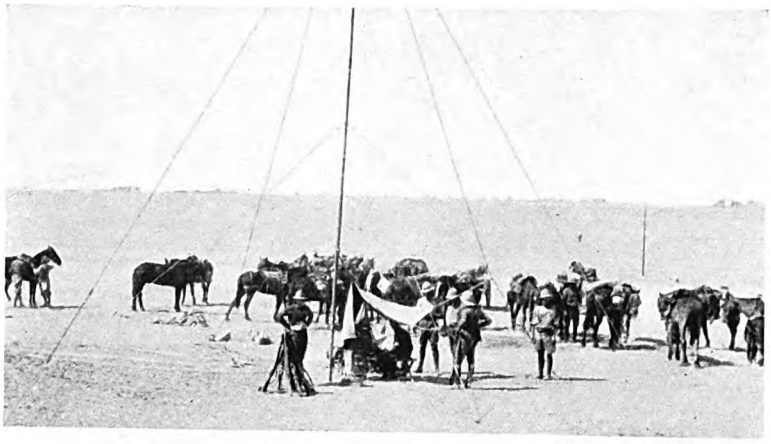
WITH "G" PACK AT RAMADIE



Station erected with Brooking's Column during battle of Ramadie, September, 1917.

After the battle, a group with souvenirs — shell-cases, rifles, forage caps, belts, etc.

Winter, 1917-18: Station horse-lines.

Winter, 1917-18: A group outside the cookhouse.

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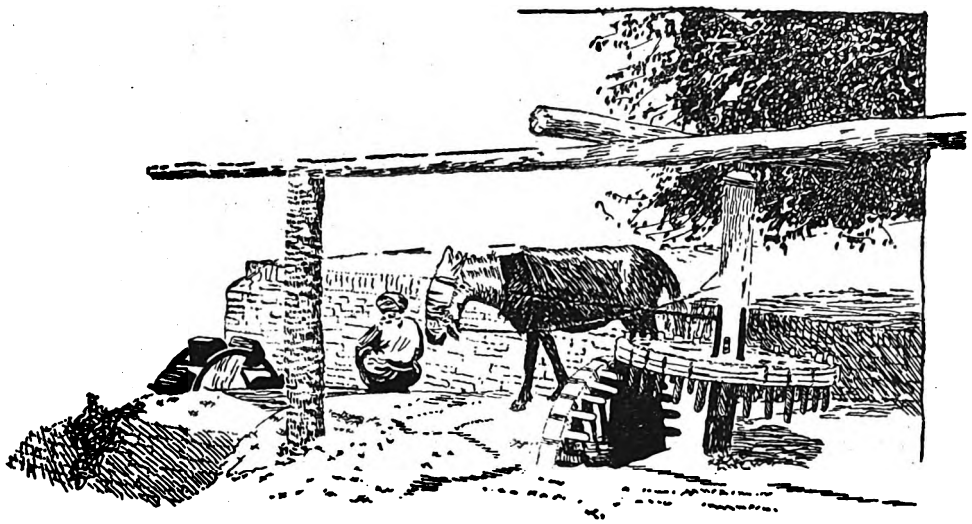

A water-lift on the Euphrates. The huge wooden cog-wheels operate an endless chain of buckets.

AUTUMN 1917 — OPERATIONS RECOMMENCE

Cool weather was coming. All wondered what would be the operations of the "stunt" season, which was now close at hand. The Turks were holding on the north-east the passes of the Jebel Hamrin; in the centre on the Tigris an entrenched position at Daur (18 miles above Samarrah); on the Euphrates the town of Ramadie. There were rumours in plenty that a new German army was to be despatched to drive the British back into the sea. We wondered whether, if this movement took place, the fighting would be on the Tigris or the Euphrates. So far all the activity had been confined to the Tigris region; perhaps the Euphrates was now to be given a turn. So thought we—but any idea of awaiting an enemy attack was far from our G.O.C.'s mind!

First in his consideration came Mandali, a border town 40 miles south of Khanikin. Here the Turks were busy gathering in supplies—as in fact they did everywhere, lacking any proper commissariat system. The job of ousting them was allotted to Norton's cavalry brigade (the 7th), with H Station attached. The column assembled at Baqubah, and, after a seventy-mile dash across the plains, occupied Mandali on the morning of September 29th. The Turkish detachment fled into the hills, leaving 300 baggage camels behind them.

THE BATTLE OF RAMADIE.

Meanwhile events had been moving rather rapidly over Ramadie way. The Turkish commander held a strong position on the Mushaid ridge, his left flank resting on the river and his right on Habbaniyeh lake—a brackish depression utilised by the engineers of Sir James Jackson as an escapement area for the Hindiyeh barrage to the south. It will be remembered that, during the summer, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to capture Ramadie and the Turk apparently continued to think the desert would protect his flank as it had done then. But General Brooking was not of the same opinion. He believed that British organisation was more than equal to supplying the needs (especially water) of even a cavalry division operating away from the river. In consequence he determined to follow exactly the same plan as in July—and, more than this, to deliver so crushing a blow that July's disaster would be forgotten.

On the evening of September 27th two infantry columns moved out from the British advanced position. G station, whose place at Feluja Telegraph Office had been taken over by F from the Tigris, accompanying Brooking's headquarters. At the rendezvous was the 6th Cavalry Brigade (C station attached) from Es Sulaikh. The mounted men had been cleverly manoeuvred into the shelter of a palm-grove, with the result that German airmen reconnoitring for the Turks were thoroughly deceived as to their presence. Simultaneously with this movement, in order to mislead the Turkish commander and induce him to expect an attack along the river, a pretence of feverish activity was maintained on the opposite (left) bank until the last moment.

The abandoning of the river was a bold move quite unexpected by the Turks, and was, in fact, only made possible by bringing water to the troops by Ford motor convoy—12,000 gallons in all being so carried. By a skilful flanking movement one of the infantry columns turned the Mushaid position and at dawn allowed the cavalry to pass between the ridge and the lake, so that presently they were to the west of the town, astride the main road to Aleppo. The infantry then assailed the new Turkish position from the south, and, at the same time, the south-west angle was made secure by bringing the other column along behind the cavalry. By nightfall the enemy was hemmed in on all sides, except to the north, where ran the Euphrates—but over the river he had no bridge. At three o'clock next morning the Turks tried to break through the thinnest part of the ring of steel—the sector held by the cavalry—and the fight lasted till dawn; but they never once got within fifty yards of our horsemen.

At daybreak Ramadie fell to the infantry. A few minutes later, unaware of the victory and expecting another attack, the cavalrymen first saw dense masses of the enemy approaching, and then observed with amazement white flags fluttering in their ranks. By 11 a.m. the whole force of nearly 4,000 was taken prisoner—the largest bag captured by the British in any single battle in Mesopotamia since the beginning of that campaign. As for the wireless, the work through out was of a high standard. Early next morning an enemy airman, ignorant of the change, all but landed in camp!

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"OFF TO RAMADIE."

Here is an account of the capture of Ramadie, supplied by a member of the Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron. This unit—an Australian one—had arrived in the field during the summer, but, as a whole was given no share in the Ramadie operations. Nevertheless, in order to gain experience of battle conditions, a small party—consisting of an officer, two sergeants, one corporal, and two sappers—was attached to C Wireless Station, and the divisional Cable Section (the latter a British unit, known as "B.X.").

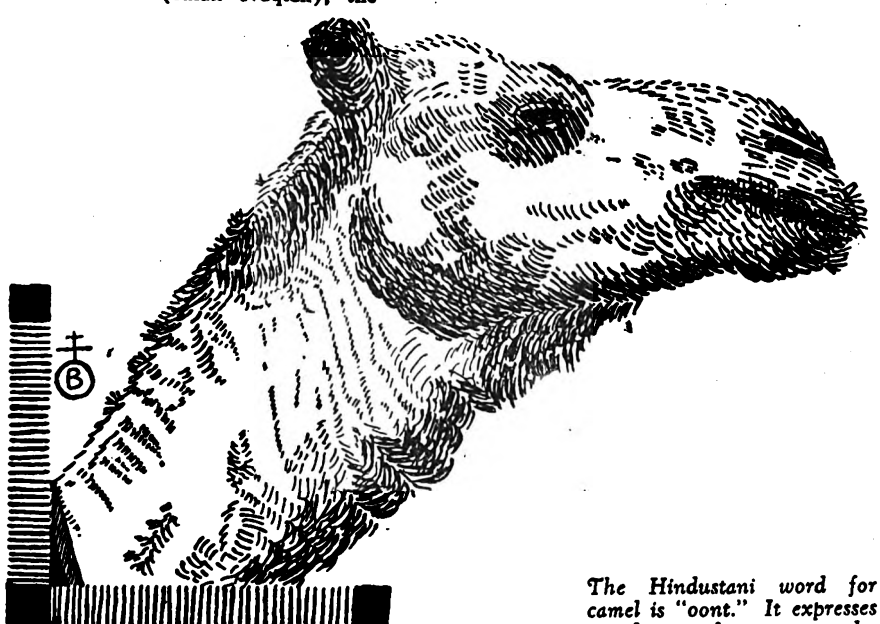
"The tune of 'Cook's Son, Duke's Son, Son of a Hundred Kings' will always recall, to those who can remember, the picture of the khaki lads marching off to the Boer war; hear 'Tipperary' sung, and one can visualise the small band of 'Contemptibles' holding up the first German rush at Mons; but do not forget that the battle of Ramadie had its music, too. 'If You Were the Only Girl in the World' will probably bring back to the men who went on that stunt memories of the scorching, dusty rides by day and the freezing ones by night, and of a little soldier perched on a big horse, singing ever more merrily the nearer he rode to action.

"The dust billowed up from the horses' feet—fine, clinging dust, as soft as the powder that is sprinkled on a baby—and the men picked it off in lumps and knobs from their cheeks, where it had solidified the drops of perspiration continually running down their faces like rain-drops down a window pane. No doubt it was good camouflage—for men, horses, and equipment were all the colour of the desert. When they eventually wanted a clean up they had to pick and scrape off the dirt, not having sufficient water even to quench their thirst. In fact many, thinking first of the necessity of the horses, drank with relish from the bottom of canvas buckets the drops which the animals could not reach. Many of us, too, learnt on this ride the tortures of dry and swollen tongues, and of the resultant chapped lips for days after the experience.

"The first bivouac of the 6th Brigade was well watered, on a swift running offshoot of the Euphrates. This stream appeared to lose itself in marshes, where innumerable waterfowl, ducks, geese, and the enormous Mesopotamian storks rose in the air as the column passed. At the next bivouac (Khan Nuqtah), the water was brackish; and it was with great joy that the mounted men beheld the Euphrates running swiftly by their third camping place (Feluja). Though but a distance of 18 miles, the march from Khan Nuqtah was a very trying one. The cavalry moved off as soon as it was light enough to travel, but before long the temperature was over 120 deg. The horses (at least of the signallers) were weighted down with saddles, rifles, ammunition, emergency feed, and canvas "chargals" of water, and, despite the fact that their riders dismounted and led them much of the way, and that the "chargals" were emptied *en route*, they were in a distressed condition at the end of the journey. The desert, too, was so soft in places that the A.T. carts of our mule and Jaipur pony transport often sank to the axles. Nevertheless, the animals showed wonderful stamina and courage, humping their backs and actually lifting their fore feet off the ground in their efforts to extricate the carts.

"The 6th and its attendant units camped at Feluja from the 21st to the 26th of September, in order to allow men and horses to recover. They then pushed on sixteen miles to a position three miles from Mahdij. This ride was not so fatiguing; the horses were watered at Dhibban, 8 miles out. A day was spent here and, at 2.45 a.m. on September 28th, the cavalry on the right flank moved out for the attack on Ramadie, taking up a position at daybreak, three miles from Mushaid Ridge, which was occupied by the Turks. The artillery opened fire at 6 a.m., and the Turkish guns replied for an hour with shrapnel. C Station, erecting half-mast, managed to get some messages through during this time.

"About 7 o'clock, the infantry having turned the flank of the position, the cavalry moved off to the left and made a dash across a bridge, which the Turks had not found time to destroy before leaving, over Aziziyah Canal. It looked at first as if there would be a number of casualties, since the Turks had the range, and were peppering the bridge with shrapnel. The order was given to trot till out of range, but barely a third of the column was over before the Turks ceased firing. Some of the horses appeared to sense the danger, and their riders with difficulty restrained them from galloping. A member of the Signal Squadron caused some amusement at this stage. Having pulled his mount to a walk immediately he crossed the bridge, he was asked why he'd done so. "Oh,"



The Hindustani word for camel is "oont." It expresses camel superciliousness exactly.

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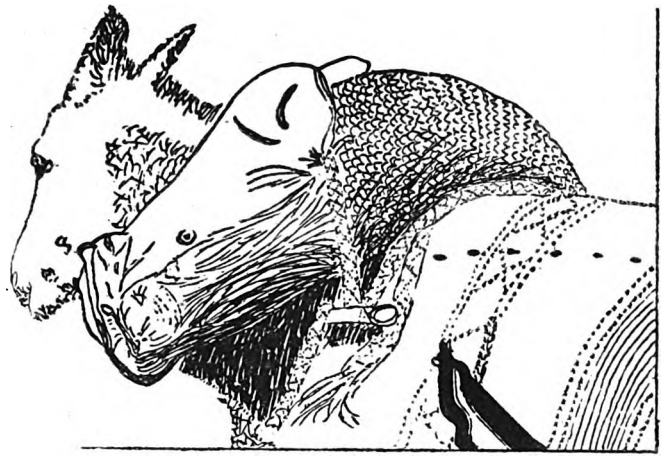

"Bizz" or River Salmon—one of which is a load for a donkey. They are often six to seven feet long and over a hundred pounds in weight.

Those who went with the column to Hindiyeh will remember the "miracle of the fish", when the quarter-master bought a single salmon and managed to divide it into a ration for the whole column!

he said, "if I'd trotted any more I'd have lost—(out of his haversack)—the onions I 'acquired' in Feluja." And considering that an onion could make a tin of "bully" quite attractive, his reason was accepted!

"As soon as the cavalry were out of range a halt was called while C Station erected half-mast and put through another batch of messages, and V Battery shelled an Arab village that was giving trouble. From this point the infantry could be seen assaulting the Mushaid Ridge under heavy fire from the Turkish batteries. Then commenced a long and tiring march to outflank the Turks. Arriving behind Ramadie about 4 p.m., the cavalry took up a position in some low sandhills, half a mile from the river. The batteries fired H.E. into the Turks, who replied with shrapnel, and an artillery duel thereupon commenced, which continued until nightfall.

"During this shelling, C Station, erected half-mast in a ravine between some low hills, got a charge of shrapnel all to itself. The pellets cut up the dust all round, missing men, masts, and instruments by inches; but the operator on duty (who happened to be the sergeant-in-charge) never missed a dot nor wavered on a dash as he finished sending the message. 'We're lucky; they never fall in the same place twice,' he laconically remarked to the mechanic working the engine beside him.

"By now the only line of retreat for the Turks was cut off, and preparations were accordingly made by the cavalry to resist whatever attempts they would make to break through. The attack came about 2 a.m., and hard fighting ensued until daybreak, when the Turks were forced to retire back to Ramadie. Fire was then opened on the cavalry position by a light battery, but this did not last for long. About 11 o'clock news came through of the total surrender of the Turks. The horses were immediately taken to the river to water, and a certain amount of excitement was caused when some of them struck a patch of quicksand, which broke up into a series of big raft-like cakes. As most of the unfortunate animals were well-nigh exhausted, having been saddled for some sixty hours, great difficulty was experienced in getting them out.

"One of the Signal Squadron men found a Turk, devoid of clothing, hiding in an irrigation canal beside the river. Some Arabs, on hearing that the Turks were beaten, had stripped him. He was taken prisoner and paraded before the General to be questioned, wearing only a balaclava cap, which one of our troops had given him.

"The cavalry rode into Ramadie in the afternoon, bivouacked there for the night, and at 7.30 on the 30th September left for Baghdad, which was reached on October 4th."

RECONNAISSANCE TO HIT.

In October a reconnaissance to Hit was carried out by the 12th Infantry Brigade, which was accompanied by G station. They found no Turks in this ancient and evil-smelling town, and so left it to its inhabitants. But the name of Hit recalls a page or two from Candler, which must be repeated:—

"At Hit we entered a new country, a land of limestone and gypseous clay, where the river winds in a valley between low hills. Viewed from a mile or two downstream Hit reminds one of a town in Italy. It is built of grey limestone as compact as a castle within its walls; the small minaret stands out like a campanile; the palms below the walls appear in the distance as black as cypresses, and the arched aqueducts running into the Euphrates, or standing broken and isolated in the middle of the river, are very Roman-looking. . . . . As one enters the town the enchantment that distance lends disappears. The houses are tightly packed on the circular hill like one huge honeycombed dwelling falling away into a moat inland from the river. The shell of the town is formed of the conterminous walls, many of which are crumbling and expose ruined interiors, alcoves and divans. The moat-like depression is not really a moat, but the dip which has formed between the foundations of the town and the mound of refuse that has risen round it—the scourings of centuries. One cannot escape from refuse in these small, ancient Biblical cities. It is the salient thing. They are built on refuse. The Hit of to-day is built on strata of Hits dating back to the Ava of the Bible. The debris without grows until it threatens to dominate the walls of the town; yet the debris within never decreases, and being more recent is more offensive. One would think that bitumen must have a purging effect. The steep, narrow alleys were once paved with it, but they have become drains. . . . . But, unsavoury as their town is, our airman probably wronged the Hittites when he implied that the smell which offended his nostrils as he flew over in his machine 300 ft. above the earth, travelling at ninety miles an hour, proceeded from the streets. He must have struck an emission of sulphuretted hydrogen from the bitumen wells. Whiffs of it are carried into the town sometimes when the wind is in the west, and the change of smell is, if anything, a relief."

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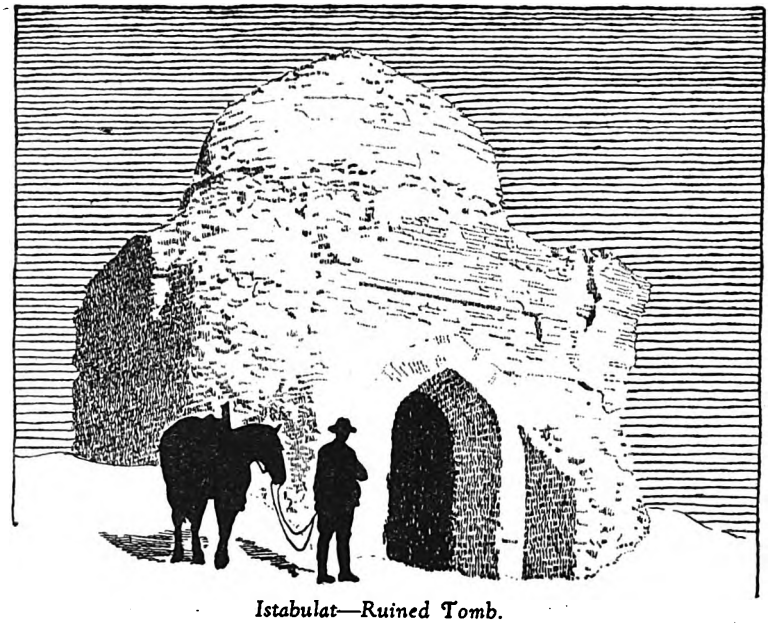

Istabulat—Ruined Tomb.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CAVALRY DIVISION

The excitement on the Euphrates being over, F Station went off to spend a fortnight with III. Corps at Baqubah, while C retired to Es Sulaikh with the 6th Cavalry Brigade. At Es Sulaikh was to be found the new Australian unit, to which reference has already been made—the 1st Australian Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron, under the command of Captain Payne. All were busy getting tents and dug-outs secure from winter rain, gear repaired, etc., when 12 hours' notice was given to move out. They naturally proved an exceedingly brisk twelve hours. Istabulat was the meeting place for the Cavalry Division, as it formed up for its second campaigning season.

FAILURE ON THE DIALA.

At Istabulat C and F stations met men of H, who were able to tell of the high hopes that had been expected of the previous week on the Diala. I, L and H had taken part in this venture—an elaborate converging movement with the object of containing the entire Turkish Diala force, troops advancing from bases as far apart as Mandali, Sharoban, Beled Ruz, and Sindiyeh. On October 18th the 40th Infantry Brigade had occupied Dali Abbas; on the 19th the 28th Brigade was in Mansuriyeh. The same day the 25th advanced from the centre, and the 26th and 27th moved along the crest of the Jebel Hamrin. Meanwhile the 7th Cavalry Brigade was astride the Khanikin road at Kizil Robat—wireless by H station the sole means of communication. But the elaborate converging idea that had proved so successful on the Euphrates was a failure on the Diala; overnight a suspicious enemy, warned by the dust of convoys, had slipped away to Kifri by the Qarah Tappeh road, there to plan his counter-attack.

TEKRIT AND DAUR.

It was for the purpose of foiling this expected counter-attack that the cavalry had been concentrated at Istabulat, and before it could develop properly, the British advance was on. Huweislat fell early in the month to a determined 7th Divisional attack before the enemy had time to entrench. Meanwhile the cavalry (C, F, and H Stations) was moving up with great secrecy by innumerable nullahs, or beds of dry canals, the wireless often erecting half-mast to avoid disclosing the presence of troops to enemy detachments; by this concealment it was hoped to contain the entire Turkish force in Daur. But the enemy was very shy, and the movement resulted in disappointment. For their trouble, a good supply of bombs was all the Cavalry Division got. "Bombs are hard," writes one of the men. "He (the airman) is about a mile up in the air and all you can do is to stand and wait for whatever he may have for you. They make a swishing noise coming down; when they hit, everybody in the vicinity goes up forty feet in the air in a cloud of black smoke. You never know whether the next one will get you or not."

On the following day, after a long cold march, the advance was followed up to Tekrit—famous as the birthplace of Saladin the Great. The cavalry, operating to the north-west of the town, came under a good deal of fire, and so did the infantry; but when the place was entered there were neither troops nor stores, so the British withdrew immediately, as the place was needlessly remote from railhead. The Turkish base now seemed to be near Fatha, on the right bank of the Tigris near where the river has cut its way through the Jebel.

DEATH OF GENERAL MAUDE.

So ended November—magnificent advances had been made with small casualties in the field. But back in Baghdad the force had suffered an irreparable loss. On November 18th General Maude died of cholera. He had come at the head of his division (13th) from Gallipoli in March, 1916. He had assumed command of the force when its fortunes were at a low ebb; before he left it to lie in the desert cemetery outside North Gate he had dealt the Turks a series of blows from which they never recovered. From the very first he brought confidence to the force—confidence to the long job of evicting the Turk from his trenches round Kut—confidence to every advance since. But the soil he conquered was ungrateful; it claimed him as its victim as centuries before it had claimed Alexander and Julian. To his place at G.H.Q. was summoned the senior corps commander, General Marshall of the III.

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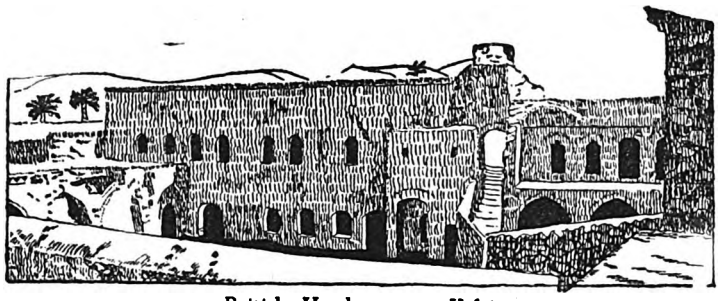


British Headquarters, Kifri.

QARAH TAPPEH AND KIFRI

In the field there was no slackening of effort. For some time orders had been out for the regaining of the Persian road, which had been abandoned to the Turks after the Russian retirement. This entailed the forcing and crossing of the Diala and Nahrin rivers, the capture of the Sakultutan pass (a height of land valuable for future as well as for present operations), and lastly the occupation of the town of Qarah Tappeh, which controlled the route of Turkish retreat from Persia.

In the foothills the scenery presented a refreshing change after the drab plains. There was colour in the hills (the words "Jebel Hamrin" are the Arabic for "Red Hills"); there was beauty in the rocky gorge through which the Diala cut its way; there was a homely touch in the autumn blossoms that covered the ground. It was upon such a stage that the whole scheme was successfully carried out between the 2nd and 5th December, six wireless stations participating:—

I Wagon (N.Z.).—At Advanced III. Corps, Kalat Mufti.

D Pack.—14th Division, Kurdarrah.

L Pack (N.Z.)—13th Division, *en route* Qarah Tappeh.

C, F, H Packs.—Cavalry Division, River Adhaim (Chai Khana).

The operations were in the main entrusted to the 13th and 14th Divisions of the III. Corps, under General Egerton. I Station was attached to Corps Headquarters, and L and D respectively to the divisions. A force of Russian Partizanski (of whom more later), with a wagon station (8SD) co-operated with another British force that was making a demonstration on the Upper Diala. Meanwhile, miles away to the north on the Adhaim the Cavalry Division (General Jones), with C., F. and H. Stations, was ordered out to Chai Khana to make a demonstration in force, so as to discourage any idea of Turkish reinforcements being diverted from Tuz against our main body.

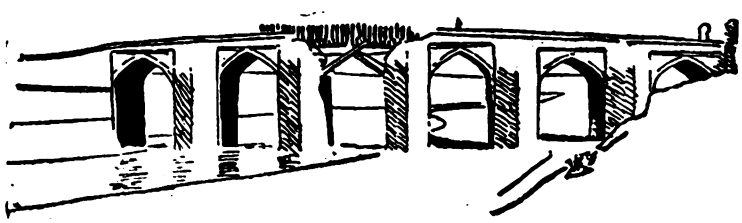
To the infantry divisions thus fell the active share in the fighting. The Turkish rear-guard was cleverly cut off before it could carry out its function, while Sakultutan was occupied after a short stand, the enemy feeling that his communications were endangered by the threats of the cavalry on the Adhaim, and of the mixed force on the upper reaches of the Diala. Despite heavy obstacles—sodden marshes and overflowing water-courses—the neighbourhood of Qarah Tappeh was reached on the 5th, and, following on an attack by 35th and 40th Brigades, the enemy broke and fled through Kifri, firing the coal mine and his dumps of coal as he passed through. Next morning our aviators reported the enemy melting away along the Mosul Road. Demoralisation was rife; deserters came in daily. But further pursuit was considered fruitless and the troops were brought back again to the Diala, Sakultutan, however, being held as a future vantage-point.

"On the way back from Qarah Tappeh," says Candler, "the troops came in for an abnormal spell of cold weather. Snow had fallen in the hills. The water in the canvas buckets froze to solid blocks of ice. . . . Twelve degrees of frost were registered at Samarrah, six at Baghdad; nothing very severe when judged by ordinary standards, but after the abnormally hot weather we were more sensitive to cold, our blood thinner, and the pores of our skin more penetrable. In barely four months there had been a difference of a hundred degrees between the maximum and minimum readings. The air was keen and dry. Since a week or two before our entry into Baghdad on March 11th there had not been a shower sufficient to lay the dust. The total rainfall in Baghdad in the last ten mouths had been nine points."

RUSSIAN PARTISANS.

Of the Kifri stunt, easily the most interesting feature was the presence of the Partizanski. In midsummer, 1917, it will be remembered, Baratov and his division withdrew from military operations and returned to Kermanshah. But at Mandali, on November 29th, another party of Russians appeared and pitched their camp at the edge of this oasis, where walled clumps of poplar and palm melt into the desert. The leader of this force, the Partizanski, was Bicherakov, who, though wounded six times in as many actions on the Western front, was still carrying on with iron determination. His detachment consisted of picked regulars—volunteers from different regiments on the Caucasian front who, as free (Bolshevik) citizens, had waived their "rights" to desert the Allies and return ingloriously home. They had with them a mobile wireless station, and late in November a party of Australians was sent to handle traffic in English. Its call was 8SD.

The road to Persia was open once again! We who did not know War Office plans, were also unaware



Five-arched bridge at Nahrin Kupri, destroyed by the Turks on their retreat.

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how important was the re-opening of the famous road. First to travel along it, as far as Khanikin, the border town, was a company of the 1/4 Hampshires, accompanied by D Station. As soon as this point was made secure, orders were sent to AA Station to return to the squadron, and an escort despatched to meet it.

THE TRIALS OF AA STATION.

Where had AA Wagon been during the past six months, after retiring with Baratov to Kermanshah at the beginning of the hot weather? The station had been entirely cut off from the M.E.F. In that time these Australians had found excitement and adventures in plenty, so much so that we must take a page and follow their wanderings from some notes contributed by one of them.

"The Russians," he states, "left Kasr-i-Shirin on June 13th. Before leaving they looted the town and smashed the bazaars. A Turkish aeroplane appeared overhead, but no one was allowed to fire at it. It dropped no bombs, but bundles of anti-British propaganda.

"The road was beyond description; thousands of years old, it had apparently never received attention throughout that time! Going up the great Paitak pass proved a terrible job. We had to put ten horses on to each wagon, and even then the five miles of the pass took over twelve hours.

"Near Karind, our transport sergeant (who was worth a dozen to the station), repaired a broken shaft with a poplar sapling in less time than it would have taken another man to think about it. At this beautiful mountain town the Russians decimated the notables as a warning in advance against possible reprisals. Russian prestige in Persia was now very low, and isolated parties were frequently waylaid by Kurdish freebooters. The present column was no exception, for in the great U-shaped divide of Chahar Zabar (the pass between Haseinabad and Mahidascht) Baratov's party was fiercely attacked and suffered many casualties. The wireless station escaped by a curious accident. Usually the station travelled ahead of its transport, near the van of the column. At the entrance to the pass, however, it so happened that the transport sergeant stopped the wagons in order to fix a water-tank badly tied on by one of the operators. This halt allowed the transport gharis to pass on ahead, and these struck the centre of the attack. The sergeant himself galloped forward and emptied his rifle amongst the Kurds, but the contents of the gharis were looted, together with the mules drawing them. This was indeed a blow; no one knew how long we were to be away from home, and we had now lost what few things we had that would make our stay in Kermanshah livable.

"Lack of food was our first trouble. We had practically no rations and, worst of all, no money for a long while—until it was eventually secured through the British Consul. Coarse chupatties were our staple diet; we had neither sugar nor jam. Digestions were upset and fifty per cent. on the sick list was the rule—which often meant a wireless watch of two hours on and two hours off. Besides this we got little sleep. Raids from thieves were nightly occurrences, and losses of food, kit, and blankets added to our worries.

"On August 15th, we shifted to a garden near the consulate, where there was a room to sleep in. Up till now we had not even been provided with tents—the others were lost in the Chahar Zabar raid—and it was beginning to get cold. The nip of the Persian autumn was in the air. We used to put on every garment we had!

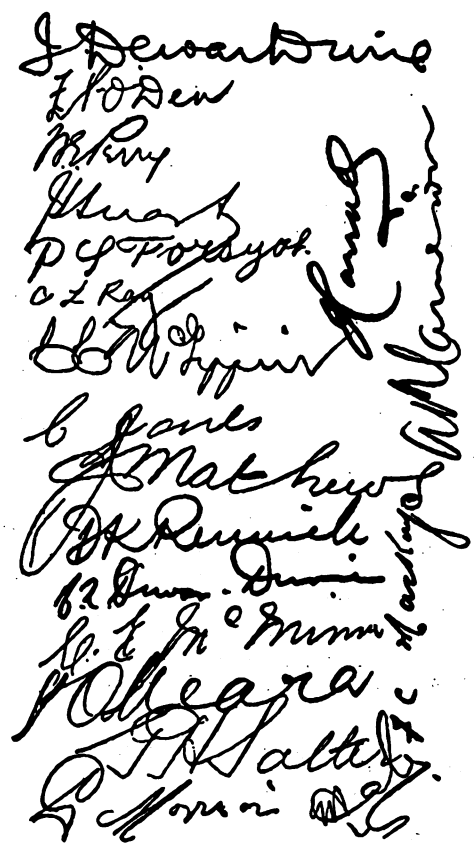
"Certainly we had a respite from the terrible heat of Mesopotamia, but what disadvantages the freedom entailed! And what a poor substitute for our mail from home was Reuter's wireless news! Yet the climate was wonderful—cool breezes and bright blue skies never seem to be lacking in the Land of the Lion and the Sun. In addition, there were figs and apricots; and for miles the restful greenery of walnut and poplar, as well as the ripening corn, and softly-tinted poppies. But best of all was the purple dusk stealing down the valley of the Kara Su, where the great rock Bisitun reared its shaggy head, and lorded it over the plain in majesty, as befitted the chosen monument of Darius the King. Several times we visited Tak-i-Bustan to see the carvings of King Chosroes. Here our family artist won the admiration of the village chief by drawing the A.I.F. "rising sun" in giant proportions on the wall of the big house by the lakeside.

"In the bazaars starvation was already commencing. Harvests had been poor—and the countryside could not support a large body of men with so many horses.

"In September we saw Cossack sports—wonderful feats of horsemanship and trick riding, though our horses could beat theirs in straight-out races. The occasion was, I think, the departure of General Bicherakov's Partizanski—a body of picked volunteers—who were returning to the Mesopotamian front by a devious route through the hills. By the end of the year anti-British propaganda was very strong. The Russians were now beginning to believe that the British alone were responsible for keeping the war going, with the result that many of them began to regard us with a certain amount of hostility.

"For making our exile endurable, we owed a great deal to the generous hospitality of the Steads of the American Mission, and to the Duries of the Imperial Bank of Persia. We shall always remember our Christmas dinner with them.

"And now in January we were to go back to Baghdad! We could hardly believe that an escort was on its way to Paitak to meet us, and that an Australian station—"VIS," a pack in Ford vans—was coming with it. We scarcely even worried about the snow that lay everywhere on the ground. Colonel Kenyon, the Consul, with guards of Persian tribesmen, accompanied



Signatures on the menu of "AA" Station's Christmas Dinner with the Durie's at Kermanshah. The only names missing are those of Sergeant Ryan (who would not leave his horses) and "Dusty" (J.M., whose card this is).

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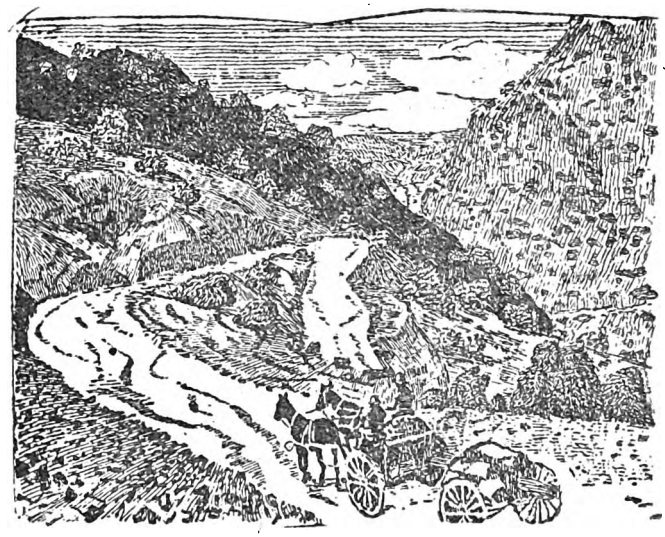

A hair-pin bend on Paitak Pass.

us. Progress was terribly slow, snowstorms were almost continuous (at night we shivered in ruined caravanserais), and it was feared that the escort might run short of supplies and be forced to return without us. Accordingly, at Karind, the seventy-foot masts were put up in a howling blizzard, and a desperate all-night attempt to get a message through to it succeeded only in the pale dawn."

January 6th—the day of the meeting between AA Station and the escort—was overcast, with mist hanging low and heavy and lending a new grandeur to the rugged cliffs and steep slopes of majestic Paitak. War-correspondent Candler happened to be with the escort, and to him the wireless squadron owes practically its only mention in any work so far published. In *The Edge of the World* (p. 231), he writes: "First we met the advance guard of mounted Persian *gendarmerie*, then the Anzac detachment and their wireless wagons, each drawn by six stout horses. Their faces were black with wind and weather, and the 'butterfly' badges on their slouch hats had faded to a leaden grey."

By the 17th AA was back in Baghdad, where it was disbanded, a new A Station having been constituted in its absence some six months before.

About the same time the Partizanski and their squadron wireless operators were also taking their homeward road. The escort for AA had passed them at Kasr-i-Shirin, their flag in the van—that famous black flag, embroidered by the missionaries of Kermanshah. Bicherakov rode at the head of the column. Behind him, singing Russian part-songs, came the mounted men, their skull-and-crossbones pennants borne by the squadron leaders; then the infantry; and at the rear the hired Persian transport. A good-hearted mob, said the wireless men, for all their poverty of material equipment.

BRITISH OUTPOSTS IN PERSIA.

Once more in British hands, the Persian road was the scene of considerable activity. The Headquarters of the 36th Brigade (D Station, later relieved by L) was established in the great caravanserai at Khanikin, whilst ahead of it an advance party of the Hampshire Regiment occupied Kasr-i-Shirin, where the New Zealanders of I Wagon Station opened on the 13th of January, 1918. Close on the heels of the infantry came some of the 14th Hussars with F station from Sadiyeh. Game—ducks and pigs—was plentiful as they road through the foot-hills. Reaching Kasr-i-Shirin on the 18th, they found the New Zealand operators at work. In three days the camp was twice bombed by enemy airmen, but little or no damage was sustained.

A day or two later the operating section of F was sent with a Hampshire platoon in Ford vans to the base of Paitak, whence the detachment climbed the defile on foot, past busy gangs of Pioneers remaking the road, and camped in the Surkhadiza Valley. The pass was thus guaranteed to the British—a very necessary precaution. But the men of F station hardly appreciated the wisdom of this strategy—for they only had their summer kits, and were camped within one hundred feet of the permanent winter snow-level! The nights were bitterly cold; but the first six inches of snow gave new beauty to the barren hillsides, and snow-balling and a snow-man were features of the next day or two. In the tents, chimneys were built of stones, and this made things less disagreeable. But some nights the mast blew down again and again; on another the aerial broke four times—and it was hard having to turn out in the sleet and fix things.

The country hereabouts was rich enough in times of peace. But the presence of five armies in eighteen months had laid it waste, and the horrors of starvation were on every side. The inhabitants were almost walking skeletons—just skin over bone. Theft of roof-beams for firewood had rendered them homeless, and the destruction of standing crops had left no seed for the next sowing. Relief work therefore became an important section of British activity during the late winter and early spring.

GENERAL DUNSTERVILLE ARRIVES.

Two days behind F Station and the Hants came the Ford vans of Dunsterville and his advance party. This party had been concentrated in Baghdad, and consisted—like the rest of the force—of N.C.O.'s and officers, who had seen distinguished service on other fronts. The "Dunsterforce" included men from most of the British regiments, as well as Australians, Canadians, South Africans, and New Zealanders. Under the leadership of General Dunsterville, its object was to win through to southern Russia, round about Tiflis, and there to provide a necessary stiffening to enable the Cossacks and Georgians to keep in the field and so parry the threat that the Turkish Caucasian Army was now making against our Eastern interests. The mission reached Enzeli, on the Caspian, only to find that town as well as Baku in revolutionary hands—and, worse still, with its object already disclosed by traitors on the Tiflis side. Consequently, without actual military force nothing could be done, and Dunsterville was forced to return to Hamadan (Feb. 25th) and await reinforcements, leaving Enzeli to its committees (which committees under any other circumstances would have been distinctly humorous, but now they were a tragedy).

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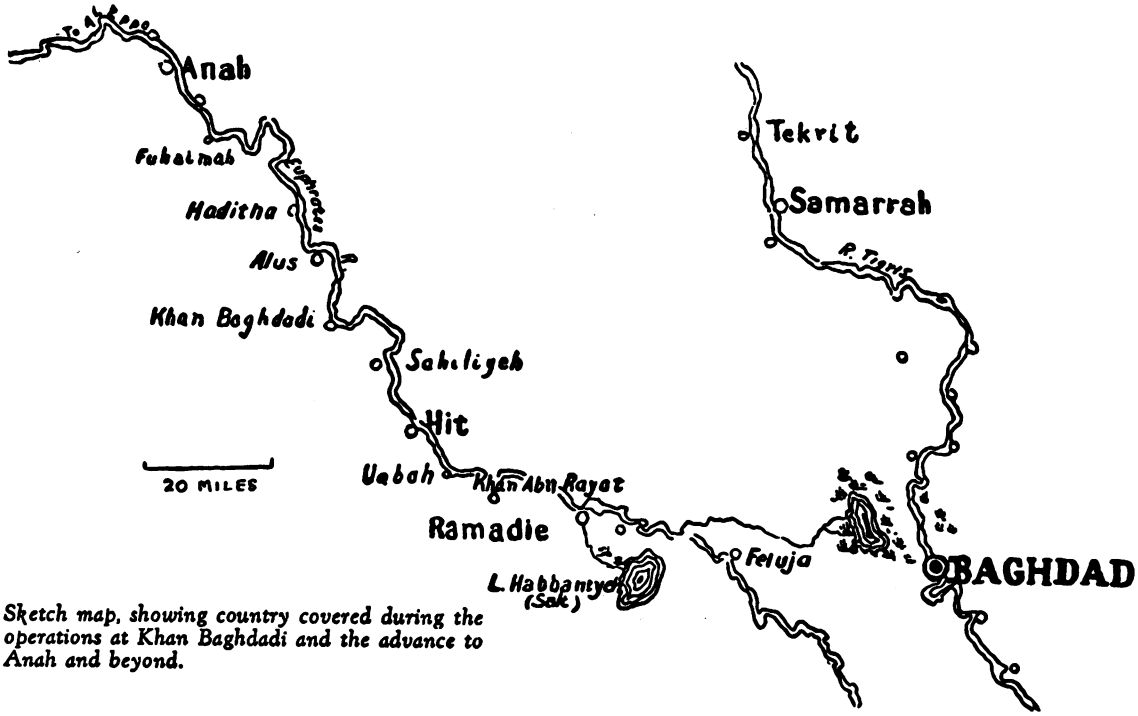

Sketch map, showing country covered during the operations at Khan Baghdadi and the advance to Anah and beyond.

KHAN BAGHDADI

The winter of 1917-1918 passed quietly enough on the Upper Euphrates. G Station was erected at Ramadie as a standby for the 15th Division while its troops were engaged in consolidating their position, and in establishing a sense of security among surrounding tribes. There were several raids on hostile sheikhs and reconnaissances, most of them deemed of insufficient import to be accompanied by a wireless station. The Euphrates was bridged in several places, and the railway to Ramadie completed by December 21st.

However, in late December and in January it became evident that something was in the air on the Turkish side. Downstream floated rumours that vast stores of war material, rafts, etc., were being collected. At the same time enemy patrols grew bolder. Seeing danger in this enterprise, the G.O.C. issued orders for the occupation of Hit as soon as divisional arrangements would permit, but, nevertheless, he did not desire to engage in serious fighting for unimportant gains.

Accordingly on February 21st, the Lucas Column (42nd Infantry Brigade), with No. 3* Station attached, advanced from Khan Abu Rayat, where they had been for some days, to Uqbah, ascertaining here that the Turks had moved to a new position at Broad Wadi, two miles above Hit. About the same time No. 4 Pack was brought up from Baghdad to join 15th Div. H.Q.. In addition No. 11 Station relieved No. 10 (N.Z.) at Kufa, and the latter, after a few days spent in reorganising, joined the 11th Cavalry Brigade, which was also required for the coming operations.

On March 8th it was discovered that the Turks had again retreated, this time abandoning their Broad Wadi position to fall back on Sahiliyeh. Our troops were therefore pushed forward correspondingly, Andrews' Column (accompanied by No. 3 Station) leading, with the main body of the 15th Division (No. 4 Station) in support. Hit was occupied on the 9th and Sahiliyeh the following day, the Turks having withdrawn to Khan Baghdadi. It was now decided to strike hard; could the victory of Ramadie be repeated? On the 12th the 11th Cavalry Brigade left its rendezvous at Iron Bridge and, by forced marches, reached Sahiliyeh on the day before the attack (which had been arranged for the 26th), thus leaving no time for the news of its arrival to filter through to Turkish intelligence.

The plan of operations, an almost exact repetition of that of Ramadie, was to attack with the main strength of the 15th Division against the enemy's left, while a column of armoured cars, known as "Hogge's Column" (with No. 39 Station—made up on the field from leave and relief men and a spare set—attached), and the cavalry, were to cut to Aleppo road far in the Turkish rear. These two forces, specially organised for swift movement, advanced with great stealth and were entirely successful. The infantry entered Khan Baghdadi town at 5.30 in the morning, the Turks having completely failed to break through the cavalry line, despite a heavy counter-attack near the Wadi Hauran. By daybreak the defeat was complete and utter, and, to make the most of the victory, an energetic pursuit by the cavalry and armoureds was forthwith ordered. The latter were soon at Haditha, occupying it without resistance, and by nightfall had reached Khan Fuhaimah; by noon next day Anah was taken, and from here the wireless station, now out of touch, had to return to Haditha. By the 28th the cavalry (with No. 3 Station—No. 10 remaining behind to relay messages) were at Anah, with the armoureds seventy miles ahead, bent on the rescue of Lieutenant-Colonel Tennant and Major Hobart, two airmen who had been captured at Khan Baghdadi on the 25th.

But in running on with our skeleton outline of the operations we are forgetting that we have an eye-witness' narrative of the work of one of the wireless stations with the main attacking column.

OFF TO ANAH.

"It is 10.15 p.m. on the night of the 25th and final orders are through; in a few minutes No. 3 Station is

*Stations were known by number instead of by letter, as from Feb. 1st. "A" became "1", "B" became "2", etc., except that "G" was made "3" and "C" "7".

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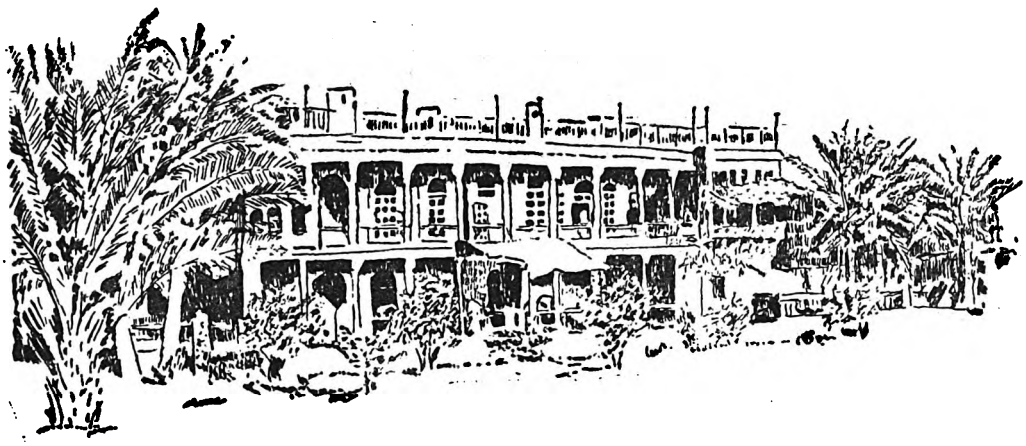

Cavalry Summer Headquarters on the river front a few miles above Baghdad.

on the move. The 'stunt' is secret; the night pitch black; and excitement fills the air as we lead our horses to the river for water. We fill our water-bottles to the brim, as we are told we will not strike water again for at least 36 hours. On all sides troops and transport are moving quickly and quietly out on the black and silent desert.

"Straight out from the river we move, following no track or road, but keeping close up to those in front. About midnight it turns very cold and we endeavour to keep warm by running alongside our horses. Hour after hour we plod silently on into the darkness. Strict orders have been issued about smoking, talking, etc.; soon we get whispers of our approach to the enemy lines, and our blood begins to tingle with suppressed excitement. We wind in and out amongst hundreds of hillocks. They are only small, perhaps 100 to 150 feet high, but afford excellent cover for a secret column. About 3.30 a.m. the officer in charge of our column knows we have gone far enough, and decides to halt and bivouac for what is left of the night. Everyone is dead beat, so, after driving in a peg to tie our horses to, we lie down and sleep the sleep of the just, behind our faithful steeds. The tired horses are not restless, so we sleep on till exactly 5.30 a.m., when we are awakened to stand to, ready to move. 4 p.m. finds our position unchanged, but over the hill things are different. Dawn had brought the infantry out of their positions and, in conjunction with the artillery, they had given 'Johnnie' (the Turk) the surprise of his life.

"Then on we go across the scene of the recent heavy battle, where but a few hours ago the Turk was securely entrenched, apparently with no thought of an enemy within miles; now it is different. Lines of trenches and gun-pits are torn to pieces; wagons and guns are shattered, the occupants either in aimless retreat or being hastily taken prisoner. Stretcher-bearers are hard at work on every side; but we are past all this very soon, for time is short and we must keep up with the advanced line.

"A couple of hours' travelling finds us still among the hills, which are chiefly composed of limestone and fairly rugged. Water is very scarce, but, as the horses must have some or else we will have to retreat, the search for it is very keen. Approaching the river we find the cliffs very high and only one road leading down to it, so we take this and consider ourselves very fortunate. We are just nearing the water's edge, and the horses, who scent it in the darkness, starting to become restless, when suddenly our smug satisfaction is rudely shattered. From the opposite bank comes a deafening roar and a spurt of flame. Our horses scatter in all directions when the first couple of shells burst, and back we go at full speed out of range.

"But water we must have, and search parties go out in all directions in Fords, on horseback, and on foot. About midnight we come across some in a hollow in the rocks, but it is unfit for use. The horses are parched and drink their fill. We will have still further to conserve our supply. Next thing was to find our way back to the unit, no easy matter after eight hours looking for water. But the 'bobagee' had been working hard and a dixie for 'char' was on the boil.

"Once again we stretch our weary limbs beneath the stars, but our dreams are short and sweet. 4.30 a.m. and four of us are taken off the station to join a flying column. Six Ford cars and a wireless set form

"The Passing Show."

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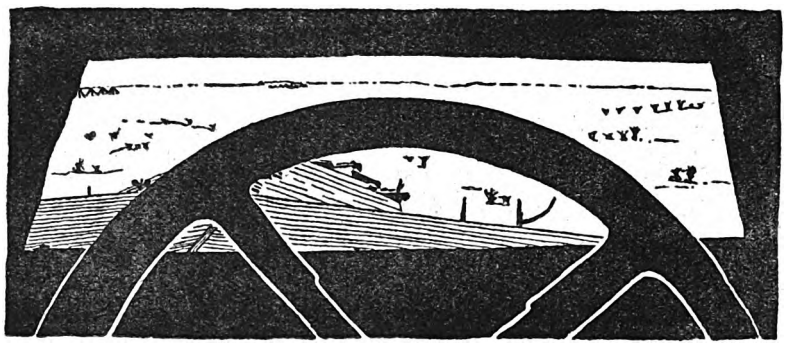

Mesopotamia—as seen from the driver's seat of an armoured car.

our outfit, and we are to be known as No. 39. About noon we catch up to the column. A couple of hundred Fords are lined up, with a machine-gun and a couple of riflemen in each. They have just captured a river barge with some 9.2 guns manned by German marines. The advance had been so rapid that the Germans were unable to get away, and were not even quick enough to sink their craft.

"No time is lost—the small but formidable column moves off. We are not more than 400 rifles strong (including part of the Queen's Regiment), but there is a machine gun in every car, and we are headed by three batteries of armoured cars (24 in all). These cars, huge six-cylinder Rolls-Royces, covered with quarter-inch armour plating and weighing 4 tons, carry a machine-gun mounted on a swivel in a turret. Capable of going into action at 50 miles an hour, they are irresistible unless disabled by a direct hit. The roads of course, have to be good, but leading them is a scout (nicknamed "jackal"), mounted on a powerful motor bike, picking out the road, and he naturally is the first man to draw fire when approaching enemy lines.

"It was a wonderful advance. Everything along the road showed evident signs of wild panic. Ammunition and equipment of every kind was scattered on all sides, antiquated Turkish transport seem stationary. Load after load was overtaken, and one and all offered us everything they had, so long as they kept their lives. On one occasion we came across a wagon-load of Turks, who had tipped out everything to make room for themselves, and were making poor broken-down horses go for their lives. After disarming them we motioned them to turn around and go back. This they did, and the last we saw of them was that they were galloping back along the road, yelling out and waving to us, and laughing and joking like a lot of schoolboys. They seemed to make the horses go faster than when previously trying to get away! All seemed pleased at getting off so lightly, and they were happy in the realisation that, so far as they were concerned, the war was now over and privations at an end, for as prisoners their food would be luxurious as compared with their own meagre ration of black bread and dates.

"Many were the 'spare colonels' along the road. One could not blame them for collaring their officers' clothing. Their own uniforms were nothing but rags, and their feet tied up with bags for boots. We found one chap in a beautiful braided jacket and the red striped trousers of a general, but his cap and boots spoilt the picture—and his face, with a month's heavy growth of beard, completely settled it!

"Earlier in the day we had sent an urgent message to H.Q. for spare parts, and a special aeroplane was detailed to bring them. The airman did not know where to find us, but he flew on and on until he spotted us along the river at Fuhaimah, where we bivouacked after a 90 miles' advance.

"As soon as we stopped, the cars were formed up ready to dash out at a moment's notice. Everyone had orders to dig in on account of snipers, but we operators were on duty, so could not. Our work only started when the column stopped, messages coming in galore from H.Q., as well as others being sent out reporting the day's operations. We had the 'wind up' properly as we were writing by the light of a hurricane lamp while everyone else was below ground. 3 a.m. found the bulk of our messages through, and the engine almost red-hot with incessant running. Then for the third night in succession we endeavoured to sneak in an odd snooze between 3.30 a.m. and 5.30 a.m. 7 a.m. finds us on the move again just as the cavalry come up, but we soon leave them behind. Before long 'Johnnie' looms in sight again and has to be quietened down, but he is still panic-stricken and offers little resistance. Horses, camels, and men are scattered in all directions. Fatally demoralized, without communications or hope of organised resistance, the Turks cannot realise we have advanced so far.

"It was a sight never to be forgotten when, after advancing sixty miles on the morning of this second day, we captured Anah, the Turkish H.Q. and base on the Euphrates. About midday, coming over a hill, we suddenly dashed into the town, taking everyone by surprise, and capturing the wireless station, post office, telegraph, and all intact, together with several thousand Turks. Here also were a couple of generals with their wives and families, all of whom we took in charge. Huge dumps of S.A.A. and shells were found, and a few days later, when evacuating the place, our troops blew up two of them comprising some 30,000 shells. So it seemed that the rumours of a great projected Turkish offensive on the Euphrates had after all been true!

"In the meantime, on trying to get into wireless communication, we found we had advanced beyond the radius of our sets, so with our six Fords we raced back 100 miles full tilt to Haditha. We had thus left our own column without means of communication, but the cavalry (with No. 3 station attached), whom we passed on the way back, were travelling fast, and would soon catch it up.

"At Haditha, which we had captured yesterday, a hill ended abruptly near the river, and at the base of the cliffs were large caves which the Turks had closed up and used as store-rooms for ammunition. Before evacuating the village they had set fire to them. We well remembered the spot, for as we were passing through the day before we had only missed being blown up by a few yards. We had not stopped to find out the reason—the dirt from the explosion, and the sight of the road we had just passed over going up with a deafening roar, was enough for us. Even now the caves are still smouldering and dangerous. We erect on top of cliffs away from the caves and work two hours on and four off, night and day, relaying operation messages. Around us soon spring up huge ration dumps —our camp has grown into a vast supply base for British troops."

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RESCUE OF COLONEL TENNANT AND MAJOR HOBART.

Meanwhile where were the armoured cars? Next day (March 29th) they covered another 73 miles—but the reason for that advance is one whose narration we cannot leave in better hands than Candler's.

"On the 29th we were in Anah, and the pursuit was continued by armoured cars 73 miles along the Aleppo road. The Turks were exhausted and demoralised, and in most cases surrendering freely. But the O.C. of the column had an object nearer at heart than rounding up of more prisoners. It was known that somewhere not very far ahead, carried along in the confusion of the retreat, were two British Staff officers. Lieut.-Colonel Tennant, Director of Aviation, and Major Hobart, who had made a forced landing in the enemy's lines at Khan Baghdadi on the evening of the 25th, were prisoners in the hands of the Turks, who were making every effort to get them away. They were travelling at night on the 25th, and on the evening of the 26th they were at Haditha when news of the Turkish defeat reached the post. In the confusion that prevailed the guard over them was not relaxed. They were pushed off in an Arab chaise at a gallop, and travelling through the night reached Anah early in the morning. Here they stayed only two hours, and were sent on by camel with a Tartar guard. In the afternoon four of our aeroplanes passed over, flying low. . . . The next stage, Nahiyeh, was reached on the night of the 27th. . . . The order stood that they were to be sent through to Aleppo without delay, and they left by camel the next morning. Soon after noon our aeroplanes passed them again and turned back. They had almost given up hope of release when our armoured cars arrived on the scene. The road running between the hill and the river was full of corners, and the appearance of the cars was sudden and dramatic. They came up stealthily on top gear with very little noise. The first intimation of them was the machine gun fire they opened on the guard. Happily, the two Englishmen were separated by twenty-five yards from their escort at the moment, and as the Tartars dived for cover, Tennant and Hobart ran for the car, which kept up a hot barrage over them all the time. I met them at Khan Baghdadi the next morning, the happiest men in Mesopotamia."

So ended the great Euphrates advance—the force's most spectacular achievement.

WAR DIARY EXTRACT.

As narratives of No. 4 and No. 10 are not available, the Squardon war-diary of the operation is quoted:

1918.

Mar. 25th.—No. 11 reached Baghdad. No. 8 closed at Sadiyeh and marched with 6th Cav. Bde. to Baqubah.
No. 4 left Sahiliyeh 10.15 p.m., erected in the field, 12.55 a.m., 27th, and worked with No. 10.
No. 3 joined Andrews' Column, 9 p.m., and moved direction Khan Baghdadi. Column heavily shelled by enemy at midnight.

Mar. 26th.—No. 10 moved with 11th Cav. Bde. from Sahiliyeh, erected at a point approximately midway between there and Khan Baghdadi and communicated with No. 4, 15th Div.
No. 10 dismantled 2 p.m., moved on and erected 4 p.m., dismantled 5.15 p.m., and moved into camp at Alus at 8 p.m., erected and opened communication. Camp was attacked at 11.15 p.m. and station had to stand to after dismantling.
No. 3 erected 5.30 p.m.

Mar. 27th.—No. 4 transferred from 15th Div. to Brooking's Column.
An extra station, manned by party sent to relieve men of 3 and 4 for furlough, was formed from the spare set being carrier in limber wagon, and was attached to Hogge's Column (Armoured Cars) known as 39 and carried in three vans.
No. 10 re-erected at 12.35 a.m., worked until 6 a.m., then dismantled and moved with 11th Cav. Bde. Erected 10.50 a.m. Dismantled 1.25 p.m., and travelled approximately 30 miles, reaching camp 10 p.m. In camp No. 3 erected.
No. 4 dismantled 6.10 p.m. and rejoined 15th Div. H.Q.
No. 3 moved with Andrews' Column towards Haditha, but was then transferred to 11th Cav. Bde. to work with No. 10. Joining up at 12.45 p.m., moved with Cav. Bde. at 2 p.m., marched until 11.15 p.m., and bivouacked and erected station.
No. 39 reached Fuhaimah 6 p.m. with motor column and established communication with No. 4. At 6.28 station was unable to transmit owing to key of flywheel breaking. Another was made but it gave way at 9.9 p.m. Fault again rectified and station worked until 6.45 a.m., when it dismantled and moved with Hogge's Column, reached Anah, then returned 12th Bde., Haditha.

Mar. 28th.—No. 39 at Haditha.
No. 10 moved with 11th Cav. Bde. at 6.20 a.m. and erected 7.40 a.m. at point near Fuhaimah, dismantled and erected in position which enabled them to relay between No. 3, which had gone on with Bde. and No. 4 at Baghdadi. Conditions bad.
No. 3 remained when Cav. Bde. moved at 6.20 a.m. Station dismantled 7.50 a.m. and followed Bde. Passed No. 10 erected, reached Anah 1.45 p.m., erected but unable to communicate direct with No. 4 at Div. H.Q. Traffic had therefore to be routed via 10, 39 and 5 at Samarrah.

Mar. 29th.—No. 3 now in communication with No. 4.
No. 39 remains at Haditha.

Mar. 30th.—No. 3 closed 7 a.m. and arrived Fuhaimah 4 p.m.
No. 10 remained at Fuhaimah. No. 39 at Haditha.

Mar. 31st.—No. 3 moved 7.30 a.m., and bivouacked near Haditha at 4 p.m. Land line—station not erected.
No. 10 joined 11th Cav. Bde., which had returned from Anah, marched to Alus—bivouacked—station not erected.
No. 39 remains at Haditha.

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KUFA

But in the glory of the operations on the Upper Euphrates we must not forget the humble toilers on its lower reaches. An N.Z. station (No. 10) had left on Nov. 31st for Kufa, where it remained on duty until Feb. 9th, its place being taken by another N.Z. Station (No. 11), which, in its turn, was relieved by a 2nd Squadron station on March 20th. What was happening at Kufa?

Kufa was the main garrison for the Lower Euphrates; it maintained our prestige, and guaranteed peaceful cultivation and the supply of grain through Hillah. More important, however, was the fact that it could keep an eye on the activities of Kerbela and Nedjef, two holy cities of the Sheiks. The inhabitants of these cities were mainly well-disposed towards the British, yet there was a proportion of irreconcilables. There was a small scuffle near Kufa on 12th of January. Fines were paid and all seemed to be going satisfactorily when, on 21st March, the Political Officer was murdered. A strict blockade was enforced until April 13th, when the delinquents were surrendered.

Yet as I write these notes my mind is turning, not to Kufa in 1918, but rather to Kufa in the month Moharram (October) A.D. 680. Most of the Squadron witnessed the terrible lamentations, the scourgings and self-chastisements with which the memory of this infamous Moharram is celebrated every year. Here then is the tale, direct from Muir's *Caliphate*:—

"On the morning of the fatal 10th, Al-Hosein drew out his little band for battle. There was a parley; and again he offered to retire, or be led to the presence of the Caliph. Finding all in vain, he alighted from his camel; and surrounded by his kinsmen, who stood firm for his defence, resolved to sell life dear. There was a moment of stillness. At length, one shot an arrow from the Kufan side, and amid the cries of the women and little ones, the unequal fight began. Arrows flew thick, and did their deadly work. Al-Kasim, the nephew of Al-Hosein, ten years of age, betrothed to his daughter Fatima, was early struck, and died in his uncle's arms. One after another, the sons and brothers, nephews and cousins of Al-Hosein fell before the shafts of the enemy. Some took shelter behind the camp. The reeds were set on fire, and the flames spreading to the tents added new horror to the scene. For long none dared attack Al-Hosein, and it was hoped he might even yet surrender. At last, driven by thirst, he sought the river bank. The enemy closed up, and he was cut off from his people. . . . Al-Hosein, struck by an arrow, fell to the ground, and the cavalry trampled on his corpse.

"Not one of the band escaped. Fighting bravely, they left of the enemy more than their own number dead upon the field. Two sons of Al-Hosein perished early in the day; and at its close there lay amongst the dead six of his brothers, sons of 'Ali; two sons of his brother Al-Hasan; and six others, descendants of Abu Talib, 'Ali's father. The camp was plundered; but no indignity was offered to the survivors, mostly women and children, who were carried, together with the ghastly load of seventy trunkless heads to 'Obeidallah's palace. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd when the gory head of the Prophet's grandson was cast at

A green - turbaned Sayid (descendant of the Prophet.)

'Obeidallah's feet. Hard hearts were melted. As the governor turned the head roughly over with his staff . . . . an aged voice was heard to cry: 'Gently! It is the Prophet's grandson. By the Lord! I have seen these very lips kissed by the blessed mouth of Mohammad.' . . .

"The ladies and children were honourably received into the royal household, and sent eventually, with every comfort and consideration, to their Medina home. This destination, meant in kindness, turned out badly for the Umeiyad house. At Medina, their return caused a wild outburst of grief and lamentation. Everything around intensified the catastrophe. The deserted dwellings inhabited heretofore by the family and kinsmen of the Prophet, the widowed ladies, the orphaned little ones—all added pathos to the cruel tale. That tale, heard yearly by groups of weeping pilgrims at the lips of the women and children who survived to tell it ——and coloured, as oft repeated, with fresh and growing horrors—spread all over the Empire. The tragic scene was repeated in every household, and bred pity for the lineage of 'Ali. It soon was seen that the zeal of 'Obeidallah to suppress the rebellion of Al-Hosein had overshot the mark. The claim of 'Ali's line to rule, heretofore unknown, or treated only with indifference, now struck deep into the heart of multitudes; and a cloud of indignation began to gather, which ere long burst upon the Dynasty which had caused the sacrilegious massacre. The tragedy of Kerbela decided not only the fate of the Caliphate, but of Mohammadan kingdoms long after the Caliphate had waned and disappeared. Who that in the East has seen the wild and passionate grief with which, at each recurring anniversary, the Muslims of every land spend the live-long night, beating their breasts and vociferating unweariedly the frantic cry—Hasan Hosein! Hasan Hosein!—in wailing cadence, can fail to recognise the fatal weapon, sharp and double-edged which the Umeiyad dynasty had thus allowed to fall into the hands of bitter enemies."

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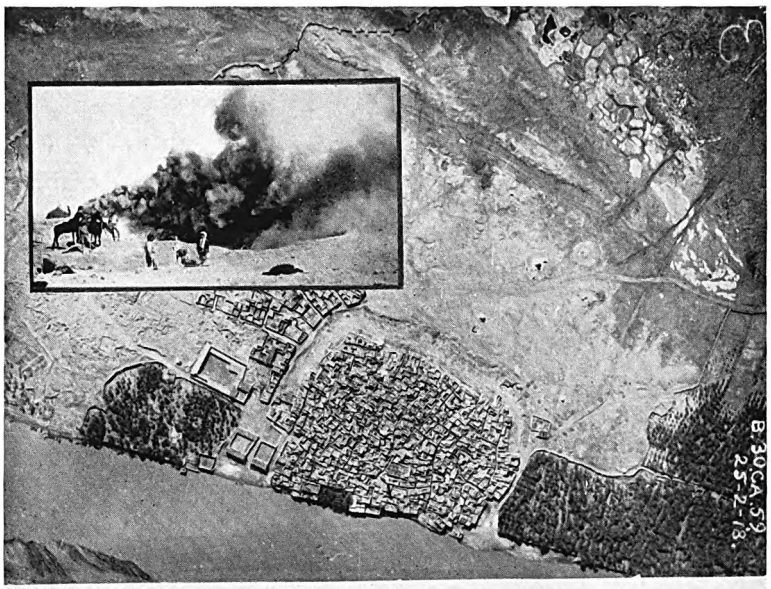
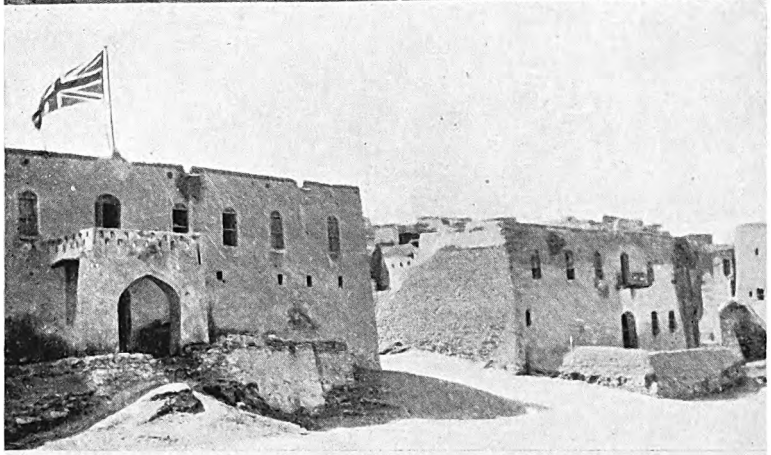
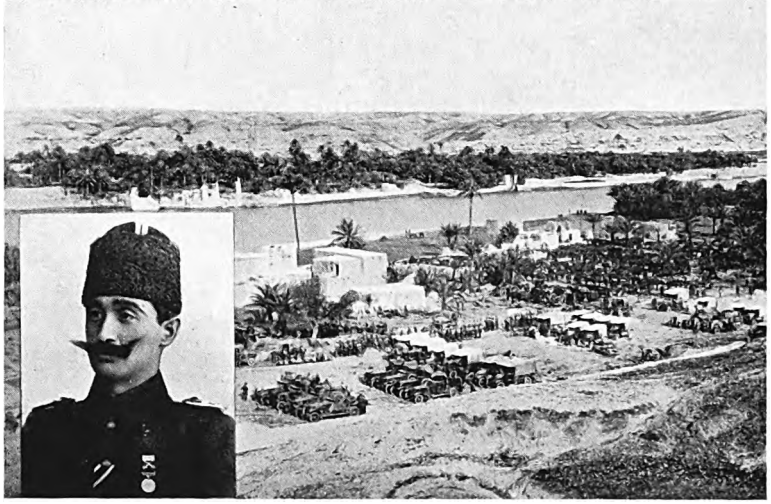
AT HIT AND ANAH



R.A.F. aerial view of Hit. At the top can be seen British trenches and the famous bitumen wells; below, the town itself. During the occupation No. 3 Station found quarters in the large caravanserai to the left. Inset shows Australians visiting the bitumen wells. It was from these pits that Nebuchadnezzar drew pitch for use in building Babylon.



British Headquarters at Hit. These two buildings on the waterfront can also be seen in the aeroplane picture above.



General view of Anah, showing armoured car and cavalry lines.

The portrait of the Turkish officer was found in the post office; on the back is written in Turkish: "I have been wounded and am in hospital. I have had my photograph taken and send it to you for a remembrance."

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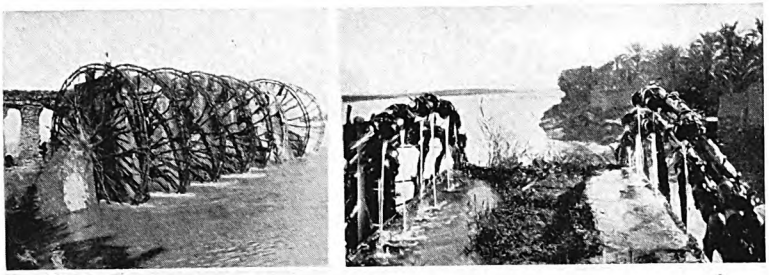
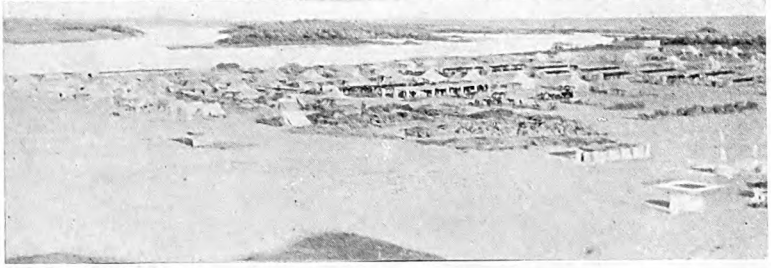
ON THE UPPER EUPHRATES



On the upper Euphrates the force of the current is sufficiently strong to turn these great water-wheels. Each wheel has small cups on its outer circumference, which fill with water and are thus lifted to the level of the irrigation channel at the top.

No. 3 Station on trek. The white mule was captured from the Turks and used for carrying packals (water tanks).

No. 3 Station at Sahiliyeh—an afternoon swim.



General view of Sahiliyeh camp.

At Sahiliyeh—somebody's birthday.

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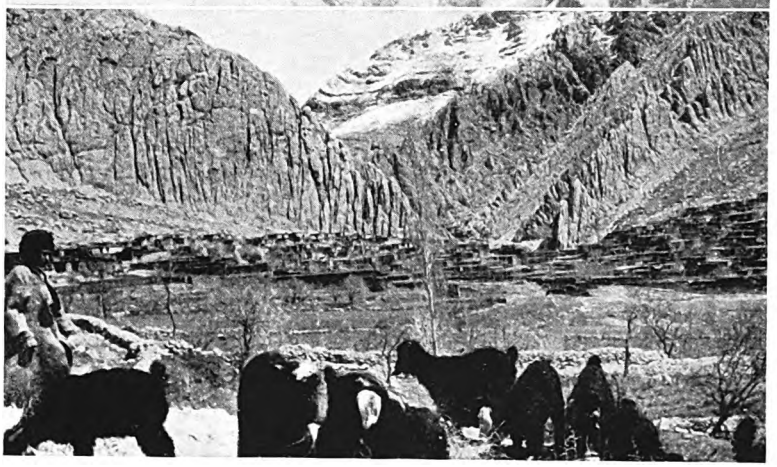
ON THE PERSIAN HIGHWAY

December, 1917: A group of Partisans and attached squadron operators.

December, 1917: "8SD." The Partisan's wireless station on trek.

Winter, 1917-8. No. 6 Station camped amongst the snows of Surkhadisa. In the background can be seen the steep slopes of the valley.



The beautiful mountain town of Karind, with a foreground of astrakhan sheep with their felt-coated Kurdish shepherd.

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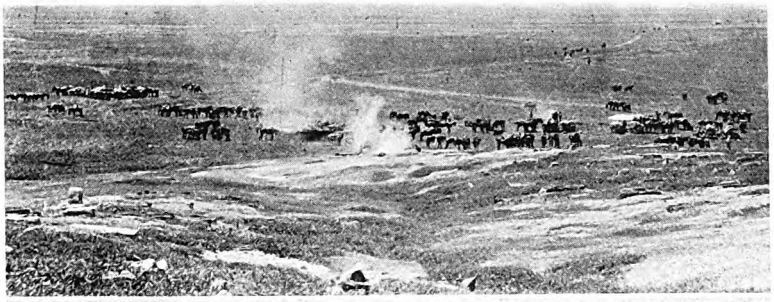
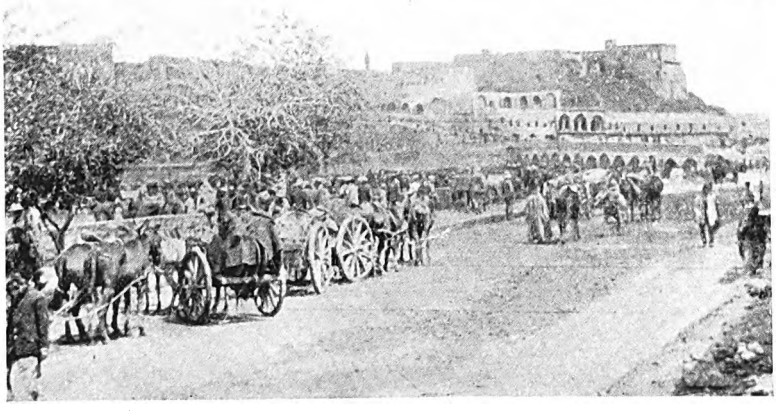
TUZ-KIRKUK OPERATIONS



Troops, including one of N.Z. packs, moving up to the rendezvous.

The village of Tauq, near Tuz.

Personnel of the N.Z. packs (Nos. 8, 10 and 11 Stations).



May 7th: The British arrive in Kirkuk. In the background can be seen the old town, connected with the Turkish quarter by a long arched bridge. Photograph supplied by a member of the Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron.

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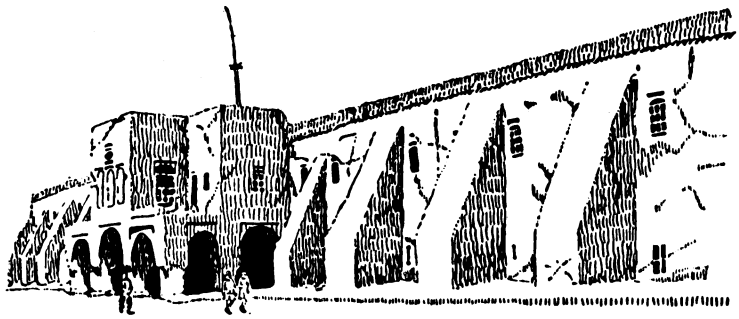


The Turkish Barracks, Kirkuk.

TUZ—TAUQ KHANA—FATHA—KIRKUK

With the danger on the Euphrates averted, General Marshall could now turn his attention once more to the foot-hills north of the Diala. Here a main road runs from Mosul south-eastward through Kirkuk to Dali Abbas, with a branch eastward through Kifri to Kasr-i-Shirin, and, while this latter section remained in enemy hands, the Persian line would be threatened—and growing British interests in Persia, under the energetic attention of the Dunsterforce, could tolerate no such threats. It was therefore decided to simulate a converging attack on Kifri, and at the same time to strike definitely at the more distant and more important objectives of Tuz and of Kirkuk itself.

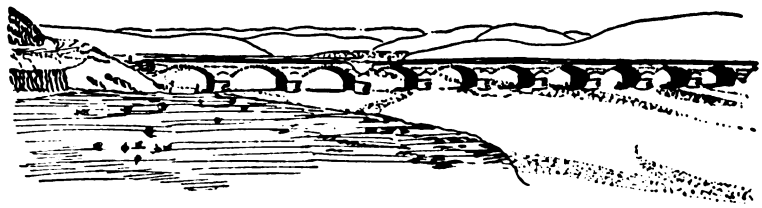
III. Corps operation orders, which came into force on the 16th of April, placed a larger reliance on wireless than ever before—involving every Anzac station, with the exception of those on the Euphrates and in Persia. To General Egerton's usual command were added the brigades of the Cavalry Division, but these were organised for independent action. Preliminary arrangements were slightly delayed by rain, but by the 20th all the troops were in their appointed positions.

Advanced H.Q. of the corps was brought up to Umr Mandan with its station (No. 1, from Baghdad); the 13th Division under General Cayley, accompanied by No. 10 station, had arrived at its rendezvous, Dali Abbas; while a few miles to the east, at Longridge Hill, were the 6th Cavalry Brigade (General Holland-Pryce), with Nos. 8 and 11 packs for "stepping up," as well as a mixed force centreing round the 38th Infantry Brigade (No. 12 station—recently withdrawn from Khanikin). The 7th Cavalry Brigade, with No. 7 Station, was at its winter camp at Sadiyeh; four days later it moved out on a feint attack against the Turkish Adhaim force at Tauq Khana. Two other columns, though without wireless, were also to be engaged, one advancing from Mirjana, another demonstrating on the Upper Diala; but later, when Kifri was found to be abandoned, these joined up with the main attacking force.

On the 24th the movement began. By a night march the 6th Cavalry Brigade proceeded to Umr Mandan and bridged the Lesser Naft, the infantry following up behind (Nahrin Kupri). Qarah Tappeh and the Abu Ghuraib position were abandoned by the Turks, and it was not till the 27th, after long night marches over rough country, that contact with hostile forces was finally established. After a particularly arduous day the 6th Cavalry was before the enemy position at Kulawund, S.E. of Tuz, and by making a fine charge was able to do considerable damage before rejoining the main body, four miles to the south. This move, completely deceiving the enemy, induced him to remain in position and even to bring up fresh troops. Next day, while the infantry forced the position, our stations spent their time in bivouac near Kulawund, and here one of them had the honour of being machine-gunned by an enemy aeroplane—its far mast being well spattered by bullets.

On the 29th the entire British force moved out across a tributary of the Ak Su, all units crossing together—a cable wagon laying cable—mobile gear of every kind. The advance was pushed on to within six miles of Tuz, where the whole column came under fire. Shrapnel burst incessantly over the heads of No. 8 and 11 stations, and they lost two horses, but in a few minutes, to the great comfort of all concerned, one of our batteries had galloped up and put the enemy guns out of action. Meanwhile the infantry were advancing in great waves in extended order, with the cavalry far on the flank. It was one of the few instances during the war where a pitched battle was fought in the open. The heaviest share of the work fell to the 38th Brigade (No. 12 Station), who soon captured a number of enemy guns. Then, seeing their chance, the cavalry charged in a great crescent, their swords flashing in the sunlight. No wonder that by dawn next morning every uncaptured Turk had left Tuz miles behind him! The wireless stations did good work all through the historic day, and especially when land line communication failed late in the afternoon. At nightfall camp was pitched near Tuz—a village under a slope of low hills and practically the northernmost limit of the date-palm.

Next day the troops had a well-earned rest while the armoured cars pushed on towards Tauq, where they were in time to stop the Turks blowing up the big fourteen-arch bridge. In signal circles the joke of the day was the fact that the Turks had not isolated their old telegraph line to Tuz, and our operators were able to intercept all the messages between Tauq and Turkish H.Q. The whole South Kurdish area was now free of Turks and thus the task set the troops was complete.



Bridge near Tauq, which the Turks failed to destroy in entirety.

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Signal Hill, Tauq.

It is regretted that, especially as three of the stations were N.Z. ones, fuller details of the wireless share in the capture of Tuz are not available. However, it seems an opportune moment to quote another couple of pages from the Squadron war-diary—the official record kept by Squadron Headquarters.

SQUADRON DIARY DURING TUZ OPERATIONS.

1918.

April 25th.—Nos. 11 and 8 left Longridge at 10.30 a.m. and bivouacked 4 p.m.—travelling 16 miles. No. 11 erected and exchanged signals with No. 1.

No. 12 moved to Ain Lailah.

No. 3 moved with Aitkin's Column to Kubeisa (Arab strafe). Ground very rocky and sand bags had to be used in place of pegs. No cipher officer with force. Communication maintained with Sahiliyeh. Medical officer condemned water as unfit for human consumption and supplies had to be brought from Sahiliyeh in vans—2 gallons per day issued.

No. 10 moved with 40th Bde. through Cayley's Pass and bivouacked.

No. 7 dismantled, marched with 7th Cav. Bde. 8 a.m., 23rd, bivouacked and erected Dogameh A 80; dismantled 7.30 a.m., and moved with Bde., halted 12.30 p.m., erected and passed traffic. Bde. moved leaving station erected. Station dismantled 2 p.m. and rejoined Bde.; reached Satha 4.35, bivouacked and erected.

Left Satha 8.0 a.m., 25th, and reached Tauq Khana; erected but unable pass traffic owing strong atmospherics. Limber horse died heat stroke.

April 26th.—At Tauq Khana. Orders received at 2 p.m. to proceed with main body, but control station No. 2 at Baqubah ordered to remain erected for clear line traffic. Dismantled 5.5 p.m. and joined Bde. near foothills. Compelled close at 11 p.m. owing heavy storm.

Land line communication now being established No. 3 station is not required to work.

Nos. 11 and 8 moved at 3 a.m. No. 8 erected 5 a.m. but closed without working. No. 11 erected 6 a.m., passed traffic with No. 1, closed 7 a.m., followed Bde. and bivouacked 9 a.m. Both stations moved at midnight in heavy storm.

No. 10 moved 5 a.m. and marched until 9.30 p.m., when station erected and passed traffic with No. 1. Dismantled and marched until 4 a.m., 27th.

No. 1 moved with Advanced III. Corps from Dali Abbas at 9 a.m. and reached Ain Lailah 4 p.m., erected and established communication.

No. 12 left Ain Lailah 4.45 a.m., moved through the pass about 14 miles. Erected at Qarah Tappeh until 4.30 p.m. Dismantled 6 p.m., moved 8 p.m. with column until 4.30 a.m., 27th. Heavy rain fell, which hampered transport. Erected 6.10 a.m., 27th, with 38th Bde. and continued into camp 6.30 p.m.

No. 7 opened 1.40 a.m., a heavy storm having compelled to close previous night. Dismantled 4.45 p.m., moved on a mile and erected 6.45 p.m. and passed traffic.

April 26th.—Nos. 11 and 8, which had moved at midnight 26th, marched until 6.30 a.m., 27th, when No. 11 erected and passed traffic to No. 1.

April 27th.—No. 8 marched on with Bde.

No. 11 dismantled 7.30 a.m., and rejoined Bde. 9.15 a.m., when the column was shelled again but without damage to station. At 11 a.m. No. 11 marched with Bde. H.Q. to new position, and were shelled again. They moved on again, but returned to camp, erecting 6.45 and remaining erected all night.

No. 8 erected in vicinity with portion of Bde. during the day, erecting 8 a.m. to twelve noon, also 3 p.m. till 5.30 p.m., when they had to dismantle to reach camp before dark, the main body having retired, leaving only escort with station.

April 28th.—No. 10 erected 4 a.m. and worked till 7 p.m., dismantled and marched till 2.30 a.m. 28th; erected and established communication. Dismantled 5.21 p.m., and marched with column in direction Tuz until 11.30 p.m., bivouacked, erected and passed traffic.

No. 12 moved at 4.30 a.m., and travelled until noon, erected and passed traffic to Column A. Dismantled at 9 p.m., and stood by ready to move.

No. 8 accompanied Bde. when it moved at 6 a.m.

No. 11 was ordered to remain erected until 7.15 a.m., and then follow on. They rejoined Bde. at 8 a.m. They were heavily shelled whilst watering at 4 p.m., but without result. Station was ordered out of range to erect. Communication was es-

Turkish decoration awarded to those who served on Gallipoli and at Kut-el-Amara.

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tablished with No. 1 Report centre and Columns B1 and B2.

No. 8 was not called upon to erect during the day. They bivouacked at 8.30 p.m.

No. 7 was dismantled at 7.30 a.m. and returned to Tauq Khana and established communication.

No. 10 dismantled 9.45 a.m., and marched to Tuz Khurmatli, reaching there 12.55 p.m., erected and exchanged signals with No. 1 at Umr Mandan.

Nos. 11 and 8 moved at 4 a.m. Enemy shelled column for two hours after dawn. A pack horse of No. 8 was wounded by shrapnel and had to be destroyed. Station was erected at 7 a.m. and established communication with column B2 and Nos. 1 and 2.

No. 11 had one pack horse slightly wounded. Station was erected at 9 a.m. and dismantled 3 p.m.

April 29th.—Nos. 8, 11, 10 bivouacked at 5 p.m. at Tuz Khurmatli. No. 10 erected and established communication.

No. 12 moved at 1 a.m. and travelled till daylight. 28th Bde. and No. 12 were heavily shelled. One horse was wounded and had to be evacuated. Moved to position on river about one mile from Tuz."

ADVANCE TO KIRKUK

Meanwhile orders were issued by G.H.Q. for pressure to be continued and for the advance to be pursued to Kirkuk, but some days had to be occupied in the readjustment of the supply situation and in awaiting a favourable change in the weather. At last, on May 5th, the 6th cavalry got away; the ride to Tauq (and its tower) was over a barren waste. Tazah, a long village with many gardens and on a stream of its own, was reached at noon on the 6th; then, in the afternoon, the great mound-city of Kirkuk (famed for its wine) was in sight and we were getting another taste of enemy fire. The brigade spread out into extended order and managed to avoid many casualties, while the Turks were seen to be in full retreat, but as the infantry had not yet arrived the cavalry retired half-way to Tazah, where they camped in the dark, and its station erected its masts in confusion.

At 11 o'clock rain came down—and so did the wireless masts, blundered into by wandering mules. Early next morning the operator on duty managed, despite the faintness of signals, to get down a long message from G.H.Q. that was much appreciated by the cavalry commander. Kirkuk was reached by noon, and as our horses floundered desperately in the mud, we were welcomed by a twenty-minute shower of enormous hailstones.

In the town, starvation was as terrible as everywhere in territory captured from the Turks.

Kirkuk is a large straggling place set amid lemon, mulberry, and pomegranate trees. It is divided by the river and a long arched bridge—on one side the ancient mound crowned with houses, and on the other the Turkish quarter and large barracks. But let us quote again from Candler:—

"The operations on the Kirkuk side carried us into a new country, and I think most of us enjoyed our weeks in Kurdistan in spite of the long marches which tried the endurance of Cavalry and Infantry alike. The southern part of the Kurdistan plateau is fertile and well watered from the hills. It is a country of rolling downs, good crops, and excellent pasture. The elevation of the plateau is a thousand feet above the sea. Low ridges intersect it, rising two or three hundred feet above the plain, but these are far apart, and it is a land of wide horizons. In the first week of May snow was still lying on the hills to the east. The whole plateau was vivid green, the flora that of an English June in corn lands. I was with the Cavalry all the time, and wherever we halted there were stretches of clover, then in bloom, and wild oats and barley, splendid grazing ground for our horses. A feature of the landscape was the great rhubarb-leaved glossostemon with the red flower. The corn was in ear, not yet ripe, though we stayed in Kirkuk long enough to reap it."

On the 10th the advance was resumed. The cavalry forded the river near the bridge and, after passing through the filth of the older section of the town, struck out across a beautiful countryside where every stream had its water-wheel and flour mill. Nine abandoned German motor lorries were found along the road. The brigade was in touch with the enemy. Within 5 miles of Altun Kupri the 66th Battery R.H.A. (about a hundred yards from Nos. 8 and 11) came under heavy fire. Fortunately, however, the great majority of the shells were duds. We thereupon retired twelve miles to camp, by which time our horses had done a good fifty miles. Next day we were back in Kirkuk.

In the Kirkuk stunt over 3,000 prisoners were taken at the expense of only 236 casualties on our side. A fortnight was occupied in salving and destroying war material, in political measures, and in the evacuation of prisoners and refugees, after which withdrawal became necessary, as all supply columns were required for the Persian road. The G.O.C. expressed his admiration of the work done by the wireless stations during these operations—and credit they certainly deserved, in view of the long distances covered, the numerous night marches, the bad weather which prevailed throughout, and for continuous good work carried out under fire. The remarks as to work under fire apply especially to No. 8 and the two N.Z. Packs (11 and 12)—all of whom had horses shot. Credit must also be given to the "stepping-up" work of Nos. 8 and 11 with the cavalry—either one of which was practically always erected and handling traffic, day and night, throughout the operations. Long distances were covered: at one time No. 11 was in touch with No. 2 Wagon at Baqubah, 110 miles away, two-thirds of which was over hilly country. No. 2, being at III. Corps H.Q., was the terminus for most of the traffic during the stunt.

As before, the 7th Cavalry Brigade assisted the advance by a feint attack—this time many miles away, against the Turkish position astride the Fatha Gorge, where the Tigris issues from the Jebel Hamrin.*

No. 1 Wagon had moved with Advanced III. Corps to Umr Mandan, thence to Tuz and Tauq. After the capture of Kirkuk, it returned to the III. Corps camp at Baqubah, only to be ordered out on the mountain road again in a fortnight's time to relieve the New Zealanders of No. 10 at Kifri. No. 6 Pack and No. 9 Wagon were on the Persian road at this time, and Nos. 3 and 4 Packs performing routine work at Sahiliyeh and Ramadie on the Euphrates. No. 5 Wagon, at Samarrah, the British front line on the Tigris, handled the traffic for No. 7 Pack with the 7th Cavalry Brigade, and also linked up with the Tuz force through No. 1 Wagon.

*An account of this movement appears in the contributions section, page 164.

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THE WIRELESS TRAINING SCHOOL, MOORE PARK, N.S.W.

An appropriate opportunity now presents itself to make a brief reference to the inauguration and development of the Wireless Training School, at the Engineer Dépot, Moore Park, Sydney.

Until the middle of 1915, N.S.W. reinforcements for engineer, signal, and wireless units were sent to the Signal School at Kiama, and, after a purely general training, to the Engineer Dépot in batches, according to prospective requirements, before they were due to embark. Here an attempt was made to specialise their training, but through lack of time and facilities, it was almost impossible to give them more than a cursory finishing touch. This state of affairs was, to say the least, most unsatisfactory, particularly with the operating side of the technical units. In 1915, another important weakness lay in the fact that the right type of man was not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, many trained telegraph and wireless operators being drafted to the infantry and other non-technical units without due regard to their specialised knowledge. Even when such men specially sought a transfer to the Signal School or to the Engineer Depot, or when those units made representations for them, the applications were in the majority of cases refused. Nevertheless, it must in fairness be stated that, owing to the large number of men required for general reinforcements, the authorities were forced to take all they could for the infantry. In many cases, too, technical men themselves did not wish to join technical units.

Eventually, however, the call for reinforcements became such a heavy drain on the resources of the Signal School that half-trained men, technically unfitted for service abroad, began to reach the Depot.

In consequence the Depot Commandant obtained sanction for the part-time services of a supervising officer to select men for the signal and wireless units, and to report on the qualifications of the material available. Captain Payne, an able and experienced Citizen Force officer, then associated with the firm known as Amalgamated Wireless, was chosen for the task, and visiting Moore Park one afternoon each week, he laid down a scheme of instruction to be carried out by the N.C.O.-in-charge, and allotted the personnel of reinforcements.

Although this undoubtedly represented an advance in the right direction, it was still an imperfect arrangement, and Payne, therefore, evolved the idea of a central Wireless Training School for the Commonwealth. He suggested that suitable men, chosen from the signal schools in each State, should be transferred to Moore Park for a period of six months, during which time they would undergo a training specially adapted to future requirements in the field, and, so that he could have the very best material for his purpose, he required the right to call and obtain any particular individual.

Fortunately these proposals were approved, and, under his command, the Wireless Training School grew rapidly, the standard of the trainees soon reaching a high level, both from technical and general points of view.* In addition, a spirit of camaraderie and pride of unit were developed and fostered that augured well for the future. Thenceforward the units in the field, were, generally speaking, certain of getting trained reinforcements, capable of taking their place in the day's work without delay, and on that account the School must have been of particular interest to them. The School was also the birthplace of two complete units, the Cavalry Division Signal Squadron and the Light Motor Wireless Sections, the former being organised and taken to the front by Captain Payne himself, who lost his life within a few months of arriving in Mesopotamia.

The importance of the work of the School may be gauged from the fact that over 3,000 ranks passed through it during its two years of war-time existence. Of these, eight officers and four hundred and eighty-one men were sent to Mesopotamia; six officers and eleven hundred and twenty-five to Palestine (for the Australian Wireless Section, the N.S.W. Cable Section, the Anzac Signal Squadron, the A.M.D. Signal Squadron, and the Australian Airline Section); and three officers and approximately fourteen hundred men to the five divisional signal companies in France.

There is no doubt that the Engineer Dépot will always find a warm spot in the hearts of the men who completed their training there, for, although the discipline was strict, the right spirit existed among the members of the School, with the result that all worked wholeheartedly and took a personal interest in its success.

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*The training commenced with a thorough grounding in general signal work—buzzer, flags, lamps and helio and then progressed through theoretical lectures on wireless and internal combustion engines to actual field practice on standard pack sets. Where time permitted bivouacs were organised; parties of men were despatched on trek in different directions, keeping in touch with each other and with headquarters by helio and wireless. Some of these parties covered more than a hundred and fifty miles.

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THE 1st AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL SQUADRON

It will be remembered that, at the end of 1916, General Maude organized his cavalry brigades into a single division; but he was faced with a distinct shortage of technical troops. Accordingly, in mid-January the War Office asked the Australian and New Zealand Governments whether they would be willing jointly to supply a signal squadron and a cable section for service in Mesopotamia, together with the necessary reinforcements. New Zealand, however, was unable to assist, being already fully occupied in keeping up to full strength her units in France and Palestine; and thus a fortnight afterwards the British Government intimated that the cable section would be provided by Britain, but "War Office hopes that the Commonwealth Government may find it practicable to provide Cavalry Signal Squadron." The Australian authorities cabled that the *personnel* of a signal squadron would be raised without delay.

So it happened that a few weeks later a rumour caused a stir in the Wireless School at Moore Park (N.S. Wales): a new unit was to be formed "for special service," and would at an early date leave for parts unknown. The atmosphere was at once full of suspense and expectation, and humourists and "furphymongers" naturally made the most of it. Among the operators at buzzer practice, with the mechanics clustered round the "engines", and even among "the gentlemen of independent means" peeling onions and scrubbing dixies, there was now but one topic of conversation.

The rumour was no longer a mystery by next morning's early parade. Though it was taken for granted that everyone in the school was to be included in the new unit, details as to its *personnel* were not made available—at any rate not until after the usual "marathon" round Centennial Park, when those who had fallen out of the run learned that they had also "fallen out" of the unit. These short-winded aspirants promptly retorted with subtle remarks as to the repute of an organization which demanded, as a qualification for its members, the ability to *run*. In camp tests were immediately carried out in helio and buzzer work, and in flag-wagging. Then on the 6th of March, 1917, a new marker appeared on the parade ground, a new roll was called, and a new squadron went about its duties, still, however, with an air of uncertainty. Again the more imaginative regaled their fellows with tales of the squadron's destination—its future movements varied at least twice a day—but these "furphies" had now to be especially well told for the troops to take any notice of them. An issue of light-weight uniforms and pith helmets promptly earned for the new unit the sobriquet—"The Tiger Hunters."

In order to have a thorough training the squadron went into bivouac first at Loftus and then at Newport, and from these points established communication with the Moore Park Depot by wireless, flags, helio, signal lamp (at night), and by motor-cycle despatch. Very soon the efficient grounding received at depot was amply demonstrated.

EMBARKATION.

As embarkation-time approached, many were the false alarms that cropped up: on one occasion, after the usual farewells, the unit marched down to Circular Quay, and did embark—for Manly! Eventually, however, in the chilly dawn of May 9th, it went aboard the "A15"—His Majesty's Australian Transport *Port Sydney*—which, after lying in Port Jackson all that day and night, steamed through the Heads next morning, her decks crowded with troops waving their last farewells to friends on shore and in launches.

Life on board was exactly the same as on a hundred other troopships—the same discomforts, the same "raider" scares, the same sports and games of "housey." Even submarine guards grew to be tame affairs. Between Sydney and Fremantle the weather conditions were extremely unpleasant—practically the whole way heavy seas were encountered, smashing the temporary buildings on deck, and for a week it was necessary to keep all troops below.

The voyage from Western Australia to Colombo, during which stage the *Port Sydney* and the remainder of the convoy was escorted by a Japanese cruiser, was uneventful. Here the Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron disembarked on June 8th, and, after spending a few days in the capital, entrained for Talamannar, on the north-west coast of Ceylon. The train was comfortably fitted, even to bunks, but the signallers were so taken up with the wonderful scenery in the moonlight that hardly a single man rested. "We stood at the windows enchanted," wrote one of them afterwards, " . . . and watched it all—the magic jungle, the paddy-fields, silver-flooded ready for ploughing and planting, the fire-flies, one moment shooting like sparks from some fairy anvil, the next twinkling like tiny electric globes, ... their glow making discernible the leaves of the surrounding shrubs."

After crossing the Straits to Dhanuskhodi, another train journey had to be undertaken, this time to Madras, whence, twenty-four hours later, it was continued to Bombay (reached on June 12th). For the space of a week Cooperage Camp, on the edge of the Maidan, became the squadron's official home, and during this time much had to be done in the way of preparation of the next move; the 19th saw it on board the *S.S. Elephanta*, bound for the Gulf. It was now mid-summer—the terrible summer of '17—and as the vessel came in sight of the entrance to the Shatt-el-Arab, where the colour of the water turns from green to khaki, the new-comers were greeted by the scorching "breath of the desert." On the 25th anchor was dropped at Basra, but it was past midnight before the squadron had settled down in its tents at Magil.

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EARLY DAYS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

The threat of the *shimal* was soon fulfilled. Iraq does not welcome strangers; and in the moist heat, with the thermometer registering over 120 degrees and the humidity up in the eighties, a proportion of the men began to go down with tropical complaints. On July 3rd, therefore, it was with no feelings of regret that the squadron marched down to the water-front and scrambled aboard barges, which were soon lashed on either side of a big paddle-wheeler for the voyage upstream. At night the boats tied up to the bank, and many of the troops took the opportunity of having a dip before retiring to their blankets on deck, where, despite the constant attention of mosquitoes and sandflies, they were able to enjoy the coolness of the river air. Every day there was something new to see: the famous "Narrows," where for miles the barges rubbed along the banks and Arab women came to sell their eggs—lonely marching-posts, distinguished only by a sentry's tower and a row of arc lights—Ezra's Tomb, with a shrapnel mark across its blue tiles—Amara, a famous hospital depot in the early years of the war—Kut itself, and the ruins of its liquorice factory—the great arch of Ctesiphon—and, most interesting of all, the meanderings of the river, which turned back on itself so many times that on one occasion *mahailah* masts and sails could be seen at every point of the compass, which gave the impression of being surrounded by ships on land. Advanced Base was reached on July 9th, and at noon the following day—a day of record heat even for Baghdad—the journey was continued by launch to the Horse-lines Camp of the Wireless Squadron; on the way the unit suffered its first real loss, Corporal Cocks dying from heat-stroke.

The squadron, which was now 40 per cent below strength, here "drew" its horses and equipment, and marched up-river to the cavalry camp at Es Sulaikh, entering at last upon its real duties as a signal squadron on July 14th. Active service had thus begun in earnest, and every available moment was utilized in getting horses and gear ready for any work that might eventuate. The first opportunity, as a matter of fact, came rather unexpectedly on September 18th, a party being detailed to accompany the force that moved out to attack Ramadie.*

TEKRIT.

On October 23rd, the Headquarters of the Cavalry Division, complete with its Australian Signal Squadron, moved northwards to take part in the Tekrit operations. Saddling up each night by the faint light of a sinking moon, and moving forward only under cover of darkness, the Australian signallers were in high spirits. At last they were to taste the real thing. Daudiyeh, Sadiyeh, Beled, Istabulat (where the 7th Cavalry Brigade, which had been engaged in the capture of Mandali and of Kizil Robat, rejoined them), and Samarrah were reached in successive stages; at Samarrah, in order to avoid the risk of being observed by enemy patrols, the horses were picqueted in nullahs, and in the dry bed of the Azahki Canal.

In the middle of the night of November 1st/2nd the division moved out for the attack. There ensued an exciting ride through the pitch darkness, especially for those of the Australian despatch riders who were detailed for "jackal" duty with the light armoured-car battery that was operating with the division. "Jackalling" consisted of the despatch rider keeping thirty or forty yards ahead of the cars, and warning them, by means of a pre-arranged system of "toots" on the horn, if he blundered into any trenches, "jackal" holes, barbed-wire entanglements, enemy picquets, or other obstacles lying ahead. Shortly after daylight, while the action developed nearer the river, divisional headquarters was established in the desert opposite Daur. Here were to be found the ration and ammunition columns, a couple of the wireless stations, and the signal squadron—all of which soon came under the attention of enemy aeroplanes, but fortunately little damage was done. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a scuffle occurred near the same point with a body of Arab irregulars, who were, however, quickly routed by an armoured car.

Shortly after nightfall headquarters moved to Daur Gully (from which the Turks had been driven during the day), and, after watering the horses, camp was pitched here for a few hours. It was at this bivouac that there occurred an incident which exhibited the divisional commander's sense of humour. At a late hour an Australian despatch rider, bringing an urgent message for the 14th Hussars, strode boldly into what he thought was the signal tent, grasped a sleeping figure by the hair, and bawled: "Wake up, Tommy, here's a billet-doux from your girl!" But it took him a few minutes to recover from his astonishment when an electric torch and a revolver were suddenly poked under his nose by none other than General Jones, who was, nevertheless, a good sport, and treated the affair as a joke, even going so far as to get up and direct the intruder to the signal office.

Moving again before daylight, the cavalry took up a position on the left of Aujah Nullah, for the purpose of covering the infantry advance. During the day the Turks were forced to retire, so that by evening the mounted men were able to ride across to the canal and water their thirsty horses before pushing on farther. The plan of attack involved the cavalry in a flanking movement, such as had been carried out at Ramadie; but, even though (in spite of a shortage of water), the horsemen reached a point some distance to the north of Tekrit, the enemy was very alert, and with shell-fire and aerial bombing was able next morning (November 5th), to hold them off while his retreating force got clear. In the meantime the infantry had entered the town, having, after hard fighting, forced the elaborate trench-system to the south. And so the operation ended. Tekrit (writes Candler) is "a picturesque old, walled town, built on a bluff. The houses stand on the sheer edge of the cliff, which rises abruptly from the shingly bed of the river. Inland, the town is almost islanded by a deep nullah which surrounds it like a moat; the desert beyond is unrelieved by any patch of cultivation."

After a day's rest the cavalry returned to Sadiyeh, on the right bank of the Tigris, and here made their winter camp. The "Cav. Div. Sigs" had come through the operation practically scathless. It is true that on one occasion a despatch rider was hurled through the air by a shell which burst close by; and that, while divisional headquarters and its attendant units were sheltering in a depression with an ammunition column, a Turkish airman dropped a bomb into the middle of them————but in the first case the soft dust in which the shell exploded so lessened its effect that neither the man nor his machine was seriously damaged, and in the second the bomb proved to be a "dud."

CHAI KHANA.

Permanent camp-lines at Sadiyeh were hardly established, when the Cavalry Division was ordered out to Chai Khana, not with the idea of itself engaging in a definite assault, but in order to mask the infantry attack upon Kifri. On November 30th the mounted regiments, crossing the Tigris to Sindiyeh, followed the River Adhaim northwards until they reached a point close to the village of Band-i-Adhaim. Less secrecy was observed during this march than previously. Moving by daylight the horsemen reached Satha after a strenuous ride over a 35-mile stretch of waterless desert, and near this village experienced a terrible dust-storm, which sprang up suddenly like a mighty black

*The adventures of this party, which was attached to C. Station of the Wireless Squadron, are described on pages 62 and 63.

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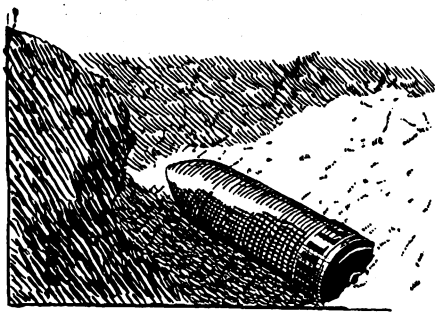

By the wayside — a "dud" Turkish shell.

wall. All knew what was coming, and instant preparations were made to meet it. Gear was pegged down or lashed to wagons, the horses' heads were covered, and officers and men got ready blankets or anything else that would shield their own. Then the whole desert seem to rise up and envelop them; and for two hours they lay sweating and choking as the dust and cutting sand swirled by. When it had vanished, horses, wagons, and men looked for all the the world like mere lumpy forms in a lumpy desert. Dust, inches thick, covered everyone and everything filling up all corners and holes, while the eyes and nostrils of the animals (even though their heads had been covered) were clogged with it. Fortunately there was close at hand a plentiful supply of water, but, before cleaning up themselves, the men first of all attended to their suffering beasts.

This "stunt," though of short duration, was fraught with many exciting moments for the signal squadron, as the Brigades came under the attention of enemy batteries and aeroplanes.

WAR DIARY EXTRACT.

The following extract from the war diary gives some technical sidelights on the handling of traffic during these operations:—

1.12.17.—8.30 a.m.: Left Sindeyeh for Satha. Noon —in communication with G.H.Q. by wireless. 6 p.m.: Satha—all communication with G.H.Q. by wireless.

2.12.17.—8.30 a.m. Moved off from Chai Khana. One detachment BX cable section went ahead with reconnoitring party. 12.30 p.m.: Chai Khana—communication with G.H.Q. by wireless. 2.30 p.m.: In touch by vibrator with reconnoitring party and detachment BX cable section. 6.20—reconnoitring party relieved by Brigade signal troops working vibrator.

3.12.17.—Chai Khana: 11.15 a.m.: AA section in communication by telephone. 5.40 p.m.—in touch with 22nd Cavalry by visual, also to signal troop by lamp as emergency.

6.12.17.—Chai Khana. 3 p.m.—AA section, telephone dismantled; using visual. 4 p.m.: Vibrator working, dismantled line being reeled in by signal troop. On by visual to PIF. 5 p.m.: PIF visual closed down. 7.45 p.m.—wireless to G.H.Q. closed down. 9.10 p.m.—Moving off to Satha.

7.12.17.—1.45 a.m.—Arrived Satha. Communication by wireless to G.H.Q.

8.12.17.—Satha. 8.30 a.m.—Wireless and signal office closed down. Division moving to Akab. Noon: Communication to G.H.Q. by wireless. 4.10 p.m.: Arrived Akab on left bank of Tigris, 200 yards north of bridge. Communication established to BD via YIG. ZHI-YIG line. BX cable section laid cable.

9.12.17.—Akab.—9 a.m.: Office VA closed down; moving to Sadiyeh. 10.15: Arrived Sadiyeh. VA-BD line disconnected. 1 p.m.: Worknig vibrator through BDG-ZCI-CCO. 1.15 p.m.—PIG through on vibrator. 1.30 p.m. PIF through on vibrator. Brigades did not arrive until these times. 2.20 p.m.: Through to BD via CCO on DC set.

10.12.17.—10 a.m. VA-BD line O.K.

IN CAMP AT SADIYEH.

The return journey was made in a much more leisurely fashion, and, although there were two or three night-marches, nothing of consequence occurred before reaching the permanent camp at Sadiyeh. Here the division soon settled down, and the more pleasant side of a soldier's life was turned towards the troops for a while. Sport of every kind was encouraged. They stalked jackals and antelopes, fired volleys into the flocks of grey geese that flew overhead in "V" formation every evening, and, mounted on horses and motor-cycles, hunted hyenas and great Asiatic wolves. As regards hunting by motor-cycle, this was usually done with the revolver as the weapon of offence; but one bright "spark" hit on the idea of pursuing his quarry with a lance. Obtaining a lance from one of the Indians, he cut it down, made a rest on the footboard of his motor-cycle for it, and sallied forth in great fettle. Unfortunately, however, when making a valiant attempt to stick a "dingal" the point dropped too low and found the ground, piling the inventive genius and his motor-cycle in a tangled heap. Needless to say, upon his turning up in camp with the cycle badly strained, orders were issued that in future motor-cycles must not, under any condition, be used for hunting purposes.

Football matches, horse races, jumping, tent-pegging and other military sports, were also held; and in the evening the Y.M.C.A. tent offered pictures, concerts and boxing matches.

It was in this camp that the squadron lost its O.C., Captain Payne. He had been taken to hospital just before the Chai Khana stunt, suffering from a malady which proved to be smallpox in a particularly virulent form, and he died on the 10th December. He was buried in the little cemetery out on the immemorial desert, a mound and a wooden cross marking his resting-place. Such was the sad death of a man of exceptional ability, at whose instigation and under whose control the A.I.F. Wireless School at Moore Park (N.S.W.), was formed and developed, and under whose command the Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron was later organized, trained, and led to do its share in the Great War. The squadron also lost another of its members (Sapper Evans), who died from injuries received whilst handling a fractious horse.

DEATH OF GENERAL MAUDE.

Here, too, the news was received of the death of General Maude, and the division turned out to do honour to his memory. The sad and stirring parade will forever leave its impression on the minds of those who were present. "I have just come back to camp," wrote a despatch rider, "from a church parade that will ever be memorable. The Division was formed up in one great square round a sandbagged platform, from which the Padre conducted the service. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony, the climax being reached when the massed trumpeters sounded the 'Last Post' and one and all sprang to the salute, the infantry presenting arms, the cavalry their flashing swords.

"During the service a curious incident occurred from which the imaginative and superstitious might draw a message of good omen. Everything was still and quiet;

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the silence of the desert was broken only by the voice of the Padre. Then our ears caught a whirring sound —a sound increasing in pitch with each moment. It seemed to be that sound which was only too familiar to us—the whirr of a falling aeroplane bomb. We looked up as one man to see—not an aeroplane after all, but a flight of little black and white plover whose swift wings bore them out of sight as swiftly as they had come."

The camp at Sadiyeh received more than ample attention from enemy flying men. They used to go south to Baghdad, and generally save a "pill" or two for the cavalry on the return journey. After a while their visits created little interest or concern, and the daily round of work and sport would go on without interruption. In fact, let someone be nervous enough to permit his attention to be attracted by a Fokker, and one would hear remarks like this: "Hey, Bill, watch the ——— ball—never seen an aeroplane before?" That's all right, but the last one went near the horse-lines—hope my *ghora's* all right." "Serves you right; why didn't you put a blanket over it so the cow couldn't pick out yours."

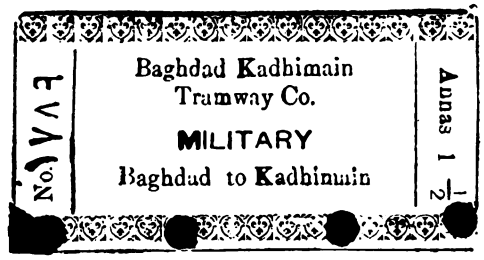
About this time the British airmen began to gain the ascendency in the air, the arrival of a number of "Spads" and Bristol Fighters enabling them to turn the tables on the Fokkers, which had possessed a decided advantage over the antiquated British machines in use up till then on this front. Some good air-fights were now witnessed, the British pilots allowing the Fokkers to pass before climbing rapidly to cut them off.

THE DIVISION DISBANDED.

On land, too, the New Year (1918) brought the Turks a serious reverse. With the loss of Khan Baghdadi, their last hopes of undertaking a serious offensive disappeared. Consequently British headquarters decided to disband the Cavalry Division Headquarters, and to employ the brigades as independent formations. So far as the troops were concerned, the chief celebration in connection with the disbandment centred around the farewell to General Jones, their well-liked and respected commander, upon his departure for Baghdad. The arrangement was that, after bidding farewell to the divisional "heads," he should leave by car for the railway station. After the banquet, where ample opportunity was provided for farewell speeches and toasts, the General was informed that his "car" awaited him. However, on getting outside he found that he was to be given a traditional cavalry "send-off"—in a G.S. waggon, drawn by an eight-horse gun-team ridden by senior cavalry and artillery officers. Behind and around the "chariot" was the guard of honour, consisting of all the officers and senior N.C.O.'s of the division.

The rank and file turned out in full force to see the procession, and to cheer its progress. Fun and banter were the rule, particularly among the Australians, who criticized the "seats" and immaculate attire of the officers and made cynical remarks about the harness chains, which had been burnished till they shone like the sun overhead, and the gear. Speculation was rife as to which of the postillions would come off when the horses began to trot—but the troops were destined to disappointment, for those colonels and majors were *horsemen*. After a few words of farewell to the "mob," who cheered him to the echo, the good old General played his part in the farewell. He climbed aboard, and, on a given signal, the team started off at the gallop. He must have experienced a rough ride, because away across the desert they tore —drivers, waggon, escort—one and all "flat out." Ancient irrigation cuts were as nothing to flashing hooves and spinning wheels as the party wheeled into a great semicircle to the station.

This was not the last that the Australians and New Zealanders saw of General Jones. On the eve of the departure for France of the N.Z. Wireless



Tram ticket on the horse tramway to Kazimain, instituted in 1870 by Midhat Pasha. It makes the last seven miles of the pilgrim's journey a little easier.

Troop and the despatch riders of the "Cav. Div. Sigs.", he rode to the Horse-lines camp at Baghdad, accompanied only by his groom, for the purpose of informally bidding them good-bye. It was such interest as this which made him so popular with the men under his command.

KIRKUK OPERATIONS.

The Sadiyeh camp now began to break up, unit after unit departing for other fields. The 7th was the last of the cavalry brigades to leave, and, when it left for Tauq Khana and Fatha, there remained only the divisional signal squadron and a hospital.

The despatch riders of the "Cav. Div. Sigs." were, however, employed in the Kirkuk operation, being divided into parties of four to maintain despatch communication between the various posts during the advance—four going with the leading troops to maintain communication with scouting parties. During the advance the riders were well sprinkled with the bullets of Kurdish sharpshooters, but their luck still held good. They had a particularly strenuous time, having to use all their bush lore to find the various units that were advancing so swiftly into unknown country.

A rather humorous incident occurred when two of the despatch riders arrested some hostile-looking "Kurds," removed the locks from their rifles, and knocked off the sights. No notice was taken of their vain protestations; but the Australians had little to say on discovering that their victims were in reality authorised native police.

The lines of communication maintained by the D.R.'s were eventually extended to Kirkuk, and then for one day as far as Altun Kupri. What a change was this country from the desert! Here were running streams, and green fields fenced by stone walls, that seemed quite Scottish. But how distressing it was to behold such a country-side, which should have been prosperous, menaced by the horrors of starvation. The story of the terrible things seen on this "stunt" will never be written.

UNIT ABSORBED BY WIRELESS SQUADRON.

As soon as its cyclists returned from Kirkuk, the Divisional Signal Squadron left Sadiyeh for Baghdad. Here its members were taken on the strength of the Wireless Squadron, which was about to lose the N.Z. Troop and therefore in need of additional men to maintain the efficiency of its stations, at the time numbering the maximum in its history and far in excess of establishment. No work, however, could be found for the despatch riders, who were thereupon transferred to France, where they were allotted to four of the Australian divisions.

Thenceforth the work of the "Cav. Div. Sigs." mingled with that of the Wireless Squadron. Its men were distributed among half-a-dozen stations, and many of them had the good fortune to be "in at the death"—the great day when "Johnnie" Turk marched out of Mosul town.

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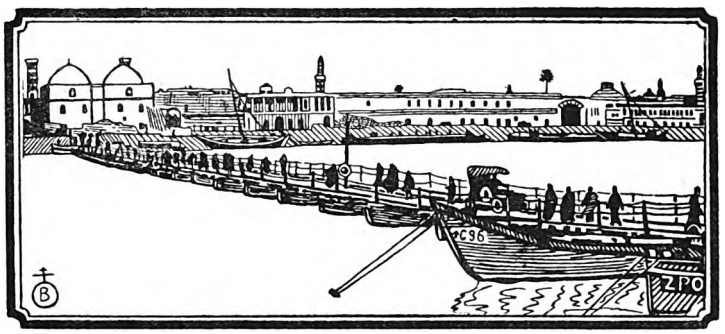


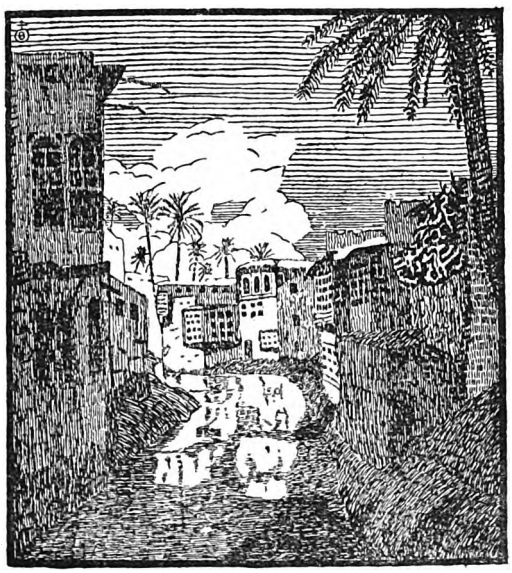
Upper Bridge of Boats, Baghdad.

EARLY SUMMER — MESOPOTAMIA

The early summer began well. The Turks had been badly mauled both on the Euphrates and in the foothills, while on the Tigris they had wisely retired far out of harm's way. On the Persian road alone was there anything doing—and here were to be found Nos. 6, 9, and a whole host of extra stations, of whom we will have more to say shortly. On the plains all was quiet, and several parties were despatched on leave to India. Two new units had joined the squadron: D Troop—or the Light Motor Wireless Sections—which arrived from Australia late in March; and the 1st Australian Cavalry Divisional Signal Squadron, which had come down from Sadiyeh late in May, after the Cavalry Division had been split up into independent brigades. The absorption of these two units made it possible to man extra stations, and also to release the N.Z. Troop for transfer to France, a move for which the New Zealand Government had been pressing for some time. With the New Zealanders went the motor-cycle despatch riders of the divisional signallers.

CHANGE OF TITLE.

Our title now became the "1st Australian Wireless Signal Squadron".



A canal, Baqubah.

COMMAND OF THE SQUADRON.

Late in April, Major Marr (who had been promoted Major as from 16th September, 1917) went down river on leave to Australia, leaving in temporary command Captain White. About a month later Captain Clarke returned to the unit from sick leave and took over as senior captain. Later, advice was received from Australia that Major Marr would not be returning to the unit. In addition the question of seniority had been decided, as a result of which Captain White was promoted Major and Commanding Officer.

DISPOSAL OF STATIONS.

June saw all stations, except those engaged in Persia, settled in summer quarters. No. 1 wagon was with the 40th Brigade at Kifri; No. 2 wagon at Baqubah (where, owing to the considered excellence of the site for wireless work, it remained as Control Station after the withdrawal of III. Corps H.Q.); No. 3 and No. 4 were still over on the Euphrates, and No. 5 at Samarrah; No. 7 at the Cavalry Summer Camp, Chaldari; No. 8 at Tuz; and No. 10 in reserve at Baghdad, whence the New Zealanders had taken it for the change-over to Australians. The New Zealand personnel of Nos. 9, 11 and 12 were also relieved about the same time. June witnessed, too, the organisation of two new motor pack-stations, a step made possible by the arrival of D Troop, thus completing the establishment of the squadron. These new stations consisted of packs especially adapted for Ford vans, and they were known as Nos. 13 and 14. The former was immediately despatched to join the 51st Infantry Brigade at Tekrit, the latter being kept in reserve.

No. 11 Station had now gone into camp with the 14th Division on the wide plains of Mirjana, but it was detached on the 7th of June for a political adventure to Sheikh Maidan and beyond, in the hills north of Khanikin. After three weeks at Maidan a reconnaissance in force was made by night to Darband-i-Khan, on which journey the station (the only white troops with the column) acted as rear-guard. Khanikin was reached on July 28th, but after two days the station was again on the move, this time with a column of Kurdish Irregulars, with whom it marched to Sermil (the watershed of the Zagros range, a day's trek beyond Paitak), returning a month later to the 14th Division lines as before.

Thus, except in Persia, August and September passed uneventfully for the squadron, and the beneficial results of this rest were afterwards felt, especially by the cavalry stations, when the time came for the last operation of the campaign—the advance to Mosul—which turned out to be the most strenuous of the lot.

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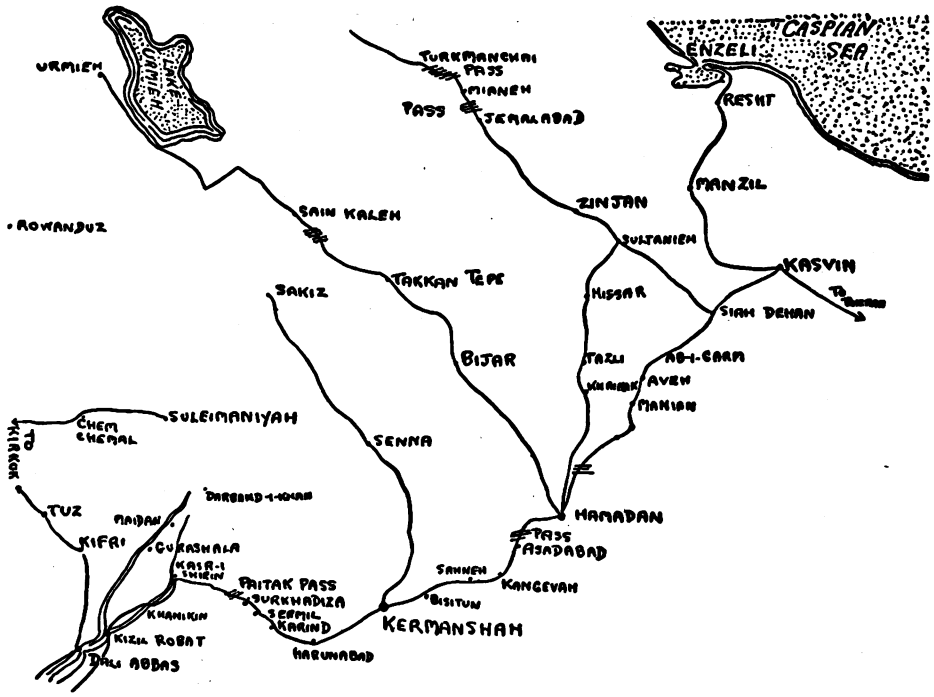

Sketch map, showing the Persian Road, also the three roads that lead down to it from the north-western (Turkish) side.

EVENTS IN PERSIA AND RUSSIA

Now for Persia; what had been happening up there in March, April, May and June? When we left them, Dunsterville's H.Q. was Hamadan, with the nearest British outpost in the rocky valley of Surkhadiza, where shivered a handful of Hants and No. 6 Station, their traffic being relayed through No. 9 wagon with the main regiment at Kasr-i-Shirin. In between at Kermanshah were the Russians under Baratov, together with Bicherakov's Partizanski, who had arrived back on January 11th. With them was their wireless station 8SD (No. 38) and its Australian staff (who also received some reinforcements on the 28th of the month.

But now the Russians decided to continue their retirement—and retire they did! The main body left on the 11th of March, followed on the 14th by the Generals and their staffs. For a week our men were the only British troops in Kermanshah. Then on the 21st arrived the vanguard of the main body of the Dunsterforce—twenty-five men, footsore with the ninety miles that lay between Paitak and the mountain town—and three days later they were joined by the first platoon of the Hampshire Regiment. One cannot help quoting the numbers, because they show how absurdly small was the British strength in Persia in these early days.

The Dunsterforce party, of course, continued to Hamadan, where their general has established his headquarters.

KERMANSHAH.

On March 27th four of the staff of old 8SD (which never erected again) left with a platoon for Hamadan to man another Russian wagon (No. 39)* on behalf of H.Q., Dunsterforce. No. 9—the N.Z. Wagon—which had closed at Kasr-i-Shirin, struggled up Paitak and reached Surkhadiza on the 26th; its arrival released No. 6 Pack, who with a double platoon of Hants, followed up the northward road. As they were walking and leading pack horses, they found it strenuous work. After a terrible journey through the mud of the great Karind Valley, Karind was reached on the 27th, and on Easter Sunday, the 31st, with a fine collection of blistered feet, they struggled into Kermanshah. But here a reward awaited our men. Says one of the boys: "We got in at 12.30 and marched to a billet near the American Mission, where presently Mrs. Stead asked the ten of us to lunch. There were good things to eat and a dining table to sit round, a white tablecloth and real serviettes—things most of us had not seen for two years."

As cities go in Asia, Kermanshah is one of the prettiest; its mud-brick houses, set upon a hillside amidst orchards and gardens, look out over the valley to the snow-capped heights of the Kuh-i-Paruh. But amongst the beauty stalked starvation and poverty, dread legacies from the Turks and Russians. In the bazaar the most interesting trade is that of the shoemaker. Lots of rags are torn in pieces of about 4½ x 2 inches; each is folded lengthwise twice, thus making a piece of four thicknesses about ½ inch wide and 4½ inches long. It is then beaten flat, and on to it four pieces of raw hide are threaded and drawn very tight. The uppers are of thin canvas and the whole makes a very serviceable shoe. In the neighbouring villages carpets are made by groups of children under the direction of a forewoman, who has the pattern entirely memorised and simply gives instructions. Each party makes but one pattern, the details of which are handed down from generation to generation.

At the beginning the wireless men found good billets, living by themselves in the servants' quarter of the British Legation (which had been burnt by the Turks). They got strange things to eat: queer vegetables, paneet (or cream cheese), honey (full of dead bees), and three-foot strips of *nan-i-churatch*—the famous pebble

*This was, of course, a different No. 39 to that operating with the armoured cars at Khan Baghdadi.

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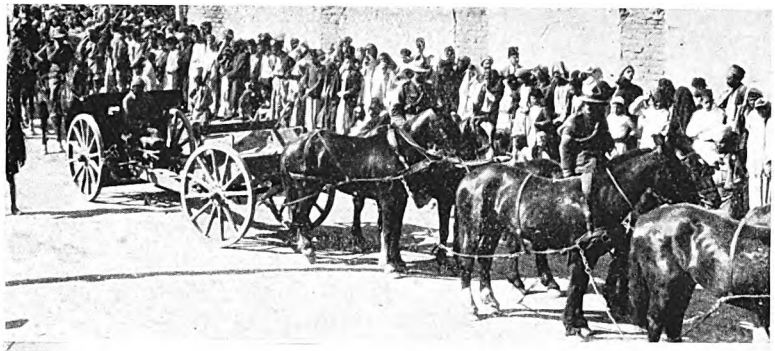
SCENES IN BAGHDAD



April, 1918: Turkish guns captured on the Khan Baghdadi operations, also prisoners, being paraded through the streets. The squadron provided six-horse teams for the occasion, and the photograph shows that contributed by the New Zealand Troop.

June, 1918: The New Zealand Troop marches out for the Divisional Signal Company in France. Illustration shows the last parade at the Horselines.

Summer, 1918: No. 7 Station at Cavalry Summer Headquarters, Chaldari.

November, 1918: Squadron general service wagons drawing horse rations near North Gate, Baghdad.

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NO. 8 — TUZ AND SULEIMANIYAH

Countryside near Tuz Khurmatli, showing tilted stratification of rocks—weird scenery that stretches, to a greater or lesser extent, all the way from Ain Nukhailah to Kasr-i-Shirin.

No. 8 erected at Tuz. Summer, 1918, after the N.Z. Station had been relieved.

At Suleimaniyah. Typical Kurds.

At Suleimaniyah. No. 8's Christmas dinner. Features were venison and native wine donated by the Sheikh of the valley. The round articles are chupatties.

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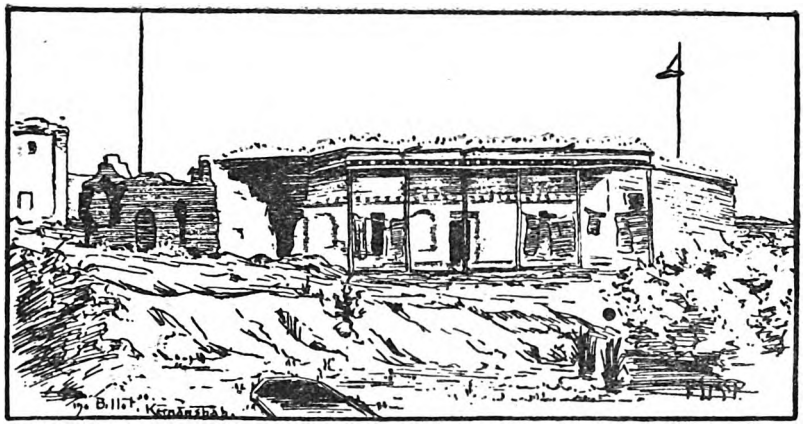

Partially-ruined outbuildings of the old British Consulate, Kermanshah. They were occupied by various stations and finally by No. 17 permanent wagon.

bread of Kermanshah, reported to be second to none in Asia. Among social engagements the Sunday evenings at the Steads held pride of place. But their pleasant quarters had soon to be vacated, since for military reasons it was decided that all British troops in the town must be housed under the same roof. So the station moved and took up quarters in Dilkusha, an old building that had been the hospital when the Russians occupied the town. This place was almost as big as a caravanserai—large enough to house all the horses, and to take both masts of the wireless station on its roof. The wireless men slept in what had been the typhus ward. The folly of housing troops in such a building was pointed out to the authorities by the Steads, but without avail, and several lives were lost through the dread disease. This caused the removal of all the troops to a hill just outside the town, where they were put under canvas.

After a terrific struggle with the mountain roads, the first motor-transport arrived on April 7th. It was a sign of the times—things in Persia were on the mend. By now Egerton had occupied Kirkuk and given added security—the roads were drying up, and pioneers had been working on the passes. At last, too, it was possible to send forward troops in somewhat greater numbers—a process that was continued throughout the summer. There was no doubt that they were needed, for the retirement of the Russians had left a handful of the Dunsterforce as the sole barrier between the Turks in Tabriz and the Indian frontier. Moreover, should any possibility open up to allow of the Dunsterforce continuing its original mission, troops would be required farther on.

To cope with this increased activity a permanent wagon-set was installed in a special billet in the consulate grounds at Kermanshah. This station was No. 17 and staffed by the remnants of the operators who had been attached to the Partizanski, plus some reinforcements. A few operators from No. 6 were retained in reserve, but the gear from that station was sent back to Tak-i-garreh, there to await its transport (from Ruz), and a fresh staff of operators (who arrived late in June). Meanwhile in their billet the men of No. 17 were having a taste of the worries which AA Station had experienced—mosquitoes by night and sandflies by day, and almost continuous visits from thieves.

DUNSTERFORCE MOVES TO KASVIN

May and June saw the Dunsterforce on the move. With the arrival of 50 officers and 150 N.C.O.'s, by the middle of May, the concentration of the unit at Hamadan had been completed. An advance-guard was then pushed on to Kasvin, followed on June 2nd by H.Q. General Dunsterville's four months in Persia had by no means been idle; by bold intrigue he had gained probably more than he could have done by armed force. Several matters were now culminating, and the move to Kasvin was undoubtedly the right one. Bicherakov was there, as were certain Russian agents who were willing to help in any enterprise in the Baku direction (to which Dunsterville's thoughts were turning now that Tiflis was out of the question). In addition, affairs had to be brought to a head with the Jangalis, a pro-German tribe holding the mountain passes between Kasvin and the Caspian (and incidentally three valuable British prisoners, who were eventually released after six months of terrible hardships). Yet at the same time every advance meant weakness, and the leaving behind on duty of many N.C.O.'s and officers whom he would have liked to keep with him.

About this time two detachments were sent to watch the roads that lead westward from Persia towards Armenia: Starne's party (accompanied by No. 52 station of the Second Squadron) to Bijar, and Wagstaffe's (with No. 53) to Zingan. Early in the summer, too, the transfer of the New Zealand Troop to a new front being decided upon, the relief of No. 9 Station personnel became necessary. Accordingly a party left railhead at Ruz on June 14th, and travelled by lorry along the new white road that stretched to Paitak like the artery of an empire—a vivid demonstration of British activity in Persia. Kermanshah was reached on June 18th, and the New Zealand staff left the next morning.

WITH No. 9 WAGON TO HAMADAN.

Four days later No. 9 Station commenced the trek to Hamadan, where No. 18 (previously No. 39) Russian wagon was awaiting relief. From Kermanshah the road runs north-eastwards past the great rock Bisitun, whereon is graven the famous bas-relief of Darius the King, and then by the opal green waters of the Gama Siab to the poplars and walnuts of Sahneh—now starvation-stricken like the rest of the Persian road. From here it climbs heavily to the summit of the Tang-i-Lulan pass, falling swiftly to Kangevah, erstwhile Temple of Diana, but now famous only for its atrocious cobblestones. To Asadabad is another day's march, through the dust of an interminable plain, while between that village and Hamadan the Alwan range must be crossed by a pass rising 7600 feet above sea-level, though the road constructed by the Russians is a good one.

In Hamadan No. 9 handled traffic for the Line Commandant (General Byron) and on July 4th took over duty from No. 18. It was found that all but one of the operators from that station had moved on to Kasvin to open No. 19—British traffic on a Russian cabinet set. Tales of Dunsterforce enterprise entertained No. 9 daily. As we know, British troops in Persia were

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STATION MOVEMENTS — PERSIA AND RUSSIA

	Kermanshah. (and en route)		Hamadan, Kasvin	Enzeli and Baku
January	1 Partizanski Leave Telibarah— arrive Kizil Robat 1st, Khanikin 2nd, Kasr-i-Shirin 3rd, Mahidascht 10th, Kermanshah 11th. 13 No. 9 at Kasr-i-Shirin 27 No. 6 at Surkhadiza 29 Dunsterville reaches Surkhadiza			
February	3 Dunsterville arrives at Kermanshah	7 Dunsterville at Hamadan 14 Leaves for Kasvin 25 Dunsterville returns from Kasvin to Hamadan	15 Dunsterville arrives 16 Leaves for Enzeli 22 Dunsterville returns from Enzeli	17 Dunsterville arrives 20 leaves
March	10 Partizanski Stn. handed back to Russians, who leave following day, except H.Q. 14 Baratov and Bicherakov leave 21 Arrival second party of Dunsterville 24 Arrival first platoon Hants 27 Operators leave for Hamadan 31 Arrival of No. 6 with second party Hants (from Surkhadiza)	31 Arrival of operators from Kermanshah, with first party Hants		
April	15 No. 6 Station transferred to Dilkusha	1 No. 39 opens (British operators on Russian wagon) 14 Arrival first party of Hussars		
May	9 No. 6 leaves Dilkusha (account typhus) 18 No. 9 wagon arrives and takes over from No. 6 20th 28 Dismantled lorry-set arrives from Paitak	21 Wagstaff and party leave for Zingan (*via* Bijar), arriving 31st		
June	No. 6 returns to Tak-i-garreh Permanent wagon opens on 9th, as No. 38 later changed to No. 17 22 No. 9 leaves for Hamadan 25 No. 6 arrives	1 Dunsterville leaves Hamadan 29 No. 9 arrives and relieves No. 18	2 Dunsterville reaches Kasvin 13 Staff from No. 39 (except one) leave for Kasvin. Later No. 39 known as No. 18 14 Staff arrives at Kasvin and opens up Russian cabinet (No. 19)	
July	1 No. 6 leaves for Senneh			
August	27 No. 17 relieved by No. 41 (2nd Wireless) ? No. 6 on Sakiz reconnaissance	24 No. 9 relieved by No. 29 (2nd Wireless)	3 No. 19 relieved by 2nd Wireless	4 3 operators and a mechanic leave Kasvin 5 Arrive Enzeli 14 Embark s.s. "Afrika" 16 Arrive Baku (Dunsterforce Occupation) 23 Leave Baku by boat 25 Arrive Kazian 30 Leave Kazian by boat 31 Arrive Lenkoran
September		14 No. 9 leaves for Zingan (Sweet's Col.)		1 Arrive Kizel-i-gaarde 2 Leave Kizel-i-gaarde with Russian convoy 3 Arrive Prisheb
October	28 No. 9 returns Kermanshah	14 No. 9 returns Hamadan		14 Dunsterville evacuates Baku. Norpeforce takes over command of Persia 18 Leave Prisheb 22 Return Enzeli
November	21 No. 9 reaches Baghdad	22 No. 6 returns from Senneh; remains Hamadan till Jan. 15th (when disbanded)		Enzeli party did not return Baghdad till February 25th, 1919

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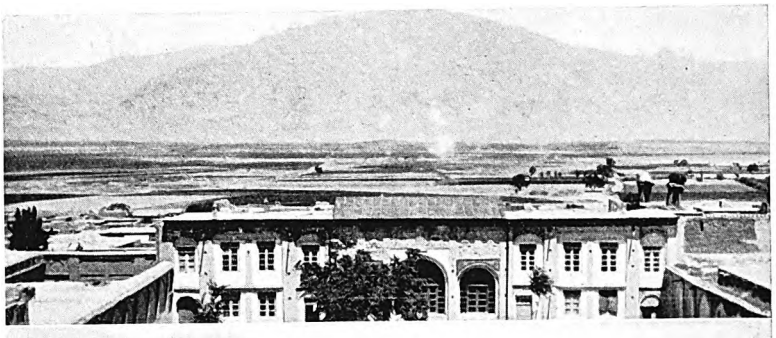
MIDSUMMER (1918) AT KERMANSHAH



Looking out across a Kermanshah courtyard to the Kara Su Valley and the giant bulk of Kuh-i-Paruh, over 10,000 feet high.

No. 9 Station (N.Z.) returning from a visit to the carvings at Tak-i-Bustan.

No. 9 Station (Australian relief) entertained by Mrs. Stead at afternoon tea in her garden.

At Tak-i-Bustan (the garden of the arches). Though the smaller arch dates from the fourth century, the most beautiful bas-reliefs are contained in the larger. They depict King Chosroes (Khusru) mounted on his great war charger and hunting deer and boar. Amongst many names scratched in the caves, we notice, modestly in a corner, the name, "H. C. RAWLINSON, 1844."

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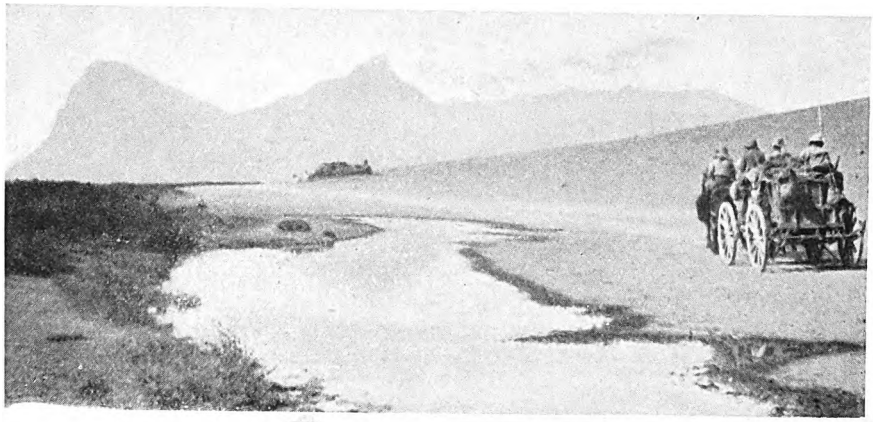
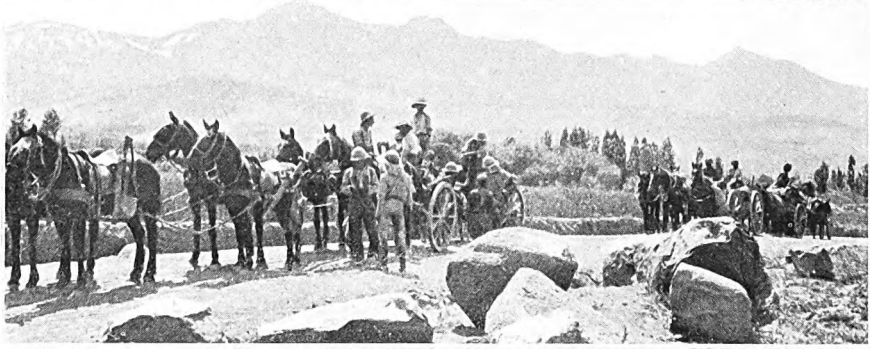


No. 9 wagon approaching the great rock Bisitun which rises over two thousand feet sheer above the plain. It is famous as the site of the trilinguial inscription of Darius, from an examination of which Rawlinson (in 1849) laid the foundations of our present knowledge of cunieform writing.



June 29th. No. 9 wagon arrives at the outskirts of Hamadan. The range in the background (which culminates in Mt. Elwend, 11,000 ft.) had been crossed on the previous day by the Asadabad pass (7,600 ft.).

Wodehouse's column, to which No. 6 pack was attached, crossing the ranges near Senneh (July, 1918).

Snow in Midsummer. A patch still remaining on the top of a pass crossed by Wodehouse's column and No. 6 station (July, 1918).

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DUNSTERFORCE IN PERSIA

Minstrels, near Bisitun, Spring 1918. In the background members of the 3rd party (also a few Russians) can be seen pitching camp.

(Photograph lent by Capt. F. E. Williams.)

General Dunsterville.

(Photograph lent by War Office Cinematograph Committee.)

Irregulars (Jelu tribesmen). Imagine the task of turning such men into soldiery willing and able to face the Turk.

(Photograph lent by Capt. E. W. Latchford, M.C.)

Mark time! An Australian member of Dunsterforce drilling tribal levies. Though many of them were accustomed to wearing a uniform, drilling and carrying arms, they proved poor soldiers.

(Photograph lent by War Office Cinematograph Committee.)

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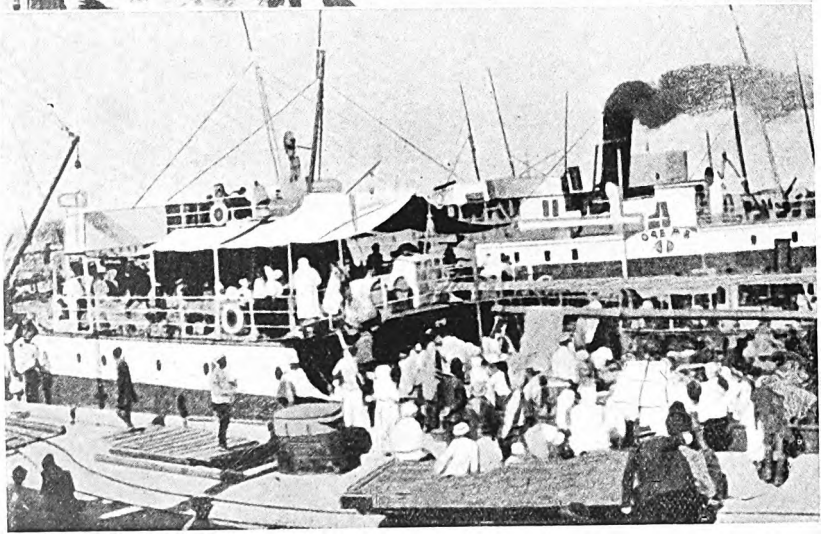
DUNSTERFORCE IN BAKU

Armenians retiring from the line; in the background can be seen one of the many forests of derricks that surround the oil city.

British troops withdrawing to a fresh position. The scene is near Baladjari Station.



Townspeople "fleeing from the wrath to come," during the last few days before the city fell to the Turks

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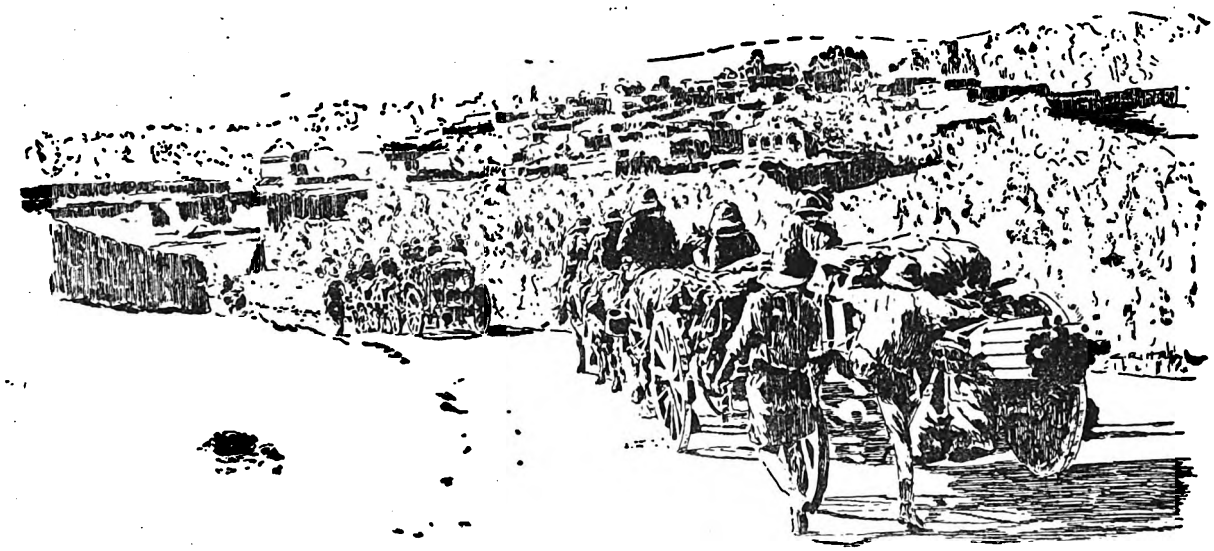

June, 1918.—No. 9 Wagon passing through the village of Kangevah. The hillside on the left is littered with pieces of broken columns, while in a courtyard several majestic pillars are to be seen built into a mud wall—this is all that remains of a famous temple, dating from the great days of Persia.

remarkably few, and their safety had probably only been ensured by the Persian habit of talking rather than acting and of exaggeration rather than truth. Thus a dozen Fords became an immense fleet of "Armoureds" and a handful of N.C.O.'s became an army—all of which "intelligence" duly reached the Persian Ministry at Teheran, and the Turkish Commander at Senneh just one hundred miles away. But relief works and soup kitchens won the people of Hamadan from their natural attitude of suspicion to one of enthusiasm, even if they did not exactly meet with the approval of the food hoarders. Supplies became easier with the garnering of the harvests and that problem was disposed of. Another story was that of the frustrated aims of the local anti-British Democratic Committee, which planned at no less than murdering the entire garrison, but which awoke one morning to find itself arrested *en masse* by a numerically inferior force and well on the way to an unsympathetic Baghdad. As regards the amenities of life, we owed a debt to Miss Murray, of the American Mission, and Mrs. Funk, of the school.

No. 6 MOVES TO SENNEH.

On July 1st a column (Wodehouse's), together with No. 6 station, was despatched northwards from Kermanshah to Senneh, seven days' march over the mountains. This was the third of the roads which lead from Armenia to Persia, and along it the Turks had threatened our line for some time. A month or so later a reconnaissance in force was made to Sakiz, and the column had a brush with a Turkish detachment there.

No. 18, Russian wagon, dismantling. On the left is the "great Lawadzki".

EXCITEMENT ON THE CASPIAN ROAD.

Meanwhile in Kasvin, Bicherakov was pressing to get back to the Caspian, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that he remained till the beginning of June, by which time sufficient troops had come from Mesopotamia in vans to ensure the safety of the road. By June 11th he was before the entrenched position of the Jangalis at Manzil Bridge. The chief of this tribe was Mirza Kuchik Khan, a militant idealist with strong views on the subject of "Persia for the Persians," and in this narrow gorge he had several thousand men well-armed with rifles and machine-guns. thoroughly determined to fight to the end a good old Persian "battle-of-looks." But for this kind of warfare Bicherakov was quite the wrong sort of man. Walking up to the commander of the nearest picquet he demanded the reason for their threatening attitude. To this the commander replied: "We are here to defend this post with the last drop of our blood." "Drops of blood! Rubbish! Get out of it at once," shouted Bicherakov, waving his crooked stick at them. His fierce gestures so alarmed the Jangalis that they turned and fled as one man. A short artillery bombardment completed the famous battle of Manzil Bridge, an almost impregnable position taken without resistance, and the road to Enzeli was open once more. The embarkation of the Russians commenced on July 1st. Bicherakov, having been offered the command of the Red Army of the Caucasus, accepted it as the only way of getting a footing in Russia.

During July Stations 6, 9, 17 and 19 remained working as before, the last-mentioned having a particularly busy time, as the land-lines to Mianeh (No. 51, 2nd Wireless Pack) and Enzeli (Russian Radio) were down, and all traffic had to be routed *via* wireless. It was a busy month, too, for the Dunsterforce—raising Persian levies; taking over posts in the Jangali country from the Russians (which culminated in serious hand to hand fighting in the streets of Resht); getting supplies of petrol (ingeniously obtained from the Bolsheviks of Enzeli in return for motor cars—an indispensable ar

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ticle in exchange for one purely luxurious!); bringing up troops, ammunition, and naval guns from Baghdad; and financing purchases. The actual currency of Persia was limited. By the time Dunsterville had drained the Bank of Persia to meet his requirements he had to get the same krans back into the vaults again ready to meet his next draft; this and many similar incidents occurred that sound more like Haji Baba (of Ispahan) than real warfare. Nearly everything is done on a basis of "talk" in Persia, and any one who comes along prepared to *act* will sooner or later get his own way.

THE DISASTER OF URMIEH.

Then early in August, on top of it all, came the disaster of Urmieh. This town and district were in the hands of a strong Armenian force with whom we had already been in touch by aeroplane and with whom we hoped to link up along the Bijar-Takkan Tepe road, and furnish with arms and ammunition. Their patriot, Archbishop Aga Petros, with a company of fighting men, broke through the Turks south of Lake Urmieh, and got in touch with Colonel Bridges at Sain Kaleh. But there was some delay in the meeting, and back in Urmieh rumours spread that they had been slaughtered and that safety lay only in flight to the British lines. But this was all wrong; the rumours had been set on foot by certain refugees, who had no personal interest in Urmieh and wished only to get as far away from the Turks as possible. So the whole population, with all its cattle and belongings, took flight and came flying down the road to Bijar in appalling confusion, with the Turks and Kurds on its heels, massacring and plundering the unfortunate refugees (who, by the way, did not hesitate to "take it out" of any innocent Persian villages by the wayside). As soon as they came in contact with our troops, the latter formed a rear-guard, and the remainder of the population, probably some 50,000, were rescued and sent down to Baghdad, where they were encamped in a vast refugee camp at Baqubah under the care of British and American relief authorities.

EVENTS IN RUSSIA.

News from Russia was not very encouraging. Bicherakov had disembarked some distance from Baku and hastened to the defence of the bridge over the Kura River, which was holding up the Turkish advance from Tiflis. But he soon found that he could not count for a second on the Red Army, which frequently gave ground without firing a shot, and left posts of duty to conduct political meetings!

There was nothing to be done but to retire on Baku. The populace were warned to prepare lines of defence —an opportunity which they entirely neglected. On one occasion the Turks were within 3000 yards of the town and no troops opposing them, but, at this moment, one of those miracles occurred which seemed frequently to intervene and defer the actual fall of Baku. A rumour went through the Turkish ranks that their rear was threatened by Cossacks; at which, in their hour of victory, they turned and ran—hotly pursued by the Armenian troops, who went back to their drinking shops boasting that they had saved the town!

By this time Bicherakov had realised the impossibility of his position. Neither he nor anyone else could command the loyalty of the Red troops; at any moment they might abandon him to the enemy. He therefore decided to draw off to the north, but, although he saved himself and abandoned the town, the latter (by a second miracle) did not fall into enemy hands. His departure was a bitter disappointment to the British, who were now landing.

BRITISH ARRIVE AT BAKU.

Yes—Dunsterville and a handful of British were in Baku! By sheer impudence he had managed to settle Persian affairs; deal severely with the Jangalis; get petrol out of the Bolsheviki; gain charge of the concession port of Enzeli (together with the Russian radio there, which was manned as No. 50 Station by the staff of No. 19 from Kasvin), and dispose of the well-remembered Soviet committee. The latter was caught in treasonable communication with Kuchik Khan and, as its existence had long since become an anachronism, it made an unregretted, unhonored and unsung departure down the Baghdad road. Dunsterville had also managed to wangle control of the three best ships on the Caspian Sea (a most essential step in case of a hurried evacuation). After the departure of Bicherakov and his force, the Baku Soviet had been overthrown by a committee (?) of dictators, who had lost no time in inviting the British to help them in saving the town from the Turks surrounding it.

Accordingly on August 10th Dunsterville moved his headquarters and all available troops of the 39th Infantry Brigade on board the "President Kruger" (ominous name!), and with a "red" crew, run by a "red" committee, set sail, on the 16th, arriving in the oil city after an eighteen hours' run. Two operators and a mechanic from No. 50 Station also went forward and worked the Baku Radio during the first part of the occupation; afterwards they were transferred south to Lenkoran, a rich Russian colony in the province of Mugan, from which the British were receiving supplies, where a pack set (No. 47) was handled on behalf of the British mission.

The defence of Baku proved a heart-breaking affair. The inhabitants were overrun by various committees, who cared more for their own importance than for the safety of their city. So far from taking new heart at the arrival of the British they lost what little zeal they formerly possessed, and left all the work to the new arrivals. They even expressed disappointment that the British were present in so few numbers, and were not universal providers of everything—our base was only 1400 miles away! Still the best was made of the situation—defences were strengthened, discipline stiffened, machine gun sites improved. In fact, had there been time, perhaps something might have been done. But it was now too late; on several occasions the town had been saved merely by fresh "miracles"—usually by the Turks attacking the only points manned by British troops. Soon it was realised that no power on earth could save Baku the instant the Turks decided to push home their attack. On September 4th an intimation of the intention of the British to evacuate the city was given to the committee, but even that produced only fresh communications. A day or two later an Arab deserter brought Dunsterville news that a great attack was scheduled for the 14th. Now or never was the moment—everything was arranged for one last stand—but it was useless! Up till 4 p.m. a massing of troops would have saved the day—but even that proved too much to hope for. Evacuation was definitely ordered.

A Kurdish village watched over by the castle of its chieftain, as seen by No. 6 on the road from Senneh to Sakiz.

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KERMANSHAH, HISSAR, HINAIDI

Refugees from Urmieh bivouacked at Kermanshah, August, 1918.

With Sweet's column to Zingan—the instrument limber of No. 9 wagon climbing the pass between Kala Jukh and Hissar, September, 1918.

No. 9 wagon station on the trucks at Hinaidi, the morning of its arrival from Ruz railhead, November 21st. In the two years it had covered nearly a thousand miles.

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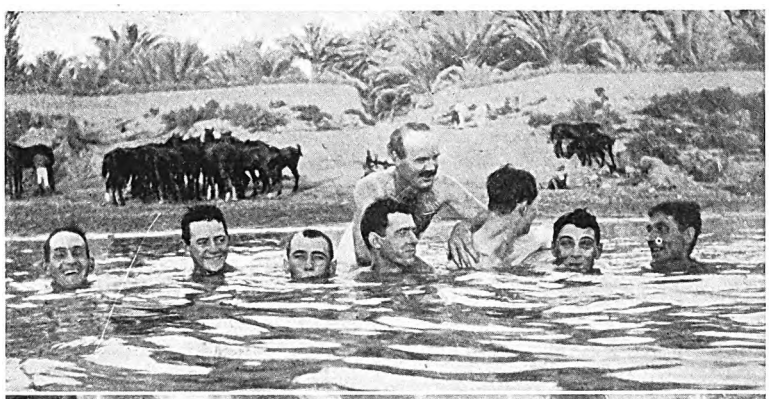
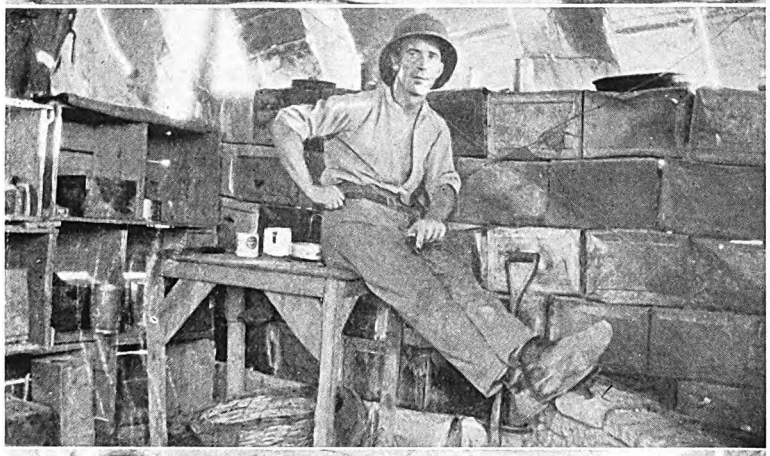
No. 2 WAGON AT BAQUBAH



No. 2 Wagon handled G.H.Q. traffic and acted as general control station during the whole of 1918. and January of 1919 (when it was destroyed by fire and replaced by No. 15 Lorry Set). It was connected with S.H.Q. by an old Turkish land-line, which avoided any interference with the interception work in Baghdad.

Here we see the drivers of No. 2 disporting themselves in the cool waters of the Diala.



Cookhouse at No. 2, showing kerosene tins and boxes put to good use.

Eleven o'clock refreshments.

Astonishing effect of the arrival of a case of shirts and mosquito nets from "Comforts" (1919).

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Embarkation was completed late at night, in face of enemy fire and the wrath of the committees. After dodging shore batteries, guard-ships, mutinous and revolutionary crews, and the intricacies of the harbour, all vessels arrived safely at Enzeli.

The final scene of the drama, writes General Dunsterville, was the arrival of a deputation of the revolutionary sailors of the "Kursk," who presented a written petition in the following terms:—

"We, the committee and crew of the s.s. 'Kursk,' have witnessed with intense admiration the heroic conduct of your brave British sailors in the defence of Baku. We have seen them suffering wounds and death bravely in defence of our town which our own people were too feeble to defend.

"It is wonderful to us that these fine fellows, from that distant island in the North Sea, should have come all this way to the Caspian and have given us their lives there in the cause of honor and glory.

"We are so much impressed by their bearing and valour and by the whole episode of British endeavours to save Baku from the Turks that we wish to be at once taken over as a body and granted British nationality."

The great adventure was over. In the evacuation only nine men were left behind and that through force of circumstances. It is satisfactory to note that these men afterwards got away to safety.

THE LENKORAN PARTY.

Meanwhile the Lenkoran party was also having an exciting time. At Lenkoran there were some friendly Russians and a strong local committee willing to help the British and send supplies to Baku. On arrival our men had gone ashore only to find that the wireless station—a civilian one—was controlled by Reds, but eventually they joined the military station in Prisheb, three miles farther on. Prisheb was a farming centre and Caucasian village where the people favoured us. The bazaars were run by Tartars, but as usual there was little to eat (though the rye bread was very good), and it was not always safe to drink the water from the wells, owing to many of them having been poisoned. Food cost 50 roubles a day, and even then it was only possible to get two meals, and tea without sugar.

One day the Russians at Lenkoran, having no faith in their own mechanics, sent to Prisheb for the Australian mechanic. On their arrival at Lenkoran the place was found in an uproar, but the fixing up of the station was only a matter of an hour or so. By this time news had come through that Baku had fallen into the hands of the Turks. Consequently things looked very black, as the peasants began to doubt the ability of the "English" to keep the Turk in check. On the return journey he was furnished with a bodyguard of Russian soldiers, and had a very wild ride inland to Prisheb, where the situation was now almost as serious. If something didn't happen soon there would be no hope for the Britishers. On the 26th the O.C., Major Hunt, decided to escape from Russia at the first chance, and get back by horse to Persia, the party buying its way as far as possible, and then taking the risk. Next day the position became a little easier, as the Russians, under the supervision of Major Hunt, defeated a strong party of raiding Tartars.

Finally on October 18th, during a storm, they saw their opportunity, and left Prisheb by a motor lorry which was stolen from a Russian transport unit. During the run the road was so slippery that on numerous occasions the lorry skidded off into the ditches below, but whenever this happened all put their shoulders to the wheel and succeeded in extricating it, for safety depended on time!—and Enzeli Radio was reached at last. The station here continued to remain in Australian hands up to within a few weeks of the embarkation of the squadron for Australia, when it was found more convenient to control this district from Constantinople.

Mirzali, station servant on No. 9 at Hamadan. From his savings he had this morning bought a new outfit—tunic, cummerbund, felt waistcoat and kwollah. We teased him by saying he had "raft" (stolen) them

EVENTS IN PERSIA.

Meanwhile it had been determined that all Australians were to be withdrawn from Persia. Accordingly, on August 24th, No. 9 was relieved by No. 29 Daimler Lorry (2nd Wireless Squadron), and three days later No. 17 at Kermanshah was staffed with a new personnel and became known as No. 41.

Early in September the Turks, seeing the Dunsterforce well engaged in the Baku adventure, began to develop their long-threatened thrust upon the Persian road. At this time the highway through Zingan to Kasvin and Teheran was held only by a small party of the Dunsterforce and a few levies, and in a few days these outposts were driven back from the Shibly Pass, near Tabriz, to Jemalabad. In order to strengthen this line a company of 1/2nd Ghurkas and a machine-gun section (known as "Sweet's Column") were hurriedly despatched from Hamadan to Zingan by the direct route northwards. To this column was attached No. 9 Wagon, which had an exciting twelve days getting its heavy gear over high mountain passes crossed only by donkey tracks. The station was erected nightly, in case any further developments had taken place in the situation, but with their own line cut behind them at Damascus, the Turks made no further advance. On September 29th No. 9 began the long 600-mile trek from Zingan to Baghdad, which was reached on November 21st after forty-one days. (This wagon had by now rolled on its own wheels from Basrah to Zingan, and back to Ruz railhead—practically 1500 miles, and it was reported that the station sweeper had *walked* the whole way, carrying three hurricane lamps!).

No. 6 Station closed at Senneh on November 16th and reached Hamadan on the 22nd, where it remained in reserve under orders of the 2nd Wireless Squadron. Two months later it was disbanded, and the staff returned to Baghdad on the 1st of February, 1919.

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A Baker of Kermanshah.

THE AUSTRALIANS OF THE DUNSTERFORCE

(By Lieut.-Col. S. G. Savige, D.S.O., M.C., in collaboration with Captain F. Lord, M.C., M.M.).

THE BIRTH OF THE FORCE

The Dunsterforce was formed in order to bar Germany's way to India, which has always been an important strategical point aimed at by the enemies of England. Napoleon clearly saw that a blow there would gain immense results, and, as a prelude, conquered Egypt, which country would serve as a jumping-off ground for operations against India. This policy was frustrated by Sir Sydney Smith at Acre. The Germans had embodied the idea in their general strategical programme in the event of a war with Britain, and as a beginning, commenced laying the Berlin-Baghdad line, with its terminus at the head of the Persian Gulf, a point within striking distance of India.

On the entry of Turkey into the Great War, our counter-move against this plan was Townshend's expedition, which met a dismal fate; but our position and prestige were re-established when General Maude captured Baghdad and made his line some eighty miles north of that city. This secured the southern approach to India. The Russians held the Eastern frontier from the Black Sea in the north to the British right flank in the south. This front was held by a continuous line in the Caucasus, and farther south by a line of posts, where touch with the British was maintained by mounted patrols. Thus the Eastern approach to India was secured, and India protected; but with the Revolution, and the breaking up of the Russian forces on the Eastern front, the way to India was open, *via* the overland routes leading from Turkey through Persia and Afghanistan.

Such was the position in the late summer of 1917, a time of vital importance to both sides. On the enemy side a move on India would coincide with the contemplated German offensive of 1918 in France. If successful, it would force the British to send large forces of troops to the East to save India. To the British, who knew of the storm threatening on the Western front, the despatch of troops from France at this critical time might be fatal. Every man who could be mustered would be needed. All that could be contemplated was to hold with small forces the passes and routes leading from Turkey to India. But our only way of reaching Persia and the Caucasus, where those passes lay, was *via* Mesopotamia and across the highlands of Persia, a most difficult job through lack of roads and transport.

The War Office plan was to buy all warlike stores and equipment from the departing Russians, and to despatch to Persia a selected number of officers and N.C.O.'s to raise an army on the spot from among the various races of the Near East. The utmost secrecy was to be observed, and the men selected were neither told where they were to go, nor any other details. They consisted of approximately 350 officers and N.C.O.'s., selected from France, Salonica, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and German East Africa;* the Australian quota was 18 officers and 20 sergeants. The leader of the expedition was General Dunsterville, the original "Stalky" of Kipling's *Stalky and Co.*

This "force" assembled at Baghdad during the middle of February, 1918. Much time was devoted to the study of the Russian and Persian languages, machine-gun drill, infantry training, sword drill, revolver practice and transport duties. As the Persian passes are snow-bound in winter, the force was kept in hand, but the leading parties were to make a dash immediately an opportunity presented itself. Dunsterville, who had arrived in Mesopotamia towards the end of the winter, had already moved on and established his headquarters at Hamadan, in Persia.

Unfortunately, the troops were mixed, and then divided into groups. On looking back, it is considered by those who took part that, had the troops retained their national integrity as Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans and Imperial troops, and been used as independent units on the various missions, greater results would have been obtained. Dunsterville lost the advantage of the great keenness which might have been engendered by national pride, an incentive for each party to outdo the others.

[*Note.—Commanders of Australian divisions in France were each asked to nominate four officers "who are prepared to take part in what may possibly be a hazardous enterprise, requiring initiative, resource, and courage, and power of dealing with and managing men. It is essential that only really good men, constitutionally strong, as well as of determined character should be selected." They must be volunteers, and could not be informed as to the nature of their prospective service.—Editor.]

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Ruined gateway, Kasr-i-Shirin, a relic of the Sassanian days.

The first party left Baghdad on the night of 17th April, 1918. This was the beginning of a 600 mile trek, by foot, across Persia. In this party were Captains Hooper, Scott-Olsen, Williams, and Savige, of the A.I.F. Unfortunately we cannot trace the names of the sergeants in this and the other parties, as no record was kept beyond the individual diaries of the several members. The force was to subsist on the country, and, during the next nine months, great privations were endured through lack of food, due to a terrible famine then ravishing Persia. The parties marching adopted the formation laid down for mountain warfare, with strong guards for the convoy of mules which carried the paraphernalia of the party. The marches were forced ones, over extremely mountainous country, and could only be endured by highly trained men; and when sickness broke out among the troops, any man who was not absolutely fit soon succumbed to the privations and quickly died. The Australians proved to be a particularly hardy people. The second party to move forward to Persia consisted of about 80 officers and 150 N.C.O.'s. Of the officers, 64 marched on foot, including 13 Australians. Only 14 completed the march (without a rest or mount); and of these 10 were Australians.

The inhabitants, chiefly Mohammedans, were at first not at all friendly, and treachery on the part of both Kurds and Persians was fairly common. The Persians were found to be in a pitiable plight. They had been invaded twice by Russians and twice by Turks. The villages had been sacked and the crops burned, the Russians, so the inhabitants said, treating them worse than the Turks. The people of the working class wandered about, almost naked, living only on the grass and roots of the fields. Almost every woman carried a child. The men looked after themselves, and abandoned their women to whatever fate might overtake them.

The British troops were at first viewed with suspicion; but they began to feed the people, for whom they also found work—and, when the Dunsterforce eventually left the country, the Persians were working under the supervision of Indian soldiers, apparently happy, prosperous to a certain extent, well-disposed towards the British, and glad of their intervention.

On joining up with Dunsterville at Hamadan, some 30 of the first party (including the Australians above-mentioned) were ordered to push through to the Caspian Sea and endeavour, if possible, to go by sea to Baku and rally the Armenians of that city to our cause. Unfortunately Kuchik Khan, a native chief, who had been bought over by the Germans, barred the way from Kasvin to the Caspian. Dunsterville then determined to hold Kasvin, on the main Baghdad-Caspian Sea road, as his right flank, and the passes on the three routes leading from Turkey to India, which crossed the main highway, as advanced posts. A troop of Hussars was accordingly despatched to Kasvin, and the first party of Dunsterforce was ordered north to Zinjan, and thence south-west to Bijar, a city which commanded the central route. The other parties moving up from Mesopotamia were in turn side-tracked, one to Senna, commanding the left route, and another to Zinjan, commanding the right route. Thus the three routes from Turkey to India were held by parties of the force, who maintained contact with headquarters, and with each other, by wireless.

The situation remained unchanged for some time. Dunsterville was for the time being frustrated in his plan of moving on to Baku, capturing the oil fields, and then moving west to Tiflis, an important city in the heart of the Caucasus. The enemy had by now information as to our occupation of Persia, but the first round had been won by Dunsterville. We definitely held Persia and the highways to India. Fortunately for our plans, Persian exaggeration magnified the force into divisions; in fact, Ludendorff, in his *War Memories*, writes of our operations as those of "large British forces operating in Persia."

The enemy soon got busy to meet our threat by moving one German and two Turkish divisions to the Caucasus. Dunsterville realised that he must still maintain the offensive but could do nothing of importance until he had enrolled Persian or Kurdish levies. Meanwhile parties of the 4th Hants Regiment (about a company) and the 1/2nd Ghurkha Regiment (about one weak company) had been procured from the M.E.F., and these, together with a few of the Dunsterforce and odd Russian detachments, forming "Bicherakov's Brigade," were pushed through by car towards the Caspian. Kuchik Khan was attacked and defeated, his tribesmen refusing to face the artillery; he surrendered and was taken over as an ally (paid of course) by Dunsterville, who thereupon occupied Enzeli, the South Caspian seaport.

The way now appeared open to Baku, on the Caspian, and Bicharakov and his Cossacks went on thither. To make clear the next moves it is necessary to follow the fortunes of the Bijar and Baku parties separately.

THE BIJAR PARTY.

The Bijar party comprised about 30 officers and N.C.O.'s, under Major Starnes, D.S.O., a New Zealander, who proved to be an excellent leader. The Australians in it were Captains Hooper, M.C., Scott-Olsen (later awarded the M.C.), Williams (a Rhodes Scholar from South Australia), and Savige, M.C. (afterwards awarded the D.S.O.), and Sgts. Wallace, Smith, Murphy, D.C.M. (later awarded a bar to his D.C.M.), Carson and Millar.

On arrival at Bijar, Starnes pitched camp on the outskirts of the town. The party was at first viewed with suspicion and expected trouble. To make matters worse, the Kurds were carrying on their customary raids in this particular district. Their chieftain, a Sirdar who resided in Bijar, practically had the Persian Governor at his mercy. The Kurds treated the Persians with contempt, and the unfortunate Persians were so terror-stricken that they gathered their harvest by moonlight, fearing to leave their womenfolk unprotected during the day. Experience soon proved that the Persians were useless as soldiers. The Kurds, however, were of a different calibre and, if enlisted on our side, would be valuable for operations against the Turkish posts to the north. Whether they would be loyal was unknown, but the odds were against it.

Negotiations were therefore opened to enlist the sympathy of the temporal and spiritual leaders of these wild tribesmen. Money, for bribing the leading men, of course played a large part. The outcome was a distinct willingness on the part of the leaders to accept bribes, and then, when led by two or three of the party on some expedition, to sell us to the enemy or murder us as conveniently as possible. At Bijar the

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position soon became one of stalemate. Work, however, was booming—famine relief, road making, map making, and the training of a Persian police force.

This state of affairs lasted for some six weeks, when there trickled through the news that a large body of Armenians and Assyrians were besieged in the city of Urmieh, on the shores of Lake Urmieh, to the north. The information was passed to Dunsterville, who eventually persuaded the G.O.C., Mesopotamian Force, to send an airman to carry out a reconnaissance. The airman reported that 100,000 Christians were actually besieged at Urmieh. Their fighting force was approximately 15,000 badly organised irregulars. They also controlled the lake with gunboats, which had been left by the Russians when they retreated after the Revolution.

DUNSTERVILLE'S NEXT MOVE.

This news caused a sudden development of Dunsterville's plan and opened for him a new chance. It must be remembered that the general disposition of our troops then was:—

Headquarters and the main party at Hamadan.
Right-flank party (some 30 Dunsterforce, 250 British troops, and detachments of General Bicherakov's Cossacks), at Enzeli on the Caspian side.
Right forward post (about 30)—Zinjan.
Centre forward post (about 30)—Bijar.
Left forward post (about 30)—Senna.
Other small detachments at Resht and Kermanshah on the left flank.

The enemy dispositions were, so far as we knew:—

Baku Area: 1 German and two weak Turkish divisions.
Urmieh Area: 1 strong or possibly two weak Turkish divisions.

The situation demanded bold and rapid strategical moves. The operations would be certainly of a nature which one would expect to appeal to "Stalky," who never once flinched from the ordeals to which he and his force were committed. Dunsterville, as we knew him, was a man of 50 years of age, 6ft. in height, strong, tough looking, and rather stern, though this was somewhat relieved by a twinkle in his eyes. He was pleasant to speak to, and had a wealth of anecdote acquired during service in many countries. He spoke a number of languages, including French, Russian, Hindustani, and Chinese.

As usual he rose to this occasion. His plan was to make his main attack on the Germans and Turks in the Baku area. Here he expected Armenian and Russian co-operation. If successful he could penerate to Tiflis and other important cities and rail-junctions in the Caucasus. The most important objective was naturally the control of the oil wells at Baku, which was to be the base for subsequent operations. He realised, however, that a diversion was necessary to draw some of the enemy forces from Baku, and thus make it easier for us to attain the main objective in that area.

The Urmich situation lent itself to such an enterprise. A demonstration here had every chance of leading the enemy to believe that our route to the Caucasus was *via* Tabriz, the Persian railhead of the Caucasian railway system. A thrust here would also threaten the enemy's lines of communication to Baku. Accordingly a party was ordered to proceed to Urmieh.

THE URMIEH DIVERSION.

Capt. Savige was detailed from the Bijar party to carry out this diversion. His force consisted of five other officers and 15 sergeants—the Australian members were Capt. Scott-Olsen, Sergeants B. F. Murphy, C. T. Wallace and H. J. Smith; and his orders were to proceed to Sain Kaleh, there meet a force of Armenians, and thence move to Urmieh and immediately take over the Christian army and the gunboats on the lake. The civil administration of the Christian populace was also to be taken over, a special political officer being attached to the force for this work.

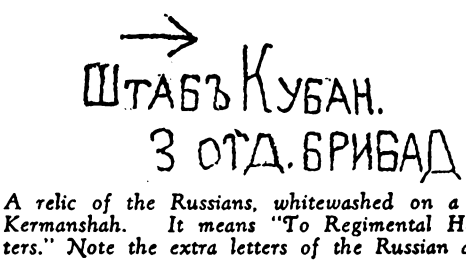
It was essential that an offensive should be launched from Urmieh at the earliest possible moment. To facilitate this, Lewis guns, small arm ammunition, and money were taken by the party. The mule and camel convoy would be too large to be safely escorted by the party through the wild tribal districts of the north, and a troop of cavalry was accordingly ordered to escort it to Sain Kaleh.

The party left Bijar on July 19th and arrived at Sain Kaleh on the 23rd. There was no news of the Armenians, who were due on the 24th. The party waited until the 26th, when the cavalry commander stated that, unless a move was made at once, he would lose his horses, as no more fodder could be obtained. The force then fell back to Takkan Tepe, midway between Sain Kaleh and Bijar. The tribe in this district, the Afshahs, were a very fine type, and the chieftain appeared friendly. Savige therefore decided to remain and endeavour to enlist a force of Afshahs to break through to Urmieh should the Armenians be unable to do so. Half the cavalry remained until this force could be raised.

DISASTER.

On August 1st news arrived that the Armenians were moving south. Next morning Savige moved north, and that evening met the Christians. The following day the combined force started for Urmieh. On arrival at Sain Kaleh the enterprise was suddenly faced with disaster. From the direction of Urmieh there began to pour in upon it an endless crowd of panic-stricken refugees. This break-away had been caused by the departure of the Assyrian leader, Aga Petros, with the Assyrian force which was to meet Savige and return with him to Urmieh. Aga Petros had commanded at Urmieh three classes of Christians: the Armenians from Lake Van district; the Jelus from the mountains between Van and Urmieh; and the Assyrians from the Urmieh district. Only the Assyrians had any home interest in Urmieh; and, therefore, no sooner did news spread that Aga Petros had led a force of Assyrians through the southern Turkish lines than the Armenians and Jelus deserted the front to seek safety with the British farther south. The Turks soon discovered that there was no opposition on their front and immediately moved on to the city. Dr. Shedd and other American missionaries did their utmost to rally the Armenians, but without success.

For three days the road from Urmieh to Sain Kaleh was thronged with refugees, hard pressed by Turks and Kurds. Savige, with Scott-Olsen, Capt. Nicol (of the New Zealand forces), and six sergeants, moved out to establish a rear-guard. A force of 100 Christians was promised by Petros to join this party, but so great was the panic that, except for one chieftain, this force could not be collected. For forty-eight hours Savige was in touch with, and for eight hours fighting, a known force



A relic of the Russians, whitewashed on a wall in Kermanshah. It means "To Regimental Headquarters." Note the extra letters of the Russian alphabet.

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of 250 Turkish and 250 Kurdish cavalry, reinforced by at least half as many tribesmen. Fortunately, the party had three Lewis guns, and the Turks had no machine guns. Captain Nicol was killed, three horses shot down, and all the mules with rations and reserve ammunition were lost; but the enemy were beaten off by machine-gun fire, and the party returned.

The refugees were then protected until they reached Bijar on the 17th of August. The horrors of their plight are beyond description, and the hardships endured by Savige's party can be judged from the fact that, within 24 hours of reaching Bijar, every member of it but one had collapsed. Fighting was frequent, every man had fever, some were delirious, and little rest could be obtained. Savige was down with fever and beriberi, and soon sent out of the country. Many of the others died as a result of strain and privations. Not more than four were ever again fit for duty.

BAKU.

It remains to describe the efforts of the Dunsterforce at Baku. The Bolsheviks in that city were bitterly hostile to the British and not unfavourably disposed towards the Turks. But the Armenians, who hated the Turks, threw out the Bolsheviks (who sailed for Astrakan with all the guns and ammunition they could seize) and appealed to the British to assist them. When it became known that affairs in this important centre were coming to a head, and that the place was in danger of falling into the hands of the Turks, Dunsterville decided to send thither some specialists who were required for the artillery. Accordingly a party consisting of six officers (including Capt. Lord, A.I.F.) and about 20 N.C.O.'s, under the command of Captain Campbell, R.F.A., was pushed through to Kasvin, where it joined an intelligence party containing some of the Russians who had joined the Dunsterforce in London. This move, from Hamadan to Kasvin on horseback, took nine days, the distance being 150 miles. At Kasvin the party reported to Colonel Keyworth, second-in-command of the Dunsterforce (and afterwards commander of the troops in Baku).

An appeal being received from the Mensheviks at Baku, Keyworth pushed on from Kasvin with a party comprising Colonel Stokes (liason officer with Bicherakov's force), six junior officers, and about the same number of N.C.O.'s. The majority of the N.C.O.'s who had reached Kasvin with the artillery party were left there owing to a shortage of petrol for transport.

Upon arrival of Colonel Keyworth's party at the Caspian port of Enzeli, about 2nd August, information was received by Russian wireless that Baku had either fallen or was about to fall, and consequently it was doubtful whether the party should go on or remain at Enzeli. The situation, however, presently appeared more hopeful. General Dunsterville, though warning the Armenians that his force was weak, and that they must defend themselves, ordered Keyworth to send Colonel Stokes and party, with a bodyguard of 50 men from the Hants Regiment, to Baku. The force left on the 3rd by one of the trade steamers—a vessel of about 3000 tons—plying between Enzeli and Baku, and arrived at the latter place on the afternoon of the 4th. It was met by the British Consul, who a few days previously had run down to Enzeli to report, and by representatives of the Russian and Armenian staffs.

The situation was discussed with these representatives, and found to be serious, it soon becoming clear that all discipline had gone from the Russo-Armenian troops. The Turks had attacked a few days before, driven in the Russo-Armenian force, and were now holding the outskirts of the town. During this attack, Bicherakov's force, which had been fighting in the lines before Baku, was cut off; it then proceeded to Durbent, about 150 miles to the north, where it continued to operate during the time the British were in Baku.

As a result of the discussion it was decided to disembark and take up quarters in one of the hotels. While this was being carried out, the British colony at Baku left the harbour for Enzeli. The British troops received a warm welcome from thousands of people who were lining the streets. The officers were quartered in the Hotel Europe, and the men in the Hotel Metropole.

Upon disembarkation, the Russians wanted Colonel Stokes to become Commander-in-Chief, but he thought he could be of more use by acting as intelligence officer, leaving the Russo-Armenian staff to command their own troops under his supervision. Much confusion existed owing to there being several staffs, but Stokes did his best to co-ordinate their efforts. The infantry was found to be about 6000 in number, divided into 22 battalions, holding a line of 21,000 yards, unwired, several miles from the city. The troops were governed by officers and by committees, but obeyed neither. The Turks held a line about 2000 yards beyond, and were possibly 10,000 strong.

During the night of August 4th Colonel Stokes consulted the different staffs and decided that the Turks were to be pushed back, but next morning the position was worse. The troops were making no attempt to fight, and during the night Colonel Stokes had telegraphed for reinforcements to Colonel Keyworth (who commanded the Dunsterforce party in Baku, but temporarily retained his headquarters at Enzeli). In view of the seriousness of the situation, Colonel Stokes went out to the line on the morning of the 5th and, with the aid of an interpreter, addressed many groups of the different troops. The men complained that they had no leader and that they did not know what to do; but eventually they decided to go out and push the Turks back, being accompanied by their womenfolk, who carried rations, and sometimes rifles, and spurred on the men. So successful was Colonel Stokes' speech that, on the left or southerly portion of our line, which was in danger at the time, the Turks were pushed back three miles to the ridge overlooking the Baku-Tiflis railway.

It was now found that neither the eight British officers, who had been attached as "assistant commanders" to local battalions and brigades, nor the N.C.O.'s, could effect much by leading the Russo-Armenian troops, and that the British would have to do the fighting themselves. Reinforcements were therefore asked for to strengthen the party, and, on the evening of the 5th, about 150 officers and men of the Staffordshire Regiment, a few more Dunsterforce officers and N.C.O.'s, an armoured car machine-gun company, a couple of armoured cars, and several Ford cars arrived by steamer. The reinforcements were very welcome, and were quartered in the Hotel Metropole. The steamer also brought food supplies to supplement the stores in Baku, which had become short through the Turks cutting the Baku-Tiflis railway. Later food became very scarce, the British troops being able to get only a little black bread, sugar, tea, and a limited supply of meat. Owing to German and Austrian propaganda in Baku it was not

So that lorry drivers would not get entirely lost, Dunsterforce named the principal streets of Hamadan. There was also to be seen "Canada Avenue", "New Zealand Street", "Poor Relief Street", etc. Note the phonetic transcription into Persian.

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possible to draw on what few supplies were there, as the enemy element would have made capital of this to the detriment of the Allied cause. On August 6th some of the new reinforcements were sent to the left flank to strengthen the Armenians holding the line. The remainder were held in reserve to be available to reinforce threatened parts.

During the next few days parties of Staffords, Gloucesters, and Warwicks arrived, as well as some more Dunsterforce officers and N.C.O.'s. The former were sent out to the line to hold defended posts, and the Dunsterforce officers and N.C.O.'s detailed to supervise the work of the various Russo-Armenian staffs, battalions, and batteries.

From the 6th to the 17th of August the whole front was quiet and the morale of the Russo-Armenian troops improved. The Turks were reported to be short of food. The Tartars sent in envoys to say that they were ready to fight the Turks, providing the British would protect them from the Armenians who had, some time previously, attacked them, treating them badly, and wantonly damaging captured villages, etc. British envoys were sent out to the Tartars but were captured by the Turks in a Tartar village. Eventually the Tartars assisted the Turks against the British.

On the 17th an attack by about 1000 Russo-Armenian troops, assisted by about 100 British, was planned to take place on the right flank. It proved to be a fiasco. The Russo-Armenian troops pretended to attack all the morning without advancing a yard, and then said it was the turn of the British troops to attack, at the same time retreating, although there was no great opposition, and leaving the British with both flanks in the air. Later the Russo-Armenians started firing over the heads of the British to support them, but their shots frequently fell short among the troops.

On reaching Baku it had been found that the Russo-Armenians had about six batteries in action, the most efficient one being commanded by the Bolshevik Petrov, but on the whole the gunners were not efficient. In addition to these batteries there were others guns up to 6in. howitzer in the arsenal at Baku, but no personnel available to work them. The Dunsterforce artillery personnel was organised under Captain Gwatkins, R.F.A., and sent out to command the batteries. They found their task very difficult. One of the Australian officers (Capt. Lord), had two N.C.O.'s. to assist him. The Russian guns were strange, and the British personnel had to learn by experiment. It speaks well for their enthusiasm and energy that within a few days the British officers had the guns firing with greater accuracy than the Russians had thought possible. The main difficulty was that of language, and the English N.C.O.'s with Captain Lord proved of little assistance, being too slow in learning the common Russian terms or words of command, and not appreciating the character of the men under their command. They were, therefore, chiefly used for general work around the battery position, such as care of stores and guns, and building shelters for the men.

The batteries came under Russian groups but received few orders from the group commander, doing most of their shooting at observed targets. The situation was thus one in which the battery commander had to act according to his own discretion. For example, on the 26th of August one battery which was firing almost due west had to be turned to engage infantry advancing from the south-east. Each battery was commanded in this way, and the opinion of the Dunsterforce officers was that, if they had remained in Baku long enough to get a good working knowledge of the language, they would have been able to make something of the Russo-Armenians as artillerymen.

From the 17th to the 26th the situation was again quiet. On the 18th August General Dunsterville arrived in Baku to ascertain the situation. Knowing the seriousness of the position and the value of the Baku oil wells, he decided that the British troops should remain in Baku and try and hold it. Another attack was planned on the right flank, and the necessary preparations were being made when, on the morning of the 26th, the Turks in force attacked the Russo-Armenian troops on that flank. The Armenian artillery for a time replied, but gradually the Armenians ran, and left parties of the 9th Staffords holding an exposed position known as "Dirty Vulcan." The Staffords were forced, through heavy casualties, to withdraw, but, fighting excellently, formed another line 400 yards back. Later, about 1000 Turks again attacked still farther to the right, advancing across the open. Upon seeing them advance, the Russo-Armenian troops immediately fled. A party of three officers and 90 men of the Staffords was rushed from Dkeia village to hold a strong point—Binagadi Hill—and generally to "buck up" the Russo-Armenian troops; but, on reaching the hill, they found that the Dunsterforce officer in command of the Armenian "Iron Battalion" had been wounded, and all his Armenian troops gone, except some 30 or 40, held back by a Dunsterforce N.C.O., who was killed later in the day. The Staffords immediately moved up and opened rifle and machine-gun fire. By this time the Turks were within 1000 yards of the hill. A battery opened on them from the right, and the shelling, together with the rifle and machine-gun fire, broke up the attack, which approached only within 200 yards. The hill was held by the British throughout the day and night.

The 27th was quiet, but on the 28th and 29th the Turks again attacked and drove the Russo-Armenian forces one and a half or two miles back on the right flank. On the 1st of September another attack was launched and, as before, the Russo-Armenians put up a poor fight, with the result that the Turks advanced farther into Baku, though such heavy casualties were inflicted upon them that they were afterwards quiet for fourteen days. At the end of August Dunsterville could see no hope of holding out with such weak-kneed troops as the Armenians, and decided to withdraw the British. He communicated this decision to the Russians and preparations for embarkation were begun, but, as the Turks attacked again that day, the British troops were forced to remain.

From 2nd to 14th September the situation remained quiet and the food supplies improved. Through spies it became known that the Turks had decided to attack the left flank about the 14th, and, the exact point and time of attack being known, preparations were made to meet it. The enemy duly attacked in strength, and, meeting with little resistance from the Armenians, continued to push them in. Bicherakov's force had been recalled to Baku, but unfortunately only its advance-guard reached Baku that day. British troops, however, were moved to the left flank to counter-attack, and in the fighting which followed the Staffords and Warwicks suffered heavy casualties. On the right flank the Worcesters near Baladjari village were deserted by the Armenians and almost surrounded. One Armenian-Russian unit near Baladjari station also held its ground. But it was evident that Baku was doomed.

In the meantime Armenians, without consulting the British commander, had opened negotiations for surrender, and in the evening affairs were found to have come to such a pass that the British troops must be withdrawn. They left Baku at 8.30 p.m. on the 14th September. Notice of the withdrawal had reached all officers except Major Suttor, who, with a sergeant, was left behind. All equipment which could not be removed was either blown up or burned, and the transports, eluding the guardship at the entrance to the harbour, returned safely to Enzeli. Suttor and the sergeant escaped with refugees to Krasnovodsk, and eventually rejoined the British.

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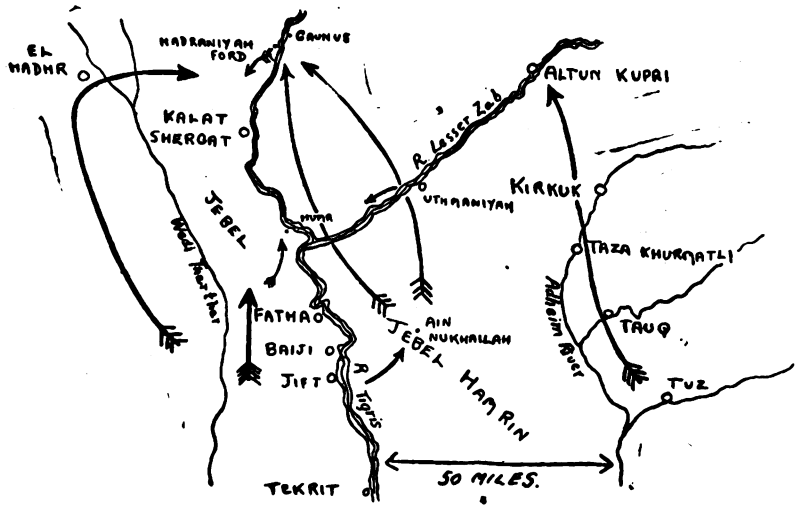

Sketch map, showing routes traversed by the five columns who participatd in the Kalat Shergat offensive.

KALAT SHERGAT AND MOSUL

By October, the effect of Allenby's victories had been felt in Iraq. Several threats, chief amongst them that against the Persian road, were no longer to be feared. It seemed, therefore, to be the moment to take the offensive against the Turkish Tigris front.

For nearly eighteen months the Turks had been holding a position of great natural strength astride the Fatha Gorge (where the Tigris pierces two formidable ranges of hills); moreover, their western flank was protected by a waterless desert. The prospect did not look very promising; in fact, General Marshall would have preferred to attack along the Kurdish road (through Kirkuk). Out there, however, the front line was far from railhead, and transport was short owing to the demands of the Persian adventure. He had, therefore, to content himself with making a demonstration of strength in these foot-hills. Accordingly, General Lewin (with the 13th Division) moved from his summer camp at Tuz to Tauq (capturing the important German bridge there) and thence to Kirkuk. Eventually (October 26th) he drove a superior force across the River Zab, and occupied Altun Kupri. No. 8 station provided communications for this force during its week's strenuous advance, and earned special commendation. Traffic was routed through No. 1 wagon at Kifri and No. 2 at Baqubah.

Meanwhile, events on the Tigris had moved more than swiftly. For a month all arms had been busy preparing. Dumps were established at railhead; wells were developed and canvas tanks filled at the pass Ain Nukhailah in the Jebel Hamrin, through which the cavalry brigades were to pass on their way to the Zab (No. 13 station went with the 55th Infantry Brigade detailed for this preparatory work). All sources of transport were drawn upon to provide a maximum mobility, and an armoured-car column was made self-contained for several days.

The map indicates the general plan of the campaign. On the west the Armoured Car Brigade was to proceed to El Hadhr, and establish a base there for raiding the Mosul road, cutting telegraph lines, etc. With them went No. 13 station—the motor station that had already been in the field at Tekrit; the equipment consisted of a pack set established in Ford vans. On the same bank was the 17th Division, which was to bear the brunt of a frontal attack.

On the eastern bank the 18th Division (No. 24 Station of the 2nd Squadron attached) was under orders to advance northwards in support of the 7th Cavalry Brigade (accompanied by No. 7 Wireless Station). These formations opened the offensive, and their movements in face of heavy artillery fire were so decisive as to cause the Turks to abandon their strong position astride the Fatha Gorge.

At the same time a special mission—and, incidentally, an arduous and exciting one—was allotted to Cassells and his 11th Cavalry Brigade (No. 10 station attached), which concentrated at Ain Nukhailah Springs on the 23rd. On the following day they moved northwards over 45 miles of waterless desert, and struck the lesser Zab River 20 miles above the Tigris at a deep ford at Uthmaniyah. The Turks were holding the ford in some strength, but the crossing was forced with surprisingly few casualties. Almost simultaneously, in the face of considerable opposition and heavy shell-fire—in which the wireless station shared—the 7th Cavalry Brigade and the leading infantry brigade of 18th Division succeeded in capturing another crossing of the Zab—at the point where it flows into the Tigris. Cassells had by now managed to get a considerable part of his force across the river, and was able to despatch a party downstream on the far bank. As a result of these operations, the Turks vacated the eastern bank of the Tigris.

But on the right bank matters progressed more slowly. There the 17th Division was keeping in touch with the enemy, but with great difficulty, as its path lay over deep ravines and precipitous slopes. All transport had to be converted to packs; the difficulties in bringing up artillery were immense; and both heat and lack of water proved severe trials. Nevertheless, the division worked steadily forward, and captured Humr, site of the Turkish bridgehead, at the point of the bayonet.

Now came the great moment of the two "special mission" parties—the armoured cars and Cassells' cavalry. The former advanced from their base at El Hadhr and, after one or two raids, cut the telegraph lines to Mosul, thus isolating the Turkish force. Cassells struck across the desert on another 40-mile march, seeking a reported ford between Gaunus and Hadraniyah. This movement was successfully masked by the 7th Cavalry Brigade advancing up the left bank and so attracting the attention of the Turks. At nightfall, however, the 7th had to retire to Fatha bridgehead to fill up with supplies. The ford was discovered at 3.30 p.m., but entailed the crossing of three channels of the river—one of which was flowing five feet deep, and with a strong current. By the next

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morning (27th) the leading regiments had taken up a strong position blocking the road to Mosul. Later in the day Cassells was in touch with the armoured-car column, and, with the double object of assisting the advancing infantry and of concealing his own weakness, commenced to advance on Shergat.

By noon on the 28th the right-bank troops were at Shergat and had driven the Turks from their trenches. But they could not follow up their victory. Men and animals were completely exhausted, the heat was intense, and water was almost non-existent. Late in the afternoon the leading battalions of the 18th Division, after a forced march of 33 miles, began to catch up. During the night the Turks were able to concentrate and make heavy attacks on these troops blocking their homeward road. But the effort was made too late, for Cassells had now been reinforced by the rest of the infantry and by the 7th Cavalry Brigade.

Dawn on the 29th broke on an undefeated and stubborn enemy lying between Cassells' command and the 17th Division. All troops had been marching and fighting for four days, with but little rest and extreme shortage of water and rations. Yet it was imperative for the corps commander to call upon them for renewed exertions. The cavalry had their hands full—they had to deal with enemy reinforcements brought down on the Mosul side, as well as with the efforts of the main body to break through. As before, the brunt of the attack was borne by the 17th Division, which responded magnificently.

FINAL DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

The night of the 29th disclosed to the Turks their hopeless position. Gripped as in a vice, their men packed in ravines and raked by artillery across the river, and with all communication to Mosul cut off—there was but one thing left. Daylight saw white flags fluttering everywhere along the line.

This was the last battle fought by a Turkish army in the war, and it was contested by the stubborn defender of Kut-el-Amara. As on many previous occasions a large share in the hardships had again fallen to the lot of the squadron stations—30 and 40 mile marches without water (and with little bully and biscuit) became commonplace, and so did frequent erections and dismantlings when the men were thoroughly exhausted. The wireless pack horses with their heavy burdens kept to the front on every occasion. One G.O.C. was not exaggerating when he said, "The wireless was marvellous."

Immediately after the surrender, the more mobile troops were organised into a single column under General Cassells, Nos. 7, 10, 13 and 14 Stations accompanying it. Turkish troops were rounded up all the way to the oil wells at Quayarah (where the column was glad to take Turkish bread and onions as rations). No halt was called till Hammam Ali, 12 miles south of Mosul, was reached on November 1st. Here the Turkish commander met the British and requested their return to Quayarah. But General Marshall had reason to fear for the safety of the large Armenian population, and so ordered the cavalry to move on to Mosul. It was at Hammam Ali that news of the Armistice was received.

The experiences of the wireless stations in this last great push were so varied that we cannot do less than print the stories of the four which had the most active share in the work.

WITH No. 13 STATION AND THE LIGHT ARMOURED CARS.

"The motor-van stations were a serviceable combination of the useful pack-station and the equally useful Ford van. No. 13, the first of them to be established, spent the summer in camp with the 51st Brigade at Tekrit. On October 18th it was ordered out to the Ain Nukhailah pass in the Jebel Hamrin, through which the cavalry brigades were soon to pass. Camp was situated in a defile amidst a weird succession of ridges (some of over a thousand feet) so caused by a tilting of the strata. Water was available at some nearby springs (where the 7th Cavalry Brigade had watered during the Fatha stunt in the previous May), but it was exceedingly alkaline and unfit for drinking purposes. British organisation thereupon took a hand, and it was decided to erect lines of canvas tanks at this important strategic point, and to keep them filled with water by means of large convoys of Ford vans plying to and from the Tigris. Four bombs were dropped on the camp by an enemy aeroplane—there were several casualties among the British troops, but the wireless squadron had, by a matter of some twenty feet, yet another wonderful escape to its credit.

"After four days, No. 13 was relieved by a second squadron station (No. 24), and went back to Tekrit, passing on its way the advancing troops of the 7th Cavalry Brigade, an impressive, if somewhat dusty, spectacle. A day was spent getting ready, and then we were off with the 'armoureds' on the big stunt. The whole column—batteries of cars, with transport of every kind (they had to be self-contained for over a week)—moved out north-westward into the blue at dawn on the 24th. Tel Ajar was reached at 9 a.m., and the station erected; then the column pushed on to within a few miles of El Hadhr, the vast ruins of the Parthian city of Hatra, three times beseiged by the Roman Armies and still a desert capital for the Shummar Arabs.

"Next day the advance was taken, after very heavy going over deep nullahs, for which ramp crossings had to be formed, to within three miles south-west of Shergat. At the approach of the Jebel we struck an Arab irregular patrol, which galloped off over the skyline. From the summit of the ridge the scene was one of peace and quiet, with thousands of sheep grazing, and not a hint of warfare. But the armoureds went on and shelled the supply-dump and transport-lines of the astonished Turks, who, nevertheless, soon had a couple of field-guns on the job, and the cars had a hot time before getting out of a nullah. Enemy fire was still following them when they rejoined us. No. 13 made three attempts to erect but on each occasion was forced to retire. Then the last time, when we did succeed in getting the mast up, without drawing fire, we could not raise No. 5, the corps station. However, a visit from a couple of air force 'planes cheered us up. At nightfall we were at Tul-ul-Baqq, but could not clear our traffic until daylight, when the screening effect disappeared. Incidentally we passed an uneasy night in full expectation of an enemy raid.

"On the 26th we dismantled the station and retired back to the wadi (Kantara) for water. After this we advanced to a point about five miles west of Shergat (about 10 miles north of where we were yesterday). There we worked traffic with Nos. 5 and 10 (the latter with 11th Cavalry Brigade). The cars were out raiding as before, and managed to destroy the telegraph line to Mosul, thus cutting off the Shergat force from headquarters. But by now the 11th Cavalry Brigade, by a wonderful flanking movement, was astride the Turkish lines to the north of us. During the afternoon and evening the station was left alone with a derelict armoured. An enemy patrol was sighted, but fortunately it did not come closer.

"On the 27th we advanced a few miles, and then withdrew to Tul-ul-Baqq to pass traffic. At noon the cars came racing back. The British advancing from the south had arrived before the Shergat position and joined battle with the enemy. The armoureds had gone straight into the scrap, the column

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commander's car receiving a direct shell-hit in the radiator, with the result that the crew, in spite of a lively barrage put up by the guns of the cavalry, were taken prisoner. This left us without a leader, but Colonel Leachman (the famous British political agent) turned up with orders for us to join the cavalry, which we did, by a wide circuit. We found the cavalry commander rather pessimistic as to the future and doubting whether he could really hold the Turks if they chose to attack in any strength. So we set off again, but quickly found our route barred by a party of new arrivals from Mosul. Doubling round the nullah we came to a possible crossing, but it was only just possible, and the whole of the transport had to be man-handled across, hastened by two 5.9 shells, which landed within 100 yards. A similar anxious delay occurred at a second nullah; then we got well away, and after a long run arrived back at Tul-ul-Baqq, our old home on the summit of the Jebel. Station passed traffic all night to the accompaniment of the gun-fire of the cavalry and infantry.

"Two days were passed in relaying traffic. Then came Turkish Armistice Day, when we went across the battlefield to give the cavalry at Huwaish a hand with their traffic. Next day the foremost troops were made up into a single column with Nos. 7, 14, and 10 stations. Each morning during the advance to Mosul our motor station was able to remain behind and clear up traffic, and then catch up with the column.

"No. 13 was the first station to erect in Mosul—but we were also the first to admit that the cavalry stations had experienced a harder time during the preceding week."

WITH No. 14 AND THE 17TH DIVISION.

"No. 14, the second of the motor pack stations which had been formed in June, was warned to be ready to move out from Baghdad early in October. About three weeks later we were with I. Corps H.Q. at Baiji, awaiting orders.

"At last, on the 27th, a message came through that we were to join Colonel Coningham, of the Highland Light Infantry, who was in command of the leading troops of the 17th Division. We arrived at his bivouac at dusk the same night, but did not erect. The H.L.I. had recently suffered heavy casualties in an attempt to silence some Turkish machine gun posts.

"By next morning reinforcements and supplies had come to hand and the advance, in which No. 14 joined, was continued. Transport of every description (including artillery drawn by caterpillar tractors), crowded the few tracks northward over the nullahs and hills of the Jebel, and we had a fine tussle to gain the right of way. Our next halt was just to the south of the battlefield of Kalat Shergat, where we stood by awaiting the result of the action. By this time, however, the cavalry stations were having difficulty in passing their traffic, and orders were sent for us to return to Bilalij to relay messages. But we had not been very long at the work before land-line communication with this post was established. Our next orders took us northward again to a point near Gaunus ferry, where we joined Fanshaw's Column, which was following behind the cavalry on the Mosul road.

"Quayarah was reached on the 2nd, Shura on the 3rd and Mosul on the 4th."

WITH NO. 7 STATION AND THE SEVENTH CAVALRY.

"Though Cassells' Cavalry Brigade left Baghdad first, we came straight through and, passing them at Samarrah (El Ajik), was first away from the Tigris. Transport was cut down to the minimum; we did not know where we were going, but did not mind that. Camp life is dull after stunting, and it was good to be off again.

"Dusk on October 21st, and the division was on the move—as stirring a sight as ever. Then bright moonlight bathed the plain, and we trekked light-heartedly towards the Jebel Hamrin.

"Tuesday, 22nd, 3 a.m., at Ain Nukhailah. We bivouacked till dawn; then watered up at long lines of canvas tanks. We had vivid recollections of the local water five months before, and were grateful that army organisation had been able to bring us good water so far from the river. We left Ain Nukhailah in the morning and covered 16 miles to another set of tanks which it had taken a tiny spring a fortnight or so to fill; then came another night march, and by dawn we were opposite Fatha ready to attack. But 'Johnny' had tricked us by abandoning his position, so next day we continued our advance, and at a point five miles south of the Lesser Zab our artillery at last came in touch with him.

"We had quite a good view of the proceedings, but the Turks soon replied with shrapnel and our station was ordered to retire, and, after watering our horses at the Tigris, to stand-by. So off we went to the river by ourselves and, after watering the horses, dismounted to fill our water-bottles and chargals—then bang! A gun on the other side had opened up on us. The first shell came over our heads; the second burst in the water in front of us and gave us a shower-bath. Taken by surprise, the horses reared and plunged and three of the pack animals cleared out up the cliffs. Away we went up the steep banks, and then scattered after the runaway packs. By this time it was dark, and we lost sight of one another. However, one by one we caught the horses and made our way downstream to the brigade camp, each fresh arrival being ironically cheered. We then settled down safely and erected station—after disentangling the aerial wires from the fetlocks of a Lancer patrol!

"Next day, the 25th, we moved off at 7 o'clock and erected five miles out; then followed up the brigade and erected again in the Zab river-bed. Off once more after Headquarters—more enemy fire—then re-crossed the Zab and camped on the southern side. But within an hour we had to dismantle on account of shell-fire; we also had a hot time fording the river. Ordinary and iron rations alike having run out, we had a splendid tea of emergency ration (that chocolate concoction in the little tin which every man carried). The horses, however, were starving.

"Saturday, the 26th—crossed Zab again and accompanied brigade on reconnaisance. Travelled about sixteen miles without encountering the enemy, so returned to our camp at the river. Late at night the ration gharries arrived, and just in time, too, for both men and horses were almost exhausted.

"On Sunday at 3 a.m. we moved back to Fatha for rations. By this time our horses were in a bad way—so one of the lads "puckerooed" a V Battery horse and, saddling up quickly, moved off with us. After an hour or so a torch was seen to flash its light for a moment on the rump of this animal, and a voice ordered the rider to dismount—V Battery had discovered the lost horse! We arrived opposite Fatha at 10.30 a.m., and men and horses enjoyed a good swim in the river. Drawing three days' ordinary rations, also emergency rations, we saddled in haste at 10 p.m. and set off at 12.30 for the Zab, which we crossed, and then, after half-an-hour's rest, went on through the heat of the day to the Tigris—a terrible forced march of 50 miles. The column lost nearly a quarter of its strength on the way through exhaustion, but this could not be helped, for we were racing to relieve Cassells' force, which was hemmed in between two strong bodies of Turks. Owing to the depth of the water our station was unable to cross the stream, so we were ordered to camp this side with No. 10, and a signal station was left to communicate with brigade headquarters. In a few hours our stragglers came up, while just before sundown thousands of Turks were seen marching on the other side of the river, and we felt completely cut off.

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"Next morning (29th) at dawn No. 10 station departed, and a few minutes later we were surprised by V Battery running its guns up alongside us and opening fire. Up went our headline, and, as the horses began to rear and plunge, we wasted no time in saddling up and getting away. But long before that shrapnel was bursting all around us—it was really a miracle that no one was hit. We managed to find a friendly nullah, and some time later we received orders to go downstream a couple of miles and there cross in pontoons. This we did, but a strenuous time it was for horses and men, for the river was nearly a quarter of a mile wide and the long swim nearly exhausted the animals. After a spell we proceeded to headquarters, arriving just in time to witness the whole brigade charging the Turkish position. We did not erect because of enemy fire, and after a short advance stood by with packs on all night. At 6 a.m. the packs were still on; at 9.30 the Turks surrendered, and almost immediately we left with the brigade northward. We did 30 miles in fast time, finishing up with the charge of the 16th Lancers on the Quayarah position. We were then issued with a handful of captured barley for each horse, and a Turkish biscuit and some onions for ourselves—and we slept well on them!

"Thursday, 31st—all day at Quayarah. At night the ration convoys caught up and we had some British food. Next day we were off again, but twenty miles out an aeroplane dropped a message, on the receipt of which we camped for the night—and, having commandeered a telegraph pole, had a good fire for our bobagee. On Nov. 2nd we advanced slowly to within a few miles of Mosul."

WITH No. 10 STATION AND CASSELLS.

"No. 10 finally got away from Tekrit at a quarter to three in the morning of October 23rd. The moon had set and it was pitch dark. An Arab guide led the brigade over the featureless plain. We walked all night—trotted all the morning—a thirty-mile march. At noon we were watering our horses at the canvas tanks at Ain Nukhailah. Only small fires, and these in the bottom of nullahs, were allowed in this camp.

"Off again at 2 a.m. on the 24th, reaching Sadiyah on the Zab, where we had a brush with the Turks. Some shell-fire drove us out of a nullah, where we had taken cover. Managed to get to camp at 8 p.m., but operators worked till two in the morning getting into communication. We spent all day at this bivouac (while the brigade forced a crossing, and also sent a party down-stream to assist the 7th) getting plenty of traffic for No. 5 and No. 1 (Kifri). Dismantled at dawn and forded the river at Uthmaniyah—here a swift running stream about five feet deep, quite impassable anywhere but at the ford; ferried instruments across in a pontoon. Re-saddled and did a forty-mile march by noon, trotting most of the way.

"By now we were within five miles of the Tigris. A patrol went forward with an interpreter and found that there was a ford about eight miles farther on near Gaunus. We covered the distance in quick time, and soon the engineers had a road cut down the steep cliffs, so that most of the brigade and the whole of the artillery crossed at once, taking up a position across the enemy's line of communications. We had achieved the impossible, covered 130 miles, mostly waterless desert, in four days—a flanking movement that the Turks could hardly have imagined to be possible.

"Early next morning we were ready to move, but orders came through that the water was too deep for us. We managed to get some millet for the horses, after some argument with the Arabs who owned it, and as we ourselves had no rations, tried boiling some of the heads for food. Fighting was continuous across the river and the brigade seemed to be hard pressed, but a message addressed to G.H.Q. (for us to transfer to station code) came through from General Cassells that he would hold on at all costs. We found out later that the usual army codes had been captured, together with the officer commanding the armoureds. No rations all day!

"October 28th proved to be an anxious day for General Cassells. In order both to conceal his weakness and to help the advancing infantry, he had to maintain continuous activity. To add to his troubles his rear was menaced by large reinforcements of Turks from Mosul (2,500 men, with artillery). He was asked to surrender three times! Meanwhile things were not too healthy on our side of the river—enemy troops were massing just opposite. All our men were standing by in readiness, when we saw, far off across the desert, the dust of the advancing 7th. They were, however, just in time, for our artillerymen were on the last of their ammunition. The 7th crossed at once, and, boldly attacking, dislodged the Turks from the river-bank, whence they had been threatening both Cassells and us.

"In the middle of the night of the 29th, we were aroused and told to pack ready for the ferry a few miles to the south. After getting our transport and gear across all right we went back to the ford to swim our horses—but the ford by this time had become a very hot spot. A fine artillery-duel was in progress right over our old camping ground. We thought how lucky we were to have been given the tip to move at midnight! Had to return to the ferry and swim the horses behind the pontoons. But the river was wide at this point, and the horses soon tired. Others would not swim at all, so all we could do was to keep their heads above water and drag them across. A few trips like this, and we ourselves were thoroughly exhausted. However, we got them over, and moved inland a few miles, erecting station about 2 p.m. But in the din of battle we could hear very few signals! Engine trouble into the bargain, too!

"The Turks were now having a terrible time. From the north the Royal Horse Artillery attached to the cavalry brigades delivered salvo after salvo; to the south the 17th Division attacked with grim determination. There was but one thing to do. At dawn the whole force surrendered—and then rushed in thousands to the river, where they drank like wild things. The 11th Brigade had done its job of keeping them from the river only too well. Rations at nightfall—a sheep and four handfuls of coarse flour amongst the lot of us.

"At two o'clock on the 31st we joined a combined column marching northwards, and reached Quayarah, 14 miles distant. Here we managed at last to get enough to eat, even though it were only home-made chupatties of Turkish flour. We also got some green-stuff for our poor horses. Next day pushed on to Hammam Ali. The country became hilly; oil seepage was everywhere on the ground, and a strong smell of crude oil in the air. 'Souvenired' some Turkish banknotes, also some pumpkins from an Arab village. Our first sight of Mosul was from the highest point of the hills, and its white marble buildings looked good to us in the early morning sunlight. The brigade camped about three miles short of the town, but later we had to hurry up and erect near H.Q., which occupied the German Consulate."

OTHER STATIONS.

Several other stations must be mentioned in regard to the Mosul operations. At I. Corps H.Q., No. 5 wagon was on duty as control station. Its equipment, however, failed to stand up to the heavy traffic, and a new control station (No. 15)—a lorry set, manned by the men of No. 4 from Ramadie—was sent up from Baghdad to Baiji and Shergat to take over the work. No. 3 pack over at Hit also filled the breach on several occasions.

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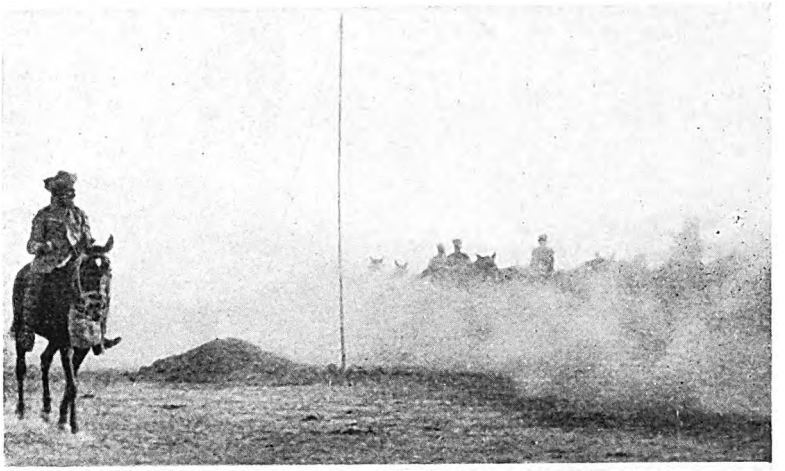
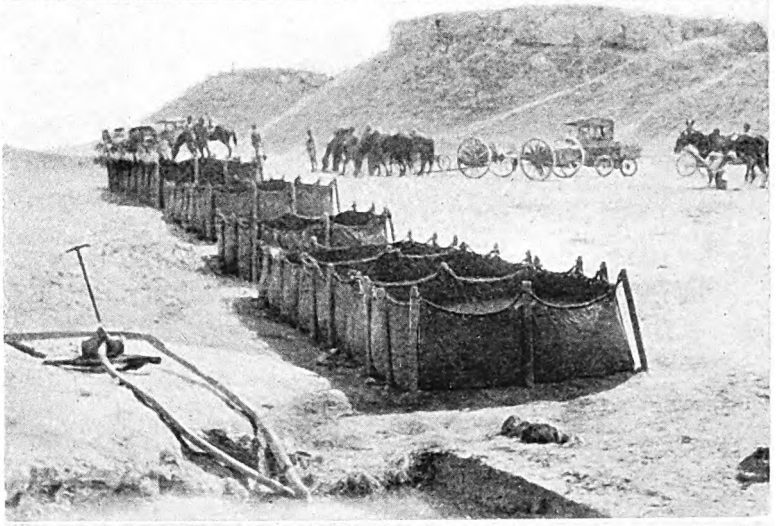
KALAT SHERGAT OFFENSIVE



7th Cavalry Brigade advancing through the dust at Tekrit. No. 7 Station erected.



Water tanks erected at Ain Nukhailah and filled with fresh water, ready for the cavalry brigades on their way to the Zab river.

Near the Fathah position, which after the Turkish retirement became the site of the British advanced supply depots.

No. 10 Station erected on the left bank of the Tigris near Gaunus. Cassell's brigade had meanwhile crossed the ford and was established across the Turkish lines of communication.

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KALAT SHERGAT OFFENSIVE

No. 7 at the Gaunus crossing, preparing to ferry its gear across the Tigris.

No. 10 at Gaunus—station equipment ready for ferrying.

No. 10 at Gaunus—swimming the horses across the Tigris.

No. 14 at Shergat, with the troops advancing to Mosul. The mounds in the distance are artificial and are part of the ruins of the ancient Assyrian city of Asshur.

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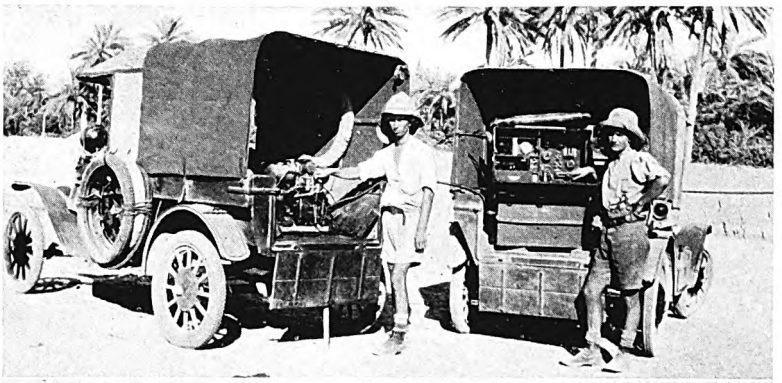
LIGHT MOTOR WIRELESS STATIONS



Ford vans with pack set equipment connected up ready for transmitting. No. 14, Horselines, Summer, 1918.

One of our vans aboard the Arab ferry at Tekrit. This ancient hill-city is to be seen in the background.

On the Shergat offensive—a road being cut across a nullah for the armoureds. Within an hour of this photograph being taken, the cars were having their first brush with the Turks.

No. 13 Station erected with the L.A.M.B.

At Shergat: The meeting between the cars and the cavalry.

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KALAT SHERGAT AND MOSUL

Looking southwards over Kalat Shergat, the ruins of the ancient city of Asshur. The man is standing upon all that remains of the temple tower beneath which Xenephon and his ten thousand rested during their famous march to the sea.

Remains of Assyrian pavement, Kalat Shergat.

No. 7 Station lines at Mosul—negotiations with a washerwoman.

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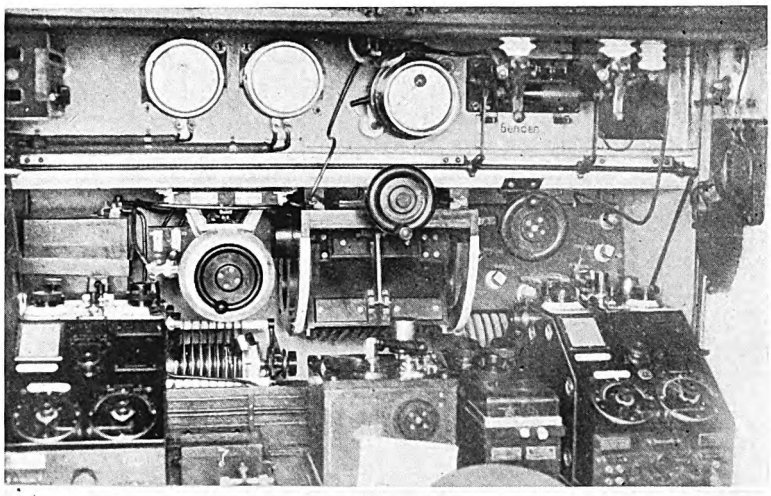

S.B.A. (afterwards No. 16), the German Telefunken wagon set, repaired in 36 hours by members of No. 13 and 14 Stations.

Courtyard of the billet at Mosul, showing Nos. 13 and 14 Stations vans.

No. 7 Station at Ilyas, photographed with the patriarch and two monks of the monastery.

No 14 Station erected at Tel Afar, Dec. 1918.

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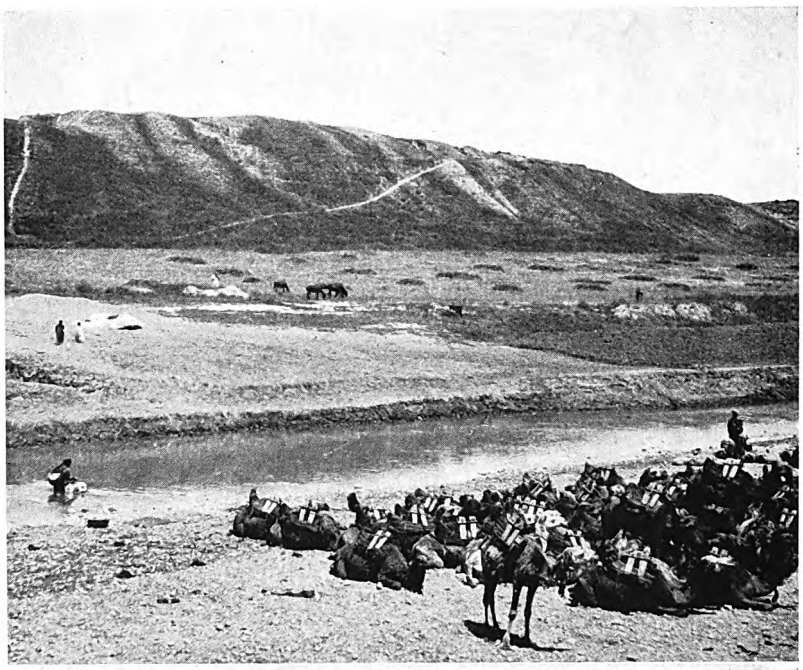
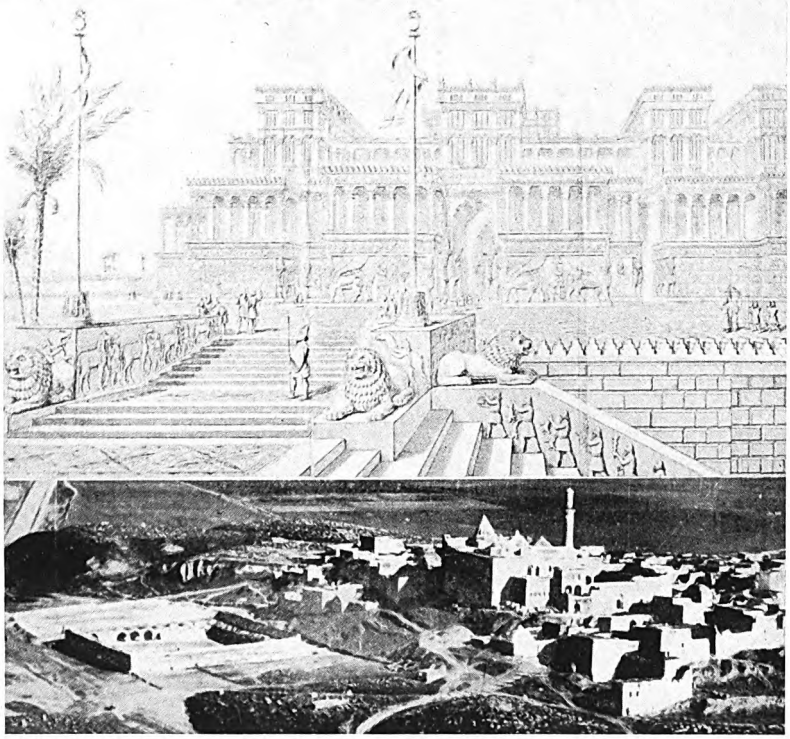
NINEVEH AND NABI EUNICE



Looking across the Khauser River to the ruins of the great Assyrian city of Nineveh.



A restoration of Sennacherib's palace, Nineveh, as depicted by Ferguson, an artist who accompanied one of Layard's expeditions. The palace was built of mud bricks, faced with sculptures; after its destruction by the Medes (in the seventh century B.C., the mud bricks disintegrated to form the mound shown above, which completely enveloped the stonework.

Nabi Eunice (Jonah's Tomb).—A Royal Air Force view of the Shrine which has effectively prevented Assyriologists from digging in this part of the mounds of Nineveh.

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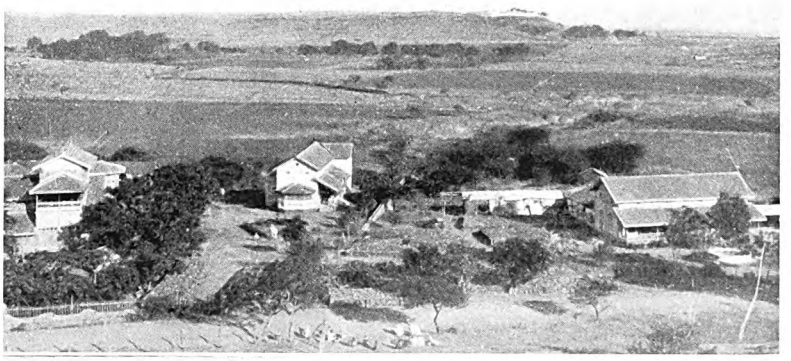
THE SQUADRON'S HOMECOMING

At Magil, the Squadron's last parade beneath the palms—one of its few parades as a complete unit (though even now D Troop was missing).

At Bombay, the "mutiny" beside the train to Deolali.



At Deolali—white bungalows and a green countryside, both of which were novelties to Mesopotamians.

Deolali—at the Squadron football meeting.

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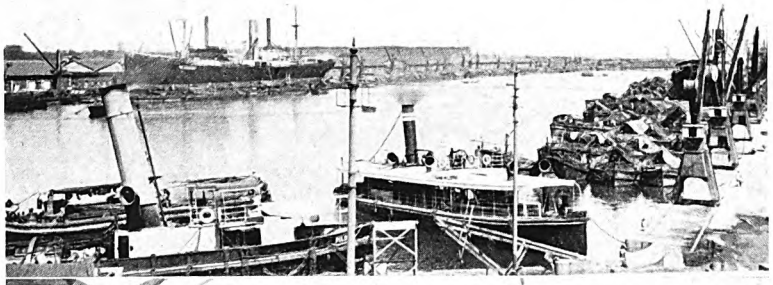
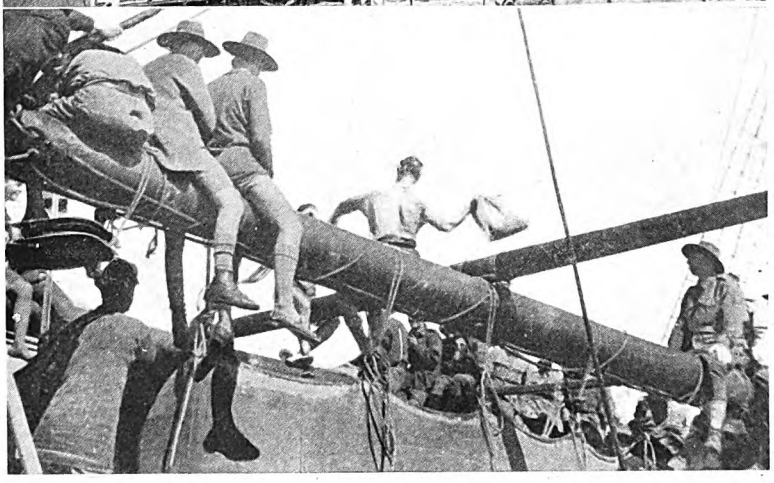
THE SQUADRON'S HOMECOMING

Across India: A wayside railway station between Deolali and Calcutta.



At Howrah Docks, Calcutta, where the Squadron embarked on the "Janus" for return to Australia.



Sports on board the "Janus."

On the left: our first sight of Australia. On the right: Almost at Sydney—the cliffs between Bondi and South Head.

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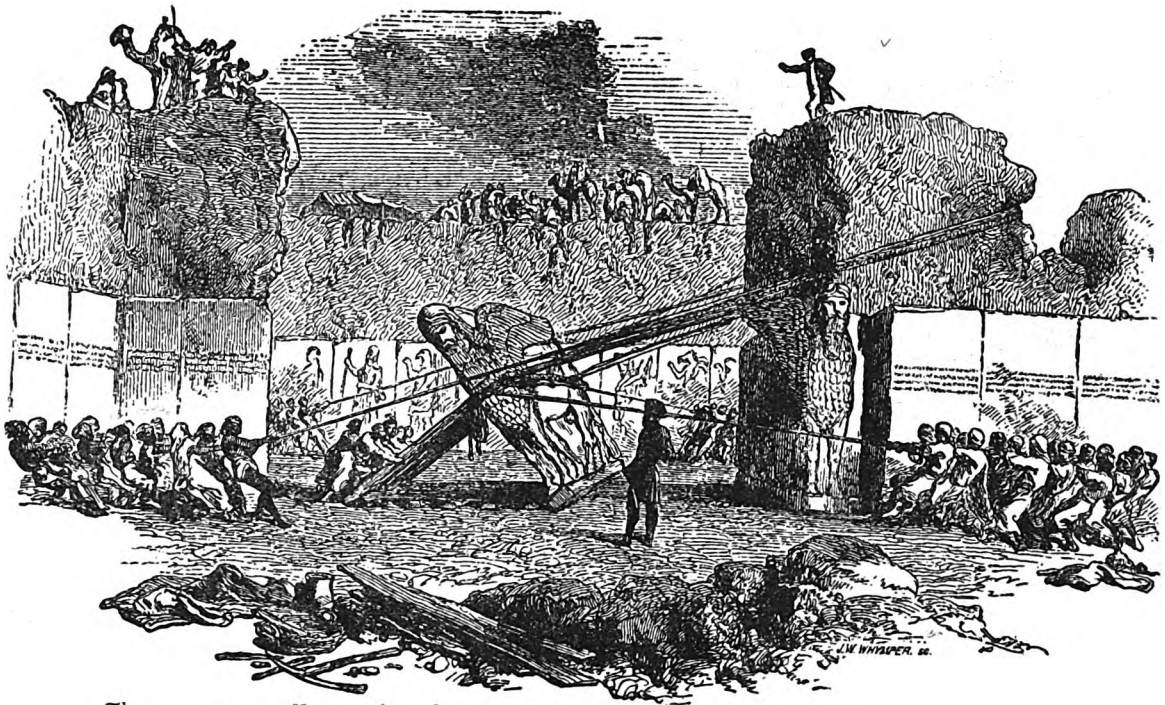

The excavations at Kouyunjik as they appeared seventy years ago. Layard is shown superintending the removal of one of the great winged bulls.

During November No. 1 wagon, still at Kifri, handled traffic for No. 8 during that station's advance to Altun Kupri, and, later, during its five weeks' stay at Suleimaniyah. Nos. 11 and 12 packs were attached as stand-by stations, in case of land-line failure, to III. Corps H.Q., at Hambis and 13th Division at Dali Abbas respectively. No. 2 wagon was still at Baqubah, taking traffic for G.H.Q. and acting as control station. No. 6 pack and No. 9 wagon were in Persia.

OUR ARRIVAL AT MOSUL.

Our first few days in Mosul savoured rather of comic opera. Nos. 10, 7, 13 and 14 Stations arrived with portions of the column at various times during November 3rd, and the British flag was soon floating over the Consulate, saluted by a salvo of a hundred and one guns fired by the Turks. Soon the streets were full of aimlessly-wandering Turks and Britishers, inspecting each other with suspicious, curious, and friendly eyes. In the square the Turkish band played "God Save the King," while we went shopping and bought souvenirs, cigarettes, pumpkins and chupatties, and our horses ate their headropes and blankets in their hunger.

Despite the provisions of the Turkish armistice, the Turks showed no inclination to leave, saying they would have to await instructions from Istambul. But as their big wireless station had been out of action ever since the German mechanics cleared out, these orders seemed likely to be long in arriving. (Incidentally, most of these same Germans had a bad time on the desert road to Nisibin, where certain Arab gentlemen with long memories awaited them). A few days were spent in mutual fencing, of which the chief interest to the squadron lay in its efforts to gain control of the Turkish wireless station. We managed to visit it on the 5th and found it a magnificent piece of apparatus, every detail (including a complete set of spare parts) worked out with typical German thoroughness. It was 1½ k.w. set of Telefunken type—mounted on three wagons. The telescopic mast was in ten-foot sections, and carried an umbrella aerial of twenty wires. When on the move it was drawn by bullocks, but it now rested in a big bomb-proof concrete cellar prepared by the Germans.

Next day, two or three of our men from the motor stations had a go at the set, and despite the intricacies of an unknown circuit they had discovered the fault within 36 hours. The Turks were delighted, and wanted to get in touch with Constantinople right away. But this did not suit G.H.Q., and orders were issued that another fault (and as many more as were necessary) was to develop in the set. Meanwhile the personnel of the motor van stations secured good quarters in a nearby farmhouse.

After further diplomacy, the station was formally handed over on November 8th, and by the 10th the last of the Turks were on their way to Nisibin railhead. All Mesopotamia's ears pricked up when the first wireless message went out into space—"Go it, Anzacs, all's well!" In a couple of shifts we were in touch with the Palestine force through the station at Homs—the first direct linking up of the two armies.

During this period, Nos. 7 and 10 stations spent a rather hungry week in the cavalry lines, on the river flats south of the city. Then on the 12th No. 7 was despatched with a patrol of the 13th Lancers to Ilyas, to keep an eye on the Turks withdrawing from the Altun Kupri line. At Ilyas they camped at the fort-like and ancient monastery of Mar Behnam — a mediaeval structure (1306), apparently modelled on the lines of an even earlier one. The more modern part was excellently carved, with pride of place given to representations of St. George. But No. 7's chief memory lingered round the shortage of firewood, and how the deficiency was repaired with Turkish telegraph posts imported under the eyes of the colonel. Sixteen interesting days were spent at the monastery, before returning to Mosul on the 29th, and leaving for Baghdad on January 16th.

No. 10 was withdrawn from Mosul to Abu Sif after four days, and on November 16th set off for Baghdad, which was reached after thirteen easy stages.

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An exciting moment of seventy years ago at the excavations, Kouyunjik. A great mass of earth has suddenly fallen away, disclosing, as if by magic, a sculpture of giant proportions.

No. 14 AT TEL AFAR.

On November 4th No. 14 station accompanied the 32nd Lancers to Tel Afar, on a mission undertaken both for political reasons and for the purpose of arranging for supplies. They drove for 20 miles along the road to Aleppo. No homesteads were in sight, yet there was cultivation in plenty. On approaching Tel Afar, however, they met hundreds of mounted men, on horse and the inevitable donkey, riding out to the holdings for the day's work. Here and there was led an animal with a plough or harrow lashed to its back.

Tel Afar was once a town of considerable importance, and is mentioned by the early Arab geographers. It lies at the foot of a mound crowned by a castle, and is partly surrounded by gardens, while in all directions stretch the ruins of villages dating from Assyrian days. The old fortress is built into the hillside facing the desert, the whole cliff being tunnelled out. A hundred years ago Tel Afar was an independent chiefdom, but the inhabitants dealt so hardly with passing caravans, and indulged in so many raids into Mosul territory, that the Turks made several attempts to capture it. Eventually, despite vigorous opposition, they succeeded, and, after plundering the town, put two-thirds of the people to the sword by way of a warning. To this day the inhabitants appreciate the strategic value of their town, and so the farmers prefer to live in it and go out in the morning to their fields; and it was they whom we encountered on our arrival.

The people of Tel Afar are of Turcoman descent and seemed superior to the Mosulites in every way. They were curious, too, for the men of our wireless section were the first white troops of the British side to come to the place. Many of the people knew French, but it was difficult to explain to them that Australians were not exactly *Anglais*. Wherever they went they were shown the utmost respect; groups of men sitting would rise deferentially at their approach. Maybe the "Allamans" (as they called the Germans) taught them the trick, but it seemed sincere enough.

SOME NOTES ON MOSUL.

Having dealt with the last of the station movements round Mosul, we must spare time for a word about the town itself. Although at so short a distance from Baghdad, no greater difference between the two can be imagined. Baghdad is Arab, Mosul a town of the foot-hill peoples; the former is of wood and brick, the latter of stone and coarse marble. A city has been on the spot since the earliest times, and just across the river, at the junction of the Tigris and the Khauser, is Kouyunjik, site of ancient Nineveh, the great and beautiful Assyrian city built by Sennacherib (705-681 B.C.).

To look at the hills lying about the river, one would not suspect that they were artificial. Yet more than seventy years ago to these mounds came the great Layard, who garnered for the British Museum a dream collection of vast monuments and sculptures, and, at a later date, more marvellous still, the whole of Assur-bani-pal's library of contemporary literature and documents. Even to this day the monuments show the scorch marks of the firebrands of the Medes when they laid waste the city twenty-five centuries ago. On a corner of the mounds is perched one of Jonah's three duly authenticated tombs. Antiquarians are not very interested in Jonah, but the fact that Assyrian treasures lie buried beneath the sacred precincts rankles in their minds.

Modern Mosul, on the right bank of the river, is distinguished by some twelfth century mosques, monastaries, and minarets; of the minarets, the most famous is a leaning one, said to have bowed in reverence to the boy Mahomet when he passed by with a caravan, and to have been unable quite to recover itself! Wood for beams is at premium in Mosul; consequently the inhabitants have developed characteristic doming for their roofs. In the bazaars there is little of interest to be seen. At first we all rushed the curios—Turkish watches, swords, decorations, and belt buckles, murderous Kurdish knives, Constantinople fancy-work and German aspirin, and these were soon bought up. The chief industries seemed to us to be iron and copper work, repair shops for footwear, harness, tools, etc., and, apparently most important of all, the taking in of each other's washing! On any fine day hundreds of dhobi-women were to be seen on the shingle of the river bank, and, as soap is dear and of poor quality, they beat out the dirt with small wooden paddles.

When we arrived the population of Mosul was about 40,000—mainly Armenian refugees, Kurds, Syrians, and a few Turkish officials. Its wartime history had been the terrible yet customary one of Turkish oppression, of starvation, of the cornering of foodstuffs by those in official positions, ill-treatment of refugees, petty blackmail and persecution by the *gendarmerie* and the like. A favorite method of dealing with Armenian refugees was on some excuse or other to make up large parties for supposed transfer to another city, but they seldom arrived at their destination. The starvation, like that on the Persian road, can hardly be described; or can the behaviour of the soldiery towards the local Christian families; or even the miserable plight of the average Turkish conscript. Between the Turks and the Germans a kind of non-co-operation existed during the last years of the war; in fact, the Germans helped their allies only when it suited them. We believe that many of our lads owe their lives to the dud ammunition that was worked off on the Turks by the unscrupulous German contractors. Since the Armistice the Turk has made desperate diplomatic attempts to regain control of the Mosul district, but it is to be hoped that he will never succeed. As with Baghdad, Mosul entered on a newer and happier chapter of its history when the British took charge—but that is another story.

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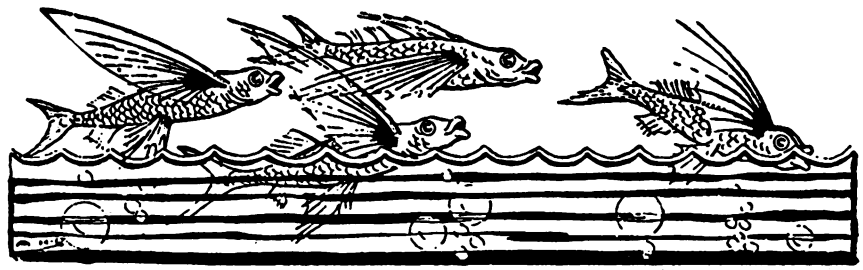

DEMOBILISATION

(S.H.Q., A., B., and C. Troops.)

Christmas, 1918, saw the end of the troubles of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force—at least so far as those troubles were due to Johnny Turk. And what troubles there had been! The vicissitudes of the force had scarcely been equalled elsewhere. Its history was made up of the most curious contrasts, so much so that we must quote some of them here.

In 1914 Fao Fort, at the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, was captured by a landing party from a cruiser. In 1918 the ration strength of the force, including labor corps, was nearly half-a-million (420,000).

On the Tigris, British arms suffered the great disaster of Kut-el-Amara—yet the waters of the Euphrates witnessed the crowning victory of Khan Baghdadi, when five thousand men and two hundred officers were made prisoners in a single day.

Contrasts everywhere: mud and dust; nights below zero, and days with temperatures of 130 degrees; railway engines steaming past Nebuchadnezzar's Citadel; telephones on the same shelves as prayer rugs. Medical scandals—at a later date, fifty soda-water factories, and ice works in abundance. In 1915 no equipment, no lines of communication—in 1918 two thousand vessels on the rivers, and departments and workshops dealing with every conceivable military and civil activity!

We can always be proud of our association with such a force. The resource and efficiency of our men were relied upon on occasions without number; the squadron was inclined to believe, perhaps with good foundation, that if there was an Anzac station attached, Generals went out on prolonged desert stunts with an easy mind as to their communications. Three army commanders relied day and night on the Squadron; two Australian stations made it their business to see that every enemy radio message found its way to "I" Branch. The reliance on the Squadron appeared to be complete, and the Squadron accepted that reliance as their right by doing more than was expected of them. They made no excuses (although it is easy to make excuses for wireless even in these days); whether there was static or fading, whether the signals were so faint that the operator's pencil drowned them, the traffic went through just the same. Australian and New Zealander joined up in the force's darkest hour, and stuck to their jobs till the sun shone once more.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

On every side we saw Tommies and Indians wending their homeward ways. Well and good—an army of fighting men was no longer needed in the field. But wireless stations were a different matter. The staff had grown to like them—so much so that at armistice-time there were about fifty somewhere or other. Ninety per cent. of the mobile ones were Australian-manned, and they could not be released without leaving the army of occupation entirely without dependable mobile stations.

Australia was adamant. Something must be done. A bright (!) idea—"D" Troop had only been in the country for eleven months—many of them were unmarried—there were enough single men to man four stations. Very well, Headquarters and three troops of the squadron could be released if this troop were left behind for emergencies (which did, as it turned out, most certainly emerge!). So it was agreed. Station after station returned to the Horse-lines Camp (which became uncomfortably crowded with horses, and muddier than ever). The last came in early in February, then a few stragglers from Persia, some of whom were even too late to go down river with the Squadron. The conduct of affairs was transferred to "D" Troop as from February 1st.

It took some time to hand in all the gear and horses, and some more time to get organised for the trip home. The parades which occurred during this time were at once the first and last held by the Squadron as a complete unit, for members had never been together before in any considerable strength; even now "D" Troop was absent. Then at last we went off (feeling ever so strange) to camp at Advanced Base Depot.

Our marching out strength was 9 officers and 257 other ranks.

Behind us, in every branch of the Force, we left good friends, but none whose names will be recalled longer than those of Lieutenants Nichols and Childs, the officers in charge of signal stores at Basra and Baghdad respectively. Without their generous assistance and ready co-operation, it would have been impossible for the wireless squadron to have fulfilled the constant demands made upon it, or to have furnished so many stations beyond the normal establishment.

By February 20th we were on board the "Northbrook" at Basra. To our ranks had been added a party of Pack Troop men who had been released earlier, but who had the misfortune only to get so far on their voyage home. We reached Bombay on March 5th, our minds full of glorious visions—leave, flowers, real food, tablecloths, and other things we had not seen for years. Imagine our feelings when we were immediately ordered to entrain (with exceedingly poor accommodation) for Deolali—an up-country station. There was a small "mutiny" which lasted for some hours and considerably disconcerted various parties—then we ungraciously yielded.

On the 18th we left Deolali for Calcutta, and embarked on the s.s. "Janus" at that port on the 22nd. Singapore was reached on March 29th. Eleven days later we caught our first glimpse of Australian soil. Gum trees—how strange they looked. And how hard to part with those with whom we had lived and laughed and worked for so long.

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THE AUSTRALIAN NURSES IN INDIA 1916—1919

It is not realised in Australia that during the last half of the war the military hospitals of India were mainly staffed by Australian nurses. They tended British troops of the Indian garrison and the Mesopotamian force; they for the first time brought the decencies of civilisation to large numbers of wounded Turks; they staffed hospital ships running to Suez, Basra, East Africa, and even Vladivostok; and they ran a hospital at Bushire in southern Persia. Four of them—A. O'Grady, K. M. Power, L. G. Moreton, and E. Clare—lost their lives on service in India.

They were sent in answer to an appeal from the Indian Government, which was in serious difficulty for the following reasons. The early months of 1916 found the Indian hospitals, and still more the medical service in Mesopotamia, inadequately prepared to receive the great flood of sick and wounded then beginning to pour back from the Mesopotamian front. So slight was the accommodation for them in Mesopotamia that, to obtain treatment, the most serious cases had not only to come the long journey down the Tigris to Basra (at the head of the Persian Gulf), but, in very great numbers, were brought down the Persian Gulf—a voyage of dreadful heat and suffering—right to Bombay. The Bombay Presidency Hospital, which had previously been organised in India for service abroad, was recalled from Egypt and established in the splendid new offices of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, close to the docks in Bombay—where it became known as the Victoria War Hospital, and received the worst cases direct from the hospital ships; but the nurses from this and other hospitals in India were urgently required to staff new hospitals in Mesopotamia, so that the worst cases might in future, if possible, be retained there.

THE FIRST FIFTY.

At that time more than 100 Australian nurses in Egypt were disengaged in consequence of the movement of the Australian infantry divisions to France. Learning the need of India for trained nurses, the Cairo staff on 23rd May, 1916, telegraphed to the Commonwealth Government asking whether it might send fifty nurses to India upon a six months' engagement. On the recommendation of Surgeon-General Fetherston, the Government at once cabled to India offering to send these nurses immediately at Australia's expense. No mention, however, was made in this cable of the six months' limitation. The Indian Government replied gratefully accepting this offer, and fifty nurses under Miss Emily Hoadley, lately senior sister of No. 3 Australian General Hospital, were at once despatched from Egypt.

These nurses anticipated that, like those of the Bombay Presidency Hospital, they would serve as a complete staff. On arrival, however, they were sent in threes and fours to "station hospitals" at Lahore, Calcutta, Mooltan, Naoshera, Sialkot, and numerous small military stations throughout the whole of India. The work was not in most cases true war-nursing, but home service, largely on "the plains," and under the conditions of Indian midsummer. The patients at this time included many heat-strokes, some with temperatures running to 110 degrees.

Letters presently reached Australia to say that the health of some of the sisters, after their previous service in Egypt, was breaking down; there was also difficulty in some places in living on the pay. It was decided that after six months this batch of nurses should be sent to England. Some of them had originally reached Egypt at midsummer in thick woollen frocks with long silk capes and tiny grey velvet bonnets. They eventually arrived in England amid the snow of mid-winter in panama hats!

Meanwhile General Fetherston, on hearing of the great need of India, had written to the D.M.S. there saying that plenty of nurses were available in Australia, and, if asked for, would be gladly sent. This letter crossed a request from the British Government that 100 nurses might, if possible, be sent to India and Malta, these to enter the Imperial service. No sooner had this been agreed to than the Indian Government's cabled reply came to hand (on 7th August, 1916) gladly asking for fifty additional trained nurses to be sent to Bombay as soon as possible, and fifty to follow a month later. The duplicate arrangement with England was accordingly cancelled by the Commonwealth, which promised to send the 100 nurses to India as members of the Australian Imperial Force, paid for by Australia.

FIRST BATCH FROM AUSTRALIA.

A call was made on nurses serving in military hospitals in Australia—most of whom had for months been anxiously awaiting a chance of service at the front. The first fifty volunteers from Australia sailed on the 22nd of August, 1916, under Matron G. E. Davis, a woman of great capacity who had previously served in No. 3 Australian General Hospital at Lemnos, and who henceforth became principal matron of the A.A.N.S. in India; the second fifty in the following month, under Sisters B. Lowrey and T. J. Dunne; and numerous successive batches until no less than 500 had reached India. Those in the first batches were given some kind of assurance that, as the climate of India was severe, they would not be kept there for more than six months, but would then be sent on to England or France. To serve in France or Mesopotamia was, throughout, their keen desire. But the great needs of the soldiers in India proved too exacting. Most of the nurses served in India until the Armistice, when a number were transferred to Australian hospitals in England.

The ship which had brought the first fifty from Australia was the *Mooltan*, which also carried 270

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members of the wireless squadron. After a wild passage through the Bight, they transhipped at Colombo, where the Australian hospital ship *Karoola* was in port, also full of Australian sisters for Egypt; spent a delightful day, in spite of the monsoon, at Kandy; and first saw the lights of Bombay on the night of 12th September, 1916. In drenching rain next day they disembarked. The staff sent them at once to three hospitals—Colaba War Hospital, Cumballa Hospital, and the Taj Mahal Hotel, then used as a hospital. In what looked like a board room at the Taj Mahal, Miss Dunwoodie, the Lady Superintendent, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Queen Alexandra Imperial Medical Nursing Service) for Bombay, explained a perplexing maze of rules and regulations. Later in the day suppressed excitement became apparent in the hotel. Cholera was then rampant, several medical men and sisters having succumbed, including two Australians from Egypt, Misses O'Grady and Power. It now became known that another case had occurred at the hotel, and the place was to be at once vacated.

Just at this juncture the British nurses of the Victoria War Hospital were ordered to Mesopotamia, and Miss Davis was appointed matron with a staff of Australian nurses. The British matron was too ill to give any information even to the new matron; eighteen of the British service nurses left next day for Mesopotamia, and the remainder the following week. The hospital was left in the hands of forty newly-arrived Australians (not one of whom could speak a word of Hindustani, or knew the duties of the numerous native servants, who for their part could not speak English) and ten other nurses, mostly Eurasians, and only part of them trained.

"WITH A KNIFE, SPOON AND FORK!"

The military hospitals were, roughly speaking, of two kinds—the old station hospitals, usually of 100 or 150 beds, maintained by the Indian Government at its cantonments; and the big war-hospitals (sometimes expanded from station hospitals), at which the casualties from the front were treated. The station hospitals were often in very hot districts, and the traditional economy of the Indian Government had resulted in their being very poorly equipped. "I sometimes think that the Government expects me to operate with a knife, spoon, and fork," said one much-worried medical officer. But the kindness of the British officials and other residents made up for many discomforts. The war-hospitals were mostly well equipped, and any requisites within reason could be obtained from the authorities or from the Red Cross.

In October, 1916, two batches, each of twenty-five nurses, under Sisters Lowrey and Dunne respectively, reached Bombay. At least one of the subsequent batches of fifty arrived in Bombay without the Australian principal matron there having been warned that it was coming, and she was consequently much perplexed to know what to do with it. Its nurses, prospecting for quarters for the night at the Victoria War Hospital, hit upon a ward just evacuated by Turkish prisoners, and, according to some, it proved the most uncomfortable night they had ever spent!

"MOST INTERESTING—CHOLERA, DYSENTERY AND PLAGUE."

The A.A.N.S. nurses threw themselves wholeheartedly into their work from both patriotic and keen professional motives, as would be expected of Australian sisters. "During the latter part," wrote one, "the work was most interesting, there being so many cases of tropical diseases, including cholera, dysentery, and plague." There are many similar notes in the records. In a good many hospitals the conditions were peculiar. For example, "snakes (writes a sister) were very prevalent; many Russell's vipers, kraits, and cobras were killed—some in the sisters' rooms. One sister at the Deccan War Hospital, Poona, was bitten, but recovered."

The hours of work were from 7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m., with three hours off every other day; alternate days—7.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Leave of thirty days a year was eventually given, and the memories of their tours to some of the historic sights of India, such as the Taj Mahal at Agra, as well as to the Himalayan stations, Mussoorie, Darjeeling, Simla, and elsewhere, are some of the happiest memories of these trying days on service. Where Australian nurses were well known, the price of purchases from the "box-wallahs" sometimes went up, the natives having the quite erroneous notion—"Australian sisters plenty money!" Journeys were made easier by the unceasing courtesy of British officers and residents who (as one nurse records) seemed to make it their business to assist and attend to the comfort of any white woman in India. Twenty Australian nurses married there.

STAFFED BY AUSTRALIANS.

Eventually the following hospitals were provided with trained nursing staffs consisting entirely of Australians, generally assisted in the case of the larger hospitals by a much smaller number of "untrained" or "temporary" nurses, the Indian equivalent of the V.A.D's. of England.

Bombay:—Victoria War Hospital, 600 beds—Matron G. E. Davis (Principal Matron, A.A.N.S. in India).

Deolali:—34th Welsh General Hospital, 2000-3000 beds — (1917) Matron Alma Bennett.
44th British General Hospital, 1200 beds—Matron A. Dowsley.

Poona:—Deccan War Hospital, 1200 beds—Matron T. J. Dunne.
King George's Hospital, 600 beds—(1918) Matron Ethel Butler.

Secunderabad:—Trimulgherry Deccan Hospital, 1200 beds—Matrons (1) E. Hoadley and (2) Gertrude Moberly.

Bangalore:—Station Hospital, 800 beds—Matron A. Dowsley.

Belgaum:—Station Hospital, 100 beds.

Delhi:—Station Hospital, 150 beds—Sister Constance Murray.

Alipore:—Station Hospital, 100 beds—Sister Simonds.

Ahmadnagar:—Station Hospital, 100 beds—Sister Cecil Gordon.

Maymyo (Burma):—Station Hospital, 100 beds—Sister Agnes Ferguson.

Dagshai:—Malaria Research Hospital, 100 beds—Sister May Farrell.

Nasik:—Officers' Hospital, 60 beds — Sister Molloy.

Bushire (Southern Persia):—Station Hospital, 150 beds—Sister Lily Stewart.

PARTLY STAFFED BY AUSTRALIANS.

There were Australian nurses also at the following among other places—Bombay (Gerrard Freeman Thomas Hospital; and Colaba War Hospital, 600 beds), Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Quetta, Meerut, Sialkot; also—during the earlier frontier wars—at Tank on the Baluchistan frontier (Sister E. G. Browne), and Dera Ghazi Khan; and—during the Afghan War, 1919—at Rawalpindi, Gharial, and Khuldana. The following hospital ships were staffed for longer or shorter periods by Australian nurses: *Vareela* (Sister Minnie Walshe),

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Ellora (Matron Annie Roberts), *Vita* (Sister E. G. Browne), *Egypt* (Sister Elizabeth Horne), *Herefordshire* (Sister Alma Bennett, Sister Gertrude Moberly), *Delta* (Sister E. Horne), *Sicilia, Madras* (Sister L. E. Fletcher).

All hospitals in India began to diminish in 1919, when the troops were transferred to Peshawar and Kohat on the second outbreak of war with Afghanistan. A number of Australian nurses then waiting for return home were at once placed on the strength of the North-West Frontier Force, where they served with distinction, as is recorded at the end of this narrative.

The experiences of the Australian nursing staff at some of the hospitals were as follows.

VICTORIA WAR HOSPITAL, BOMBAY.

This was in a new building, just completed for the G.I.P. Railway audit offices. It had four stories, splendidly airy, with 200 beds on each of the three lower floors and sisters' quarters on the fourth. The ward work was performed by natives of different castes, and, as the Australian nurses, on taking over, knew nothing of the castes or of the language, and had to communicate entirely by signs, many mistakes were made at first.

This hospital, being within five minutes of the docks, received the most serious cases. A week after the Australian nurses arrived there poured in 300 British prisoners of war, who had been kept by the Turks in Baghdad and released after the fall of Kut in exchange for able-bodied Turkish prisoners held by the British. The British wounded had been fed on biscuits that looked like pollard. The greater number had dysentery, beriberi, and old septic wounds; they had taken three months to come from Baghdad, and were in a state of starvation. The Australian nurses' hearts were melted and they gave them too much to eat and drink, but within a few hours discovered their mistake. The released prisoners did well, and all except two were eventually saved.

Things then fell quiet, and numbers became low before Christmas, 1916, when heavy fighting filled up the hospital again with surgical cases, eighty arriving on Christmas Day. The nurses had decorated the wards in true Australian style, to the wonderment of Bombay, where Christmas is not celebrated. By March, 1917, the British patients were again falling in numbers, but now came such a flood of wounded Turks that this hospital and a good part of No. 34 Welsh General Hospital at Deolali were given over for their treatment.

LIKE FEEDING-TIME AT THE ZOO.

These Turks had, in the first place, received practically no treatment until they reached British hands. They were originally captured on a Red Crescent "hospital boat" on the Tigris (the *Firefly*, captured from the British earlier in the war). She had been found in an appalling condition. All the Turkish doctors and orderlies scuttled away from her before her capture, removing all instruments and dressings—if any ever existed. The patients had not been washed since leaving the battlefield (or, probably, long before), and their dressings had never been renewed. On arrival in Bombay they were so universally septic and filthy that only one thing was to be done—to put all except the very worst cases at once into an antiseptic bath. They were scared, and wailed dismally whenever the nurses attempted to do their dressings. "The noise (as one sister described it) resembled that of feeding time at the Zoo." The explanation probably was that their own doctors handled them roughly, and even cruelly. One old Turk about 60 gave a demonstration of the difference between an English and a Turkish medical officer. Eking out his representation with a few words of broken Hindustani, Arabic, and English, he showed first the English medico, tenderly feeling a broken femur—and then the Turkish doctor grabbing the limb, and, when the patient howled with pain, giving him a blow over the head.

"WIFE OF A CAPTAIN."

The Turkish officers, some of whom could speak French, were amused at the sisters' badges of rank They concluded that the matron must be the wife of a captain; the sisters—wives of lieutenants; and the staff nurses—wives of second lieutenants.

The nursing of these Turks was the best experience the Australian sisters had. So septic were the wounds that on one floor of 240 beds there were 60 amputations. The death rate was high—indeed many of the Turks preferred to die rather than lose a limb, for they believed that an imperfect man could not enter Paradise. Where, however, by so refusing, a man seemed to be throwing away a good chance of life, the English doctors brought the senior Turkish officer down to the operating theatre to advise the man. On being shown the wound—possibly in order to get away from the sight of it—he advised (or perhaps ordered) the patient to have the limb cut off. Anyway the lives of some of the Turks were thus saved; but the Australian nurses were surprised to find many of them dying from sheer absence of the will to live. They made up their minds to die, and die they did.

The Turkish patients greatly relished their food, although they soon abandoned the attempt to eat with knives and forks. They ate cleanly with their hands. There was much difficulty in breaking them of the habit of hiding bits of food under their pillows and bed-clothes.

While these Turks were there the English R.A.M.C. orderlies did most of the ordinary ward work, "slogging in" harder than ever they had done for white patients, in order to save the sisters. The night orderlies refused to go to their dining room for supper because it would mean leaving the sisters alone in the wards. The Turks were easy to manage; but more than one broke a crutch over a fellow countryman's head through a quarrel at cards.

HEAT-STROKES.

From March to July, 1917, there were never less than 500 Turks at this hospital. Then they were sent to Deolali, and the Victoria Hospital was being prepared for native troops, when there arrived a flood of British cases with heat-stroke—nearly 1,000 per week for three months; and they were pouring into all the other Bombay hospitals also. All were very anæmic, most had heart trouble, and many developed severe epilepsy, which was often relieved by a lumbar puncture. One patient had a temperature of 109, and when ice-sponging and packs were tried he only came down to 106 and stayed there for three days! He got well, but was a very long time about it. The moist heat of the Gulf often caused prickly heat, which became septic and developed into boils; many patients were literally covered with them. All heat-strokes were eventually sent for three months to the hills.

By October, 1917, German prisoners from East Africa were arriving. British, German, and Turks were all well disciplined, and not once was any sister subjected to the least disrespect. "I have the greatest admiration for the endurance of the British Tommy," wrote one sister (Sister Alma Bennett), "and the orderlies, with rare exceptions, were invaluable." The hospital closed on the 8th of August, 1918.

CUMBALLA WAR HOSPITAL.

This hospital was beautifully sited on Malabar Hill, by the shores of Bombay harbour. It had 600 beds,

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and the patients were British soldiers. The staff was for a time a mixed one of English and Australian nurses under a British matron, but it was shortly afterwards decided that the Australian sisters should where possible serve under Australian matrons.

COLABA WAR HOSPITAL.

Twenty minutes' drive from Bombay city. The hospital consisted of old bungalows, which at first appeared very unsuitable, but afterwards proved comfortable enough. The staff was a mixed one, including regular Anglo-Indian nurses (Q.A.I.M.N.S.) and "temporary" nurses, with R.A.M.C. orderlies; but the greater part of the nursing staff consisted of Australian sisters under an English matron, Miss Knapp, "whom we all adored," as one of the Australian sisters afterwards wrote. "I have never met her equal for organising power," records another. Consequently, in spite of the steamy heat and inevitable loss of energy, the nurses were happy—"like one happy family," as another Australian girl states. The Australian sisters quickly gathered enough Hindustani to manage the native servants. The hospital was soon in order; it had the sea on three sides of it, and the officers' wards were beautifully furnished, as were also those for the sick sisters. The patients were mainly from the British garrison of India. In the later part of the service there, patients brought in with "malaria" were found to be really suffering from cholera, smallpox, and plague. "So our experience was very varied," comments an Australian sister (Miss Larkan).

GERRARD FREEMAN THOMAS HOSPITAL.

This was in a fine building, constructed for a school of science. The hospital was founded by Lady Willingdon, wife of the Governor of Bombay, and was named after their son, who was killed in the retreat from Mons. Lady Willingdon had supervised the furnishing, which was finely done. Here twelve of the staff of fifty nurses were Australian. There were no R.A.M.C. orderlies, but Indian ward-boys. The cases (1,000 beds) were British, including some Australian wireless boys from Mesopotamia, and many Lancashire, Welsh, and Scottish troops who had served in Gallipoli and who regaled the nurses with fine tales of exploits of the Australian troops there. In September and October, 1918, influenza became very severe in Bombay, the deaths totalling 700 a day. At night the glare from the cremation grounds resembled that of a city in flames.

No. 34 WELSH HOSPITAL, DEOLALI

The British officer in charge of this hospital was good enough to state afterwards that it was his Australian nursing staff which had won him his C.B.E. This most generous tribute was probably not literally true; but the staff was a fine one, and Deolali was remembered by many nurses as the scene of numerous experiences of great interest. The patients included British "Tommies," French Algerians, Mauritius Labour Corps, and Turks. The cases included even leprosy, and one typical case of hydrophobia.

The hospital was in open country in what is known as a "second-class hill station," fours hours' journey (160 miles) from Bombay, having been opened in June, 1916, by this Welsh unit under a fine commander, Colonel A. W. Sheen, R.A.M.C. (Territorial Force). A year later the British nurses were ordered to Mesopotamia, and Matron Davis took up fifty Australian nurses from Bombay to replace them, leaving word for Sister Alma Bennett, who was just then finishing a journey on a hospital ship from the Persian Gulf, to come up as soon as she landed and take the position of matron. It was then the middle of the monsoon, and the country was drenched with rain. The hospital was an old barracks of enormous extent, consisting of forty-six bungalows, the greater number built of stone, but others of galvanised iron recently constructed in the spaces between the stone ones. The whole was one and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide, a huge area for the matron to cover on inspection duty. Eventually the Red Cross Society provided her with a car.

This hospital received those cases—both "walking" and "lying"—which were in fit condition to travel so far from Bombay (including, after the fall of Baghdad, many wounded Turks). A large proportion required treatment of joints and massage, and fortunately there was available Sister A. Scott, who had a massage diploma, a comparatively rare thing with Australian trained nurses. Malaria was very prevalent at Deolali. Consequently all mosquito-nets over the patients' beds had to be tucked in by 6 o'clock each evening. The order was very strict, no excuse being accepted if it was broken. The general precautions were good, and not one of the nursing staff of this hospital contracted malaria there.

The patients at No. 34 increased so heavily that in September no less than 2,188 were in hospital. To cope with these Colonel Sheen, after consulting with the matron, divided the hospital into two, a "convalescent division," in which the patients were grouped, 98 in a bungalow or its attachments under one N.C.O. of the R.A.M.C.; and a "nursing division," on which the nurses concentrated their attention.

Hardly had this been done when, first, a few cases of small-pox and, three weeks later, several cases of plague broke out in the "nursing division." The outbreak of plague was a most serious matter, as among white troops such an occurrence is very rare. It was afterwards attributed to the tree rats—pretty and friendly little fellows which, it was found, some of the patients had been petting. The plague cases were fatal. Orders were given for the whole "nursing division" (1,600 patients) to be at once cleared to the new buildings, a mile distant, just completed for No. 44 British General Hospital, or to No. 6 Camp, a quarter of a mile farther still. The sisters were taken thither in motor-ambulances daily for three weeks while the old hospital was being disinfected and painted. By the end of November the patients had been re-transferred and the original hospital was working as before.

"OUR DAY."

It was during the following months that there was held throughout India "Our Day," for raising funds for the troops in Mesopotamia—the force in which India was especially interested. Officers and men raised money by organising sports and football matches; the nurses by making in their spare hours cakes, lollies, and other things for sale. At Deolali the Australian nurses and their "temporary" colleagues arranged a kiosk in the sports ground, where they sold sweets; compiled and sold a magazine (profit 400 rupees); raffled two "real Australian gold sovereigns" (Rs. 280); and handed over Rs. 1300 to the fund.

That year, as things were now running smoothly, the nursing staff concentrated upon making Christmas Day a memorable one for the patients. There were now 59 Australian nurses and 15 "temporary" Indian nurses in the hospital. The enjoyment of the patients was complete; and, when it was all over, 85 nurses sat down to their own Christmas dinner. "I felt a glow of pride," wrote the matron afterwards, "as I looked round on all those bright eager faces—they had proved so staunch and loyal in many busy, anxious days and nights."

On the 2nd of January, 1918, the Viceroy of India, Lord Chelmsford, visited the hospital, and, as he knew Australia well, the nurses obtained the right of entertaining him at tea, and treated him like an old friend.

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THE "FLU."

The work remained heavy, as the best of the R.A.M.C. orderlies were now gradually being withdrawn to Mesopotamia. In July, 1918, there began to come in cases of what was then diagnosed as "Bombay fever," but was apparently the mild "Spanish" influenza epidemic which preceded the terrible outbreak of September. About September some of the orderlies at No. 44 B.G.H., sleeping in overcrowded quarters, began to sicken, and were brought into No. 34 and placed in the malaria wards. Their disease was not at first recognised, and quickly spread. The doctors began to catch it, and at last it spread to the nurses. As they began to go down the work fell more heavily on the remainder, and in their tired condition they quickly sickened. On October 17th one of them died from pneumonia following influenza. The weather was then at its hottest, dust and flies abounding. But electric fans helped to mitigate the heat; the "Tommies" put up a splendid fight for life, and the death roll was comparatively low, although of acute cases not many recovered. Inhalation, when introduced, proved a protection to the staff, fewer orderlies fell ill, and, among those who did, the chest cases were rarer.

The worst of this epidemic was thought to be over when, in a batch of eighty patients newly-arrived from Bombay, two died the first night from cholera, and others by the morning were sinking. The matron telegraphed for help, and three additional sisters were sent up from Colaba Hospital (where the same thing had occurred the previous night). A tremendous effort ensued to save the patients with pot-permang. by mouth, saline administered in every form, stimulants hypodermically given, and nourishment, resulting in improvement, only to be followed—in every case except one—by sudden collapse.

Towards the end of the war sisters began to be sent to England in batches, replaced by others newly arrived from Australia. On November 24 Miss Scott became matron in place of Miss Bennett, whose chance of English service had come.

No. 44 BRITISH GENERAL HOSPITAL, DEOLALI.

This was opened towards the end of 1917, the medical staff coming from Rawalpindi and the nurses being Australians, with Matron A. E. Dowsley in charge. The hospital admitted, as well as semi-convalescent patients from Mesopotamia, those from the local camps and from the chemist-staff of a neighbouring acetone factory. In July, 1918, it became an isolation hospital. The influenza epidemic struck heavily at its staff, and eight months after its opening it was closed, the Australian matron then taking charge at Bangalore.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, NASIK.

A small hospital, seven miles from Deolali. There were only three nurses on the staff, and one of them (Sister E. A. Burke) described the life as "more like being at home than anything I experienced on service." The bungalows were fitted with electricity in 1918, but the night sister still kept beside her a hurricane lamp as a precaution against snakes, which were not infrequently met in this and other hospitals.

DECCAN WAR HOSPITAL, POONA.

This lay in the beautiful highland district of the Western Ghats, 140 miles from Bombay, had only eighty beds when, in December, 1916, an Australian matron (Miss T. J. Dunne) and six sisters were sent thither. A large increase, however, soon occurred, huts being rapidly erected and the hospital being, within three months, smoothly expanded to 1,200 beds—the Australian nurses at the same time increasing to fifty. The patients, who flowed in from Mesopotamia, consisted at first largely of wounded; but, as the hospitals nearer the actual front became more numerous and better equipped, the nature of the cases reaching Poona gradually changed, medical cases predominating. The service in this hospital was described by two of the Australian nurses (Sisters Derrer and Mary Keating) as "very varied—a wonderful experience," including dysentery, plague, and cholera. An outbreak of cholera occurred in the Poona camps, and all cases were sent to this hospital. By inoculation and isolation the outbreak was kept down to about sixty cases, but work in the hospital was severe, the rule in cholera cases being that the patients must continuously have the attention of a medical officer, nurse, and orderly.

KING GEORGE'S WAR HOSPITAL, POONA.

This hospital, of 600 beds, had a staff of Australian sisters, at first under an English matron. One of the Australian sisters, Miss Ethel Butler, who had originally come from Australia as temporary matron, was assistant matron until late in 1918, when she sailed to England in charge of fifty sisters.

TRIMULGHERRY HOSPITAL, SECUNDERABAD.

This was in Hyderabad, the Indian state possessing the largest native army. The Nizam maintains there also a division of British troops as a precaution against native risings. The native troops were largely fighting in East Africa, where they contracted a very serious form of malaria; on their return to their native districts they spread this malaria everywhere, the British troops in that state suffering heavily. From 1916 Miss E. Hoadley of the A.I.F., with a staff of Australian nurses, was matron of this hospital, which then contained 500 beds. In 1918 she was succeeded by Miss Gertrude Moberly, and the hospital was shortly afterwards increased to 1,200 beds. Its buildings had previously been a barracks of the 7th Hussars, and were seven miles from Secunderabad and four from Trimulgherry. From the sisters' quarters to the wards was a mile, and they were carried to and from work in slow-moving carts drawn by the little native bullocks. The hospital was closed on the 7th of September, 1918.

STATION HOSPITALS.

Bangalore. A large station hospital nearly two days and nights by train from Bombay. It followed that Mesopotamian patients were only transferred thither from the Bombay hospitals when almost ready for convalescent depots. The place was also a large military station. Early in 1918, when it was taken over by Australian nurses from Indian regular sisters of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., it was a station hospital of 150 beds. During that year, however, the hospital was greatly increased, Miss Dowsley being the matron. Influenza was very severe, and at one time no less than 58 per cent of the staff was off duty, some of its members being dangerously ill. This left nineteen nurses to carry on all duties, day and night. Nearly all the medical officers were down, and each of the wards, averaging eighty patients, was in charge of one sister (or in fortunate cases two), with two nursing orderlies. The matron had to exercise much care in seeing that the seriously-ill patients were evenly distributed through the wards so as to avoid severely overworking some of the staff. Throughout, the staff was hampered by shortage of equipment—a condition prevailing all over southern India.

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Belgaum—a plateau station in Mysore with a good climate and pleasant conditions. The full staff comprised four Australian sisters, whose lot was made easier by the kindness of the residents and the existence of a very nice united service club.

"THE CLEANEST IN THIRTY YEARS."

Maymyo—a station hospital in Burma. The matron-in-chief for India (of the Q.A.I.M.N.S.) paid Sister Agnes Ferguson, the Australian in charge, the compliment of saying that she did not think it was possible to keep a hospital so clean; she had been thirty years in the service in India and had never seen any hospital so well kept as this station hospital then was.

THE FRONTIER WARS.

Rawalpindi. When fighting occurred in Waziristan, No. 18 British General Hospital opened at Rawalpindi, the second largest military station in India, 1,400 miles from Bombay. Five Australian nurses were sent thither. The seriously wounded, however, were kept at Tank, and Dera Ismail Khan on the frontier. After three months, in June, 1917, No. 18 at Rawalpindi closed down. In November of that year Australian nurses were sent again to Rawalpindi station hospital, which was then receiving mainly malaria cases, but afterwards smallpox. In June, 1918, the heat became intense, ranging from 116 to 124 degrees in the coolest part of the hospital, and a run of heat-stroke cases occurred. The local troops were largely garrison regiments—old soldiers of the Gordon Highlanders and the Somerset Light Infantry; and the Gordons especially suffered. Many were afterwards mentally affected, but all cases were as soon as possible sent to Murree, where it was cooler, and, in the climate of the hills, regained their normal sanity. During the height of this trouble some of the native ward-boys went sick from sheer fright.

Murree. This station hospital, in the hills twenty miles from Rawalpindi, was for a time staffed with Australian nurses. The place was badly equipped, but, as one nurse (Sister Lardi) afterwards wrote, "one relief was the way in which the R.A.M.C. orderlies worked."

THE LAST PLACE GOD MADE.

Tank, on the Baluchistan frontier. "Here (wrote Matron Davis), where no woman had ever been sent before—the last place God ever made—six of the A.A.N.S. worked in the most appalling heat one could imagine." The hospital was built of mud, with low walls and openings for windows, and only the crudest kind of equipment. The country was so rough that the wounded were brought in some form of litters on camels, and were in an upright position. They came thus nearly 100 miles, having been given hard rations for twenty-four hours—bully beef and biscuits, with their waterbottles filled; and they came in always in a state of exhaustion. The sisters at Tank had a picket of twelve Gurkhas always round their bungalow; and the General commanding called personally to extol the praises of our nurses, and stressed that it had made a great difference to the sick and wounded to have them there—if the womenfolk could stick it out, so could they. Sister E. G. Browne was in charge here, with Sister Vera Steel, and Staff-nurses McAllister, Elsie Jack, Dora Furness, and Emily Rogers.

Dera Ghazi Khan. The conditions here were similar to those at Tank, but not quite so severe. Australia sent thither three sisters—E. Horne, Beryl Tucker, and A. Hodson. "The thermometer", wrote Sister Horne, who went there in March, 1918, "rose to 118 and 120 degrees in the shade, but we enjoyed the work."

A COMPENSATION IN 1919.

In May, 1919, when the last of the hospitals in which Australian nurses had served had been closed down, the Afghan War again broke out, and many of the nurses, who were waiting to embark, had to be transferred to Rawalpindi, Gharial, and Khuldana. All the population except the military was forced to leave Peshawar and Kohat, officers' wives and families being sent away to the hills. "Although we did not get home as soon as we expected," wrote Matron Davis afterwards, "the six months spent at these hospitals, situated in the beautiful Himalaya Mountains, were not arduous at all, and I think all the sisters derived great benefit from the glorious climate after the sweltering some of us had endured for three years in Bombay. We were housed in comfortable bungalows planted in beautiful mountain forests, where the pine-trees grew in abundance, many of them with the wild rose of China climbing over them. We were 7,000 feet above sea-level, and to waken in the early morning and drink in the champagne-like air perfumed with the scent of these roses will outlive the memories of our less pleasant days elsewhere in India. Miss Lily Campbell was in charge at Khuldana and I at Gharial. It was a mile from my bungalow to the officers' hospital (100 beds), and in that mile we climbed another 1,000 feet. Fortunately the sisters for the officers' hospital were accommodated in bungalows at the end of the hospital compound." Once again, when General Burtchaell came from the Western Front as D.M.S., the Australian-staffed hospitals were commended: on his inspection in 1919 they were the only ones picked out for special credit.

IN SOUTHERN PERSIA.

At Bushire on the Persian Gulf was the only hospital near the Mesopotamian front staffed by Australian nurses. Here Sister Lily Stewart was in charge, with Sisters Wellard, Waterstrom, Purcell, and Parnell. The hospital had about thirty beds for officers and 100 for other ranks. From Bushire a railway ran about 100 miles into Persia, and most of the troops were doing outpost duty along this line.

HOSPITAL SHIPS—130 IN THE SHADE!

A number of these, working from India to the Persian Gulf (Basra), Suez, East Africa, and even Hong Kong and Vladivostok, were at various times staffed by Australian sisters. The service was often prolonged in several ships. Sister Horne, for example, in September, 1917, left Bombay in the *Vita* with four nurses and twenty-five orderlies for Basra. After a return voyage (very busy with heat-stroke cases) in this beautifully-fitted ship, she sailed in October in the *Sicilia*, bringing back 400 sick or wounded men from Mesopotamia. In December she sailed in the *Delta* for Suez with a staff of five Australian nurses, three Indian trained nurses, and sixty orderlies; on the return voyage an Indian labour corps from France was carried—good patients, but the dirtiest with whom she ever had to deal. She next sailed in the *Delta* to German East Africa, bringing back as patients German prisoners of war and sick or wounded Indian troops. The work in the Persian Gulf was carried on under conditions of intense heat. Sister Scanlan, a Western Australian who volunteered at the beginning of the war and served in the Q.A.I.M.N.S., records that she had many trips to the Gulf with a shade temperature of 124 to 130 degrees on board. On one trip the hospital ship *Dongola* ran out of ice, and had to zig-zag to provide patients and crew with fresh air. These conditions were terribly severe on patients with heat-stroke. One (Sister Scanlan records) had a temperature of 113 degrees for three days; this case ended fatally.

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Sister Larkan records that, on a voyage from Basra with 500 heat-stroke cases in the hospital ship *Takada* in 1917, the heat in the shade on deck was 120 degrees, and so trying were the conditions in the engine-room that the engineers went down with heat-stroke and it took seven days instead of five to get clear of the gulf. In the midst of it a signal was received from another ship, and the *Takada* had to stop and take on board one of the ship's engineers very seriously ill with heat-stroke. "The matron was a Briton", wrote Sister Larkan. "She took the worst cases on deck, worked till midnight, slept in her clothes, and was up again at 3 a.m. helping the night sister to sponge." The temperatures of these patients ran to 110 degrees, as high as the thermometer would register. The native Indians often refused to get well; the British "Tommies" fought splendidly for life, but many of them were afterwards mentally affected. To give a notion of the varied nature of the work, the records of the two following voyages may be cited.

In May, 1917, Sister Alma Bennett was sent to take charge of the hospital ship *Herefordshire* working between Mesopotamia and Bombay. The ship had 560 beds and a nursing staff of six—one sister and two staff-nurses of the Australian service and three Indian "temporary" nurses. It was in the monsoon and the voyage was stormy, but the nurses on the voyage up the gulf prepared their stock of dressings and got ready for the patients as well as they could. On May 15th they reached the entrance to the Tigris (Shatt-el-Arab), and, as the ship could not cross the bar, waited for the smaller hospital ship *Erinpura*, which was bringing the patients down the river. Two days later, at 8 a.m., she came alongside with 260 Indian and 240 British patients, who were quietly transferred, and at 3 p.m. the ship sailed. The heat was intense and the Indian troops seemed to suffer more than the British, calling perpetually for *pani* (water). Iced lime drinks were in constant demand, but with Indian troops the situation was always complicated by the fact that by their religion their food must be prepared by their own people. Each night dozens of patients from the lower decks were carried up into the fresh air, especially when, through rough weather, the port-holes had to be closed. At the end of each voyage the Indian troops were sent ashore in clean white cotton suits and turbans.

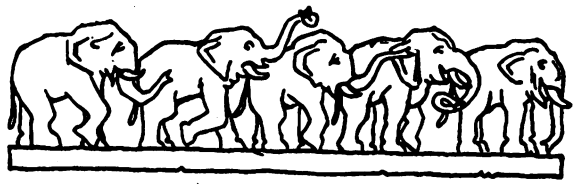
Miss Moberly was afterwards in charge of the *Herefordshire*.

In 1918 volunteers were called for to staff a hospital ship for Vladivostok, and Sister Fletcher, who for two years had worked at the Deccan War Hospital, was chosen to go in charge, with four friends on her staff. At the last moment three of the staff were stricken down with influenza, and their places were filled by others. They sailed on 28th September in a transport, the *Dilwarra*, for Hong Kong. This ship carried 300 troops among whom influenza soon became rife, the nurses volunteering to look after them. The sick-accommodation was of course utterly inadequate, and there were practically no medical stores, but from the Queen Alexandra sewing-base at Colombo the nurses managed to get pyjamas for their patients, of whom fifty were eventually landed at Singapore.

At Hong Kong the nurses landed to await their hospital ship, the *Madras*, and, as the hotels were dear, the authorities had very kindly arranged to board them at the hospital. Here they volunteered to work in order to give the local sisters some leave. So much was their work appreciated—and so well did they like the place—that the D.M.S. at Hong Kong cabled to Australia and England for leave to retain two; but, before it came, the *Madras* had arrived and they had sailed in her.

The *Madras* was sent first to Vancouver, and the voyage across the Pacific proved a stormy one. On arrival at Vancouver one sister was married, reducing the staff to four. The *Madras* sailed again on 15th January, 1919, with twenty Canadian officers for service in Siberia, and a Russian surgeon-general. She called on the north coast of Japan in midwinter to coal, and reached Vladivostok in bitter weather with the thermometer thirteen degrees below zero; an ice-breaking ship went round the harbour to prevent freezing-in.

Here the Canadians hoped to obtain the ship to send some of their troops to Canada, but she was required by the British for taking home 500 Czecho-Slovaks and the Middlesex Regiment. The nursing staff was increased, an American sister and two American nurses took charge of the Czechs, accompanying them on their voyage and actually to Prague, and the Australian sisters going on with the British troops to England.



"HORSEFERRY ROAD, BOMBAY"

It is not generally known in Australia that, besides the extensive headquarters of the A.I.F. at Horseferry-road, London, and the smaller A.I.F. H.Q. in Cairo, there had to be sent to India also an A.I.F. administrative staff, though on a very small scale. Small bodies of the A.I.F. were at one time scattered over a great part of Asia. Among others, Capt. Ross Smith, with Sergts. Bennett and Shiers, visited this scene of operations, though they took no part in them. They handed over to the Royal Air Force the giant Handley-Page machine in which they flew from Palestine to India, and it was eventually crashed in operations in the East.

No records of any of these existed at the Administrative Headquarters of the A.I.F. in London, nor was there any satisfactory scheme for settling accounts between the Indian and Australian Governments. For this reason in January, 1918, Captain F. H. Wickham was sent out from France to act as A.I.F. representative in India and Mesopotamia, and, with Warrant-Officer T. I. Baker and a small staff, was attached to the Adjutant-General's Department at Indian Army Headquarters. Part of Wickham's job was to trace all records of the A.I.F. men in Mesopotamia by a search through the Third Echelon, Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, Basra, as well as the H.Q. of the wireless squadron in Baghdad. The tracks of nurses and dispensers in India were obtained and their records dealt with in orders by "Administrative Headquarters, A.I.F. (Indian Section)", which by this time had been established in Bombay. It was discovered that the dispensers—fifty in all—though doing valuable work, were not being employed on duties commensurate with their rank (Warrant-Officer, Class II.), so they were withdrawn and returned to Australia.

It proved much easier to send the A.I.F. to Asia than to get it back. The difficulties which hampered Wickham and his staff were—lack of shipping between India and Australia; the desire of the Indian Government to continue to employ the nurses long after the Armistice; and the desire of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force to retain the last section of the wireless squadron. It was only after very strong and persistent representations to the Indian Government that, towards the end of 1919, they had all been returned (except the twenty nurses who had married in India). Last of all, after a financial cleaning up, the administrative staff itself came back. It is worth recording that it had performed for the New Zealand Government exactly the same work as for the Australian.

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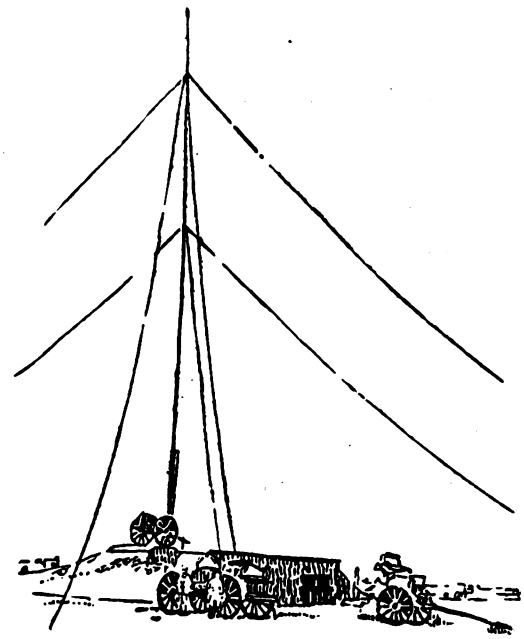
1919
"D" TROOP
IN KURDISTAN



No. 16 Wagon Station, Mosul.

Back in Baghdad "D" Troop Headquarters inherited "The Billet." Courtyards that in war-time had buzzed with life now echoed emptily. Its luck was out. Did it not have the slowest trip across ever, a matter of three months? And likewise a terrific month in an Egyptian isolation camp? However, for the present it had no horses, and in consequence there was no watering-up or grooming to do. The five stations, now on a motor basis, were disposed as follows:—

No. 2 Wagon, Baqubah — as chief directing station.
No. 15 Lorry (Daimler set), Kalat Shergat—attached to the 55th Infantry Brigade.
No. 16 Wagon (with a captured Telefunken set), Mosul.
No. 13 Pack (in vans), Mosul—standing by.
No. 14 Pack (in vans), Kirkuk—whence it had gone from Mosul to relieve No. 1 Wagon Station.

Lieut. Sandars was appointed to command of the unit, with the rank of Captain.

On the 2nd of February, 1919, the wagon at Baqubah was destroyed by fire, whereupon No. 15 Lorry was withdrawn from Kalat Shergat and commenced duty at Baqubah on the 16th—the same day as that on which Squadron Headquarters and "A," "B," and "C" Troops embarked at Advanced Base for the voyage down the river.

March and April passed without incident. On May 2nd No. 14 Station returned to Baghdad, but on the 17th its personnel left for a village near Amadia in Kurdistan, going *via* Mosul and Zacho, in order to relieve the men of No. 24 Station of the 2nd (British) Wireless Squadron (which had taken part in the Shergat operations in October). The relief was effected by the 23rd of the month. On the same day No. 13 opened at Zacho—Britain's garrison post on the Turkish frontier—which is situated on an island in the Kharbur River. The route to Zacho could hardly be called a road (although it eventually became accessible for wheeled traffic); beyond, pack-transport had to be utilized. A Turkish telegraph-line served to indicate the line of the road more efficiently than to carry messages.

KURDISTAN.

These movements took our men into the heart of Kurdistan, a country of rugged mountains and valleys, whose only vegetation is a few stunted shrubs. Wherever a small pocket of workable soil occurs in a valley, there is to be found a community of wild, lawless men, who pasture just enough sheep and goats and till just enough of the soil to keep themselves equal to maintaining a feud with two or three neighbours. The Kurd, being alien to Turk, Persian, and Arab, has always lived in a chronic state of warfare with the powers that be. Moreover, the country in which he lives is not exclusively his own; scattered over it are villages of many of the Eastern Christian sects—Georgians, Syrians, Chaldeans, and Nestorians. In some districts the Christians manage to live in amity with the Kurds, but in others there exist bitter feuds or else a state of latent hostility. After the Armistice, a big tract of this country came under British control, and, as usual, Britain did not shrink from the task of bringing peace to a troubled land. Political officers and their staffs were at once established at Suleimaniyah (visited by No. 8 Station in December, 1918), Zacho, Amadia, and other important centres.

Amadia, a walled town of oval shape, set (2,000 feet above a valley) on a flat-topped spur of the Ser Amadia range, dates from ancient times as a protection-post for the caravans coming down from the Van country to Mesopotamia. It has but four entrances, each of which can practically be defended by a single man. Owing to its elevated position, however, it suffers from an unsatisfactory water-supply. By the beginning of 1919 a new route to Amadia was opened up *via* Dohuk roadhead (45 miles from Mosul), sappers and miners having made the track beyond Dohuk passable for troops and pack-animals moving in single file; in addition, night-resting posts (each with a supply of water) were instituted along the way. It then took four days of exceedingly heavy going to cover the 39 miles between Dohuk and Amadia, besides which the hours of darkness had largely to be given up to picquet duty, in order to ensure the safety of the camp. At Amadia the political staff and *gendarmerie* lived in the

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Station _____ Abteilung _____

angenommen am ___/___ 19___ Uhr ___ Min. vorm./nachm., durch _____

aufgenommen am ___/___ 19___ Uhr ___ Min. vorm./nachm., durch _____ von ___

befördert am ___/___ 19___ Uhr ___ Min. vorm./nachm., durch _____ an ___

Fern- Licht- Funk- **Spruch** Nr. _____ aus _____

Dienstliche Zusätze:

Absender:	in Meldg.	Ort
	Abgegangen	
	Angekommen	

An

Portion of log-sheet used by German operators, Mosul Wagon Station.

town itself, the nearest British troops being at the village of Bebadi, two miles distant on the Zacho road. At Bebadi was also No. 24 Wireless Station, the staff of which were to be relieved by the men of No. 14 Australian station.

The work of a political officer in this almost unknown country was both dangerous and difficult. Troops could not always be spared to accompany him when first taking over, and his safety accordingly depended on native guides and levies of questionable loyalty. Even when he was settled in office he had to exercise almost superhuman wisdom and tact in the exercise of his duties; and not the least of his worries was the partiality of his *gendarmes*, who would set off with the greatest eagerness for an attack upon their enemies, but with equal slowness if ordered to deal with their friends.

AMADIA.

Up till then everything had been quiet in Kurdistan; the tribesmen seemed to respect the power that had been able to break Ottoman prestige. But such a state of affairs was too good to last. Murmurs grew to rumblings. The weakness of Bebadi Post from a defensive point of view becoming more obvious, the garrison was ordered into Amadia citadel until a more satisfactory point could be found. In Amadia we renovated old tumble-down houses and barracks, sprayed disinfectant lavishly, and soon made ourselves comfortable. But water had to be obtained from outside the town, and H.Q. experienced the greatest difficulty in supplying it with even a percentage of our rations.

Before long our survey parties found, at a point 23 miles to the south-west, the pass of Suwara Atika, which was pronounced suitable for a garrison post. Accordingly, on June 4th, the troops moved out from Amadia, leaving behind the political officer and his two assistants, No. 24 Station (nine Australians), and about 80 *gendarmes* (whose loyalty it was considered, would not stand any great strain).

The withdrawal of the garrison proved to be a psychological error, giving the tribesmen the idea that we were afraid of them. Rumors cropped up everywhere, and several anonymous letters were received by the political officer. But he felt quite confident of his position, and, as for us, we seemed to be on such friendly terms with the leading citizens that nothing was further from our minds than any thought of hostile feeling.

Meanwhile an Indian telegraph unit was working double shift to get the land-line through. By the last week in June this was completed and tested; on the 28th we, too, took the mountain trail to Suwara.

No. 24 AT SUWARA.

Here we spent a fortnight settling down in camp. Then, in the morning of July 15th a message for the political officer at Mosul was handed to us for transmission. That message, which struck our hearts with dismay, was to be the forerunner of many a batch of high-speed traffic. It read:—

"Letter just received from Abdul Latif, headman of Amadia, saying Hamasala and Shaban used force against Government officials in Amadia last night about 23 hours. Abdul Latif heard noises from his garden, and did not go to Amadia. Says he is sure political officer has been killed."

At half-past five we knew the truth—our friends of a fortnight ago were dead. The second message ran:

"Gendarme arrived from Daoudieh states that the mukhtar (headman) of Tini brought news that he was in Amadia last night and knows that Captain Willey, Lieut. MacDonald, Sergeant Troup and two Christian gendarmes were killed. No further news can be obtained."

MOSUL ACTS QUICKLY.

Before dawn next morning the chief political officer of the district, Colonel Leachman, arrived post-haste at

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Royal Air Force aeroplane flying above the mountains of Kurdistan (from an official photograph.)

Suwara, and by the afternoon there had been formed a small punitive column—consisting of a company of Garhwali infantry, a mountain-gun, a machine-gun, and No. 24 Station—which moved out without delay for Amadia. The following account of its operations has been supplied by an Australian who took part in them.

THE AMADIA COLUMN.

"Leading our pack-horses and mules, we trekked along the great valley, and, after a weary march of about fifteen miles, halted for the night at a defensive position, the wireless station erecting its mast and working traffic with Mosul. At dawn we were off again, and soon the plateau of Amadia was to be seen ahead, the sun shining on its minarets and white buildings. About 7 a.m., after climbing more hills, we found ourselves close to Bebadi, a couple of miles from Amadia. Packs were then taken off, and patrols sent out to reconnoitre; and we expected any minute to see two R.A.F. aeroplanes which were coming from Mosul to assist us.

"We had rested but a few minutes when about 200 rifles opened fire from the rugged hills above us. With bullets kicking up the dust all round, we improved our position as best we could. The mountain and machine-guns replied, but, seeing that any further advance was at the moment impossible, the C.O. decided to withdraw. In the meantime, just as our station was advising Mosul about the "appreciable" opposition, the two 'planes arrived and dropped some bombs on the Kurdish position. Then, juggling mast-sections and guy-ropes as bullets zipped and whined uncomfortably close, we dismantled the station.

"When the tribesmen realised that we were retiring, they increased their fire, and, hurrying from ridge to ridge, kept up the attack for miles. Our two guns covered the withdrawal magnificently, and we sustained few casualties. Descending from a level stretch into a deep nullah about three-quarters of a mile long, we were greeted on the flank by a fresh band of Kurds, who poured in their fire at close quarters. The air was alive with flying lead; leaves were flicked from the trees as we hurried on, yet a wounded Indian driver was the only casualty at this point.

"Issuing at last from the nullah, we climbed a high ridge and were thus in a better defensive position; the tribesmen evidently realised this, for they now abandoned the fight. However, we had to reach Suwara before nightfall, so the march was continued at a forced pace. By now both men and animals were feeling the strain; large numbers of Garhwalis, who are usually noted for their powers of endurance, began to drop out in a state of collapse. The last few miles to the pass were up-hill, and the column had literally to be pushed over every foot of the rough and rocky track. Every step was painful.

"Once back at Suwara, mules were sent out to bring in a number of sepoys who were too knocked up to walk; and the exhausted 'Wireless' had to erect station and keep 'sparks' flying until eleven o'clock."

Next morning the great valley was astir, and the situation was only too clear. Refugees, mostly from the various Christian villages, came pouring in, fleeing from trouble which they knew would overtake them if they stayed in their homes after the withdrawal of the British. After receiving food at the post, they were sent on to Mosul, where they could be looked after. They were in a terrible plight, all clothed in dirty old rags; and women were carrying infants tied in slings on their backs.

The failure of Leachman's expedition, and consequent loss of British prestige, made immediate action necessary. The Kurds had thrown down the gauntlet, and we could not afford to let the challenge pass. Accordingly, two mobile forces—known as "Nightingale's Column" and "Lumb's Column"—were organised at Mosul and Zacho respectively from troops of the 18th Division. Nightingale's Column ("Nightcol"), with No. 14 Station attached, left immediately for Suwara, and, after resting there for a few days, moved out on active operations at the beginning of August.

A DIVERSION.

Before "Nightcol" arrived at Suwara, however, the Kurds caused a slight diversion by raiding one of our supply-columns, killing one or two *gendarmes* and Indians, and getting away with a couple of mule-loads of "loot". Shortly after this our intelligence received information that the raid was only part of a plan involving an attack in strength on Suwara post; it also discovered that our chief enemy was Rechid Beg, who was actively assisted by the Sheikhs of Bermaneh (Bahadin) and Hamzan, and by Abdul Latif, headman of Amadia. The arch conspirator, accompanied by a body-guard, came on to Suwara a few days afterwards and loudly protested his innocence. He failed, however, to produce the Amadia murderers; a day or two later he was given twenty-four hours to evacuate the valley, and was warned of the intended reprisals.

AT ZACHO.

Meanwhile in the Zacho district, to the west affairs had been moving in a similar fashion, though not quite so dramatically.

The first few months spent by No. 13 Station with the Garhwali garrison had been fairly quiet, but it was the quiet before the storm. The Guli and Goyan tribesmen, with true oriental spirit, soon began to be somewhat contemptuous of a power that treated them with equality. This feeling, secret at first, soon found expression in raids on the village, which, though exciting,

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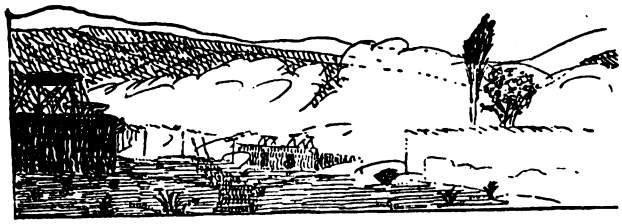

A Kurdish village set on fire during the reprisal operations.

usually ended without damage, our picquets early giving the alarm, and the machine-guns and Very lights completing the job. No reprisals were undertaken, with the result that the tribesmen became still bolder; a political officer met death at their hands, and peaceful villages lived in terror of them.

The tragedy at Amadia brought matters to a head, and Zacho, like Suwara, its companion post, was called upon to provide a punitive force. This was Lumb's Column, which moved out on August 18th and arrived the following day at Kawoka, meeting with but slight opposition. No. 13 Station accompanied the column.

NIGHTCOL BEGINS.

The first place to be attacked was Bermaneh, the stronghold* of Rechid Beg and his brother Bahadin, less than eight miles from Suwara. That eight miles, however, included mountain ranges up to 7,000 feet in height; in addition it had the advantage of excellent natural defences. The natural corollary to this was a surprise attack, and a start was accordingly made about 9 p.m. on the 1st of August—a night bitterly cold and as black as pitch. It was a tough job leading mules over the steep inclines and hills of unknown country, strewn with boulders, while only those who have led these animals through creeks at midnight know what difficulties that task involves. Mules will never wade a stream; instead, they insist on jumping, a process that usually lands them midway across with fresh determination to stay there. The only thing then to do is call on the assistance of some infantrymen, and half-carry, half-push the beasts forward!

The column re-assembled at dawn, and, although an hour late, succeeded in surprising the Kurds. Bermaneh was rushed as planned, the tribesmen nevertheless putting up a good defence. About eleven o'clock, realising that the game was up, they retreated into the Ser Amadia range, from which they sniped at our infantrymen, who by this time were going through the village collecting arms and commandeering foodstuffs. The chief prize, however, was nothing less than the person of Sheikh Bahadin and his household; so by way of adding insult to injury, engineers blew up his house with explosives.

Late that night the column reached the friendly village of Daoudieh, here linking up with its supply train. Next morning it visited Hamzan (whose hostile sheikh has already been referred to), and a good haul of vegetables and fowls was made. This day the wireless station was out of action till midnight, being repaired only by superhuman efforts on the part of the station mechanic; but all traffic was cleared by daylight.

TROUBLES OF No. 14.

What a time the wireless was having! Their fragile gear was all but smashed to smithereens every hour through the pack mules stumbling or knocking their loads against overhanging ledges of rock; half the night was spent in traffic instead of sleep; and by 3 a.m. they were packing up again. The wireless station was, of course, the last thing to be dismantled, for it had to hang on until the clearing message came through from Mosul. In addition, as the operators had to work at a fairly swift rate in order not to keep it waiting. Another trial lay in the fact that the aerial masts must be kept inside the camp perimeter, which meant that they had to be erected and dismantled across mule-lines, etc., to the tune of much good Australian.

The attack on Zewa, a village not far from Bermaneh, proved disappointing. Here we did not even get any provisions, and so went to bed hungry, with pains from eating scraps of half-cooked *chupatty*. Supplies were replenished at Daoudieh, and the column went off to Aradina. Although on our approach white flags were hoisted by the villagers, a search was made for rifles of which more than a hundred were secured.

BACK TO AMADIA.

This was the end of the campaign against the conspirators personally; from now onwards the effort was to be concentrated upon locating the murderers. As a preliminary measure the column moved, *viâ* Bebadi, to the old fortress town of Amadia. Except for a few Nestorians it, too, was deserted, the Kurds, warned of our approach, having thought it wiser to flee into the hills, from which they could put up a better defence. The Nestorians pointed out to the G.O.C. the graves of the murdered officers, whose bodies Abdul Latif had caused to be buried. Next day picquets were sent out into the hills in order to protect the Masurka Gorge (the sole pass through the Ser Amadia range), by which the column would later proceed, and to command the route leading to it. Inquiries were made as to the identity of the murderers, and, during a search of the village, there came to light British military stores that had been pillaged from convoys. This led to the arrest of a number of Kurds, in outlying villages, who were tried by court-martial.

The column rested in Amadia for five days, and during the second week of August, as the picquets, having observed no sign of the enemy, reported the hills clear, a detachment left the main camp about 7 a.m. with half-an-hour's march in front of it before it would reach the entrance to the Masurka Gorge. Good progress was made, and the leading troops were about midway through the gorge when on both sides, at a distance of fifty yards, heavy rifle-fire broke out against the centre of the column, which, on account of the narrowness of the ravine, was moving in single file. Ambushed thus, there was little chance of escape for those upon whom the fire was directed, and confusion reigned as animals stampeded and men dived for cover. The troops in front, however, managed to reach the upper end of the gorge and break out to cover, as did some of the rear parties from the other entrance. It was at least half-an-hour before news of the disaster reached Amadia, whereupon reinforcements and mountain-guns were immediately despatched to retake the gorge and drive the Kurds from the hillsides—a task which was to tax them severely.

The work of clearing the country to the west of the gorge was entrusted to the Gurkhas, that on the eastern side to the Garhwalis with the machine and mountain-guns. But it was no easy matter to dislodge from the craggy slopes an enemy so used to fighting in such country; and as the advance proceeded the guns had

*In addition to a mutual *stronghold*, they had their own *villages* —see next page.

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frequently to be man-handled to fresh positions. On the western side the Gurkhas had to undertake a stiff climb of 2,000 feet, but they accomplished it in two and a half hours, fighting all the way—a really marvellous feat. In spite of heavy firing from the Kurds they held on until reinforced next day, when the position was consolidated. Enemy opposition had by then diminished, but a constant sniping fire made picqueting extremely dangerous.

The guerilla warfare continued for four days, after which the Kurds finally gave up their attacks and withdrew to the other side of the range. The position then became easier, though it was never safe to leave the gorge unprotected, as Kurdish scouts still in the hills made isolated attacks.

Midnight on August 14th will be remembered for a thrilling false alarm, in which the whole camp turned out, wireless included. But the only "enemy" that appeared were a few Indian stretcher-bearers who had stampeded earlier in the operations.

SUWARA ATTACKED.

At this juncture the post at Suwara—the loss of which would have been a serious blow, since it commanded the main British line of communication to Dohuk and Mosul, and in addition contained a fairly large reserve of stores — was attacked in earnest. Forcing a picquet, the Kurds penetrated to within 250 yards of the camp. The British troops were outnumbered by four to one, there being at the time less than 500 rifles at the post. Land-line communications were cut, so No. 24 wireless station had to open up, and, at 7.15 a.m., under heavy fire, urgent messages asking for assistance were sent out to both "Nightcol" and Mosul.

The aeroplanes asked for from Mosul arrived two hours later, and it is believed that the Kurds lost their sheikh about the same time. The tide turned: the enemy war drums no longer beat triumphantly, and the attackers drew off. Had they but known how to push home their attack, nothing could have saved the post. During the day reinforcements arrived from "Nightcol", having covered the 21 miles of rough country in the record time of seven hours.

"NIGHTCOL" REORGANISED.

After one or two smaller alarms, affairs at Suwara quietened down again, and on August 19th the "Nightcol" party was able to return to Amadia, where preparations were being made for a new advance *viâ* Masurka Gorge. At Hazie, an unimportant village eight miles out, the party camped for the night, pushing on next morning to Derghali, the home of Rechid Beg's brother, which was burned together with several smaller villages in the neighbourhood. Of the enemy there was as usual no sign. Deir Sherish, Rechid Beg's own village, was next visited, but that wily individual had taken with him all his goods and valuables. Nevertheless, all the important houses were blown up and the crops destroyed. In the meantime "Nightcol" made its headquarters at Derghali. It was now the end of August.

"LUMBCOL" AT SHABKANE KALE

No. 13 STATION.

The narrative must now turn to the adventures of "Lumbcol" during this period. On August 20th a reconnaissance was carried out towards Benuna, some three miles to the north-east of Kawoka; considerable opposition was met with, the enemy fire coming mainly from a precipitous ridge overlooking the village on the south. This ridge being stormed by the Garhwalis, supported by a mountain-battery, the Kurds fled to another (a natural rock fortress, known as Shabkane Kale), which covered the village on the northern side, and was itself protected by a deep chasm and, to the south, by cliffs 3000-4000 feet in height. Here the enemy was completely hidden; nevertheless the mountain battery shelled the position until the afternoon, when the column withdrew to Kawoka.

The following day aeroplanes bombed the Kurdish stronghold, and were heavily fired on while so engaged. On the 22nd the column moved out to the east of Benuna "strafing" villages in the neighbourhood of the Kharbur River; when returning to camp the Kurds attempted to close in, but were effectively stopped by machine and Lewis gun fire. Then in the course of the afternoon a party of Gulis under Sadio Beru and also a party of Kurds were encountered, but they, too, were both driven back with heavy loss. Next morning before dawn the British force set out to return to Birsiwi, and at daybreak, while moving through the valley, the enemy opened fire from the surrounding heights. For a time the position looked serious, but the machine-guns were at length able to cover the withdrawal, and, after slow progress, Birsiwi—only eight miles distant—was reached nine hours later.

"LUMBCOL" RAIDED.

The column remained here until August 28th. Then, shortly after midnight, it moved out again for Kawoka, arriving there at 11 a.m. after an exhausting march. No opposition was met with on the way, but from the moment it reappeared at Kawoka sniping fire began to come from the ridges ahead. During the night an enemy raiding party got in between the outposts, and from the south directed a heavy fire on the camp, particularly in the vicinity of the wireless station. It was at first thought that a large force of Kurds had penetrated the lines, and the excitement was increased when one of the mountain-battery star-shells hovered immediately above the camp; but this conjecture was probably wrong, for they drew off after a quarter of an hour's retaliation from every gun in camp.

Bahadin, Sheikh of Bermaneh—one of the conspirators.

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The wireless set and engine were in a small dugout covered by a tent-fly, and, although every care had been taken to prevent the exposure of lights, it was afterwards surmised that one of the operators going through the doorway had probably allowed a ray from the hurricane lamp to escape into the darkness—hence the target. At any rate the Column H.Q. Staff, camped but ten yards away, were next morning somewhat curious as to why the Kurds should have picked on them and the wireless station!

BENUNA.

By this time it had been decided that both columns were to make a joint attack on the Guli tribesmen, who from their Benuna fastness continually raided and harassed the neighbouring Christian villages. The idea was to launch a surprise attack from three points. The "Nightcol" troops, who were called upon to make forced night-marches, each man carrying his rations in his haversack (for no transport could be spared to accompany them), had now to leave the shelter of the valley; this rendered necessary the provision of extra picquets along the line of communication as well as with the main body.

Benuna was forced on the 29th, after a short tussle; but the Kurds managed to escape by a secret route that had not been closed by the expedition. Wireless communication was provided by "Lumbcol's" station, No. 13 at Kawoka, which kept in touch by means of helio and runners. Afterwards this station returned to Birsiwi.

JERANUM OPERATIONS.

(No. 14 Station.)

"Nightcol's" next move was against Jeranum, stronghold of the Kishuri tribesmen, and on this "stunt" it had as a guide a brother of Rechid Beg, one Musa, who (at any rate for the present) had thrown in his lot with the British. After rationing and waiting for the return of the troops who had been operating against Benuna, the column left Derghali at 6 o'clock in the morning on a five-days' march. On the first day fifteen miles were covered; searching several villages on the way, all of which were found to be friendly, and meeting with no opposition, camp was pitched at Ura for the night. Next morning the march was continued as far as Mai —a search of Baiju village *en route* bringing to light no less than eighty rifles—and here the station tried from the camp-site to communicate with Mosul, but, as was expected, the height of the intervening mountains prevented this from being done. The operators were then obliged to climb a spur and erect the mast at a spot some 800 feet above the camp, where an outlying picquet was stationed; as the spur was bare of cover the sappers and miners were ordered to build a stone parapet around the station in case of attack, and here, in touch with Mosul, the Australians passed an uneventful though bitterly cold night.

A STRENUOUS DAY.

Next morning the march was resumed up a dry river-bed, but the uphill going was very rough and laborious, the troops having to pick their way over a confused jumble of boulders. Nevertheless, sticking to the task with commendable spirit, they at length (after refilling their water-bottles on the way, and enjoying half-an-hour's rest) reached a pass, some 5000 feet above the valley, that led to the old Kurdish-Christian village of Kanuk. Later, when about half-way down the other side, a report from the advance-guard to the effect that there were no signs of water or food at Kanuk prompted the General to advise H.Q. that the column would be "missing" for two days, and at 2 p.m. No. 14 wireless station was ordered back to the pass to erect and get the message through. Toiling up the steep hillside, it was half-past four ere this could be done, after which the station came down again with the rear-guard. Worn out, having eaten nothing since breakfast, the operators and their *drabis* were simply forced at the end of an hour, by which time they had reached the foot of the hill, to have a quarter of an hour's rest, and thereafter to take a ten-minute spell at the conclusion of every hundred yards' advance. Finally they got into Kanuk about 7.30 p.m.—only to be ordered to try and get Mosul again. But all attempts proved fruitless, even from a nearby hillside; and, instead of closing down the set and bringing it into camp for the night, the Australians, "too tired to care what happened to anyone or anything," had a bite and turned in.

As the region beyond Kanuk was so barren and trackless further advance would have been futile, wherefore the G.O.C. decided to push out small detachments to scour the countryside, the main body, with the supplies and the wireless station (which erected its mast higher up the slope) remaining behind. The detachment ordered to Jeranum found that village deserted, the inhabitants having fled on the approach of the troops, who secured a fine haul of feed for the horses and mules.

The return journey was then begun, the column taking over two hours to climb from Kanuk to the top of the pass. Kurds were immediately seen to be following, but, as they kept at a fairly long distance, it was not considered worth while to chase them. Next morning, however, just as the column was leaving Mai, they opened fire on it from some adjacent hills, inflicting several casualties. The mountain battery immediately replied and held them off until the column got clear. Naturally the Kurds concluded that their opponents were retreating, and so continued to dog them. Entering Mai soon afterwards they turned the inhabitants out, and, by the time "Nightcol" reached Aradina, refugees from this and other villages were streaming in to seek British protection.

AWAITING NEWS OF "LUMBCOL"

From Aradina the column, having crossed the pass into Amadia Valley, came to Daoudieh, where it was issued with fresh clothing and its supplies replenished while awaiting instructions as to its next field of operations—which turned out to be the region in the west end of Amadia Valley and into the Guli country. On this occasion the line of communication would be through Zacho. At this stage General Cassells visited "Nightcol" and took the opportunity to thank the members of the wireless station for their splendid work throughout the recent operations.

Amadia Valley now being clear of hostile Kurds, the column set out for Birsiwi with a feeling of security, and marched, for seven hours without a halt, over open country under a hot sun. The crops at this end of the valley had been cut and stored, and the troops gave their animals a good feed as they passed through. As communications during this march were not likely to be of an urgent nature, the wireless station was allowed to close down at 8 o'clock each evening, a concession that was greatly appreciated by the operators, whose hours of work for some time past had been long and arduous. At Spindorog, a small village by the Kharbur River, the force was compelled to stay three days, awaiting news of "Lumbcol's" operations in the Goyan country.* Such a lengthy delay had not been anticipated, and, in order to conserve the rations, permission was given to bomb the river for fish, the troops welcoming the change of diet. They also seized the opportunity, after months of hard work with little chance of enjoying a good wash, to indulge in swimming and in washing their clothes.

*On several occasions, Nos. 13 and 14 Stations, though comparatively close together, were unable to communicate with each other.

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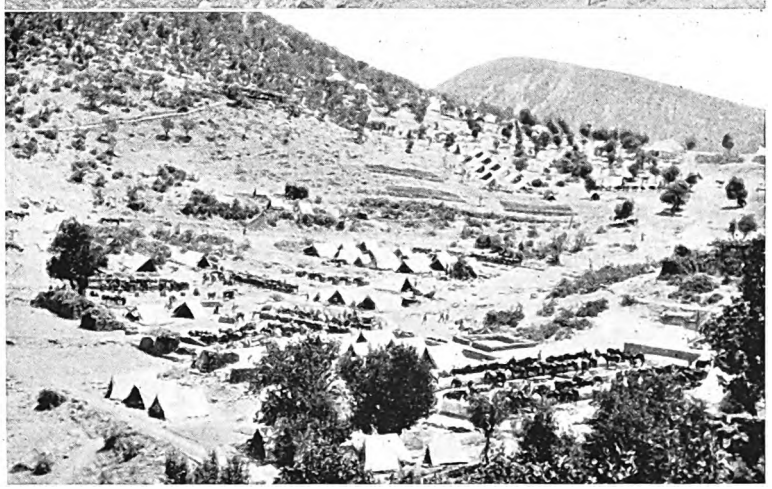
Zacho, with No. 13 Station erected. When the station marched out with Lumbcol, its duties at the post were taken over by No. 32 of the Second Wireless Squadron.

The fortress city of Amadia, on the plateau in the middle distance, viewed from the neighbourhood of Bebadi.

Sergeant Troup, who was shortly afterwards murdered, with members of the wireless station and the village notables. Amadia.



Camp and transport-lines at Suwara Atika pass.

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Hazie, an unimportant village about eight miles from the top of the Masurka Gorge, visited by Nightingale's Column during the third week in August 1919.

Nightingale's Column approaching the top of the pass above Kanuk. The wireless station was half-way down the far side of this pass when it was ordered to re-ascend and pass traffic to Mosul. A day without water and rations, since the early morning.

Column traversing the pass referred to above.

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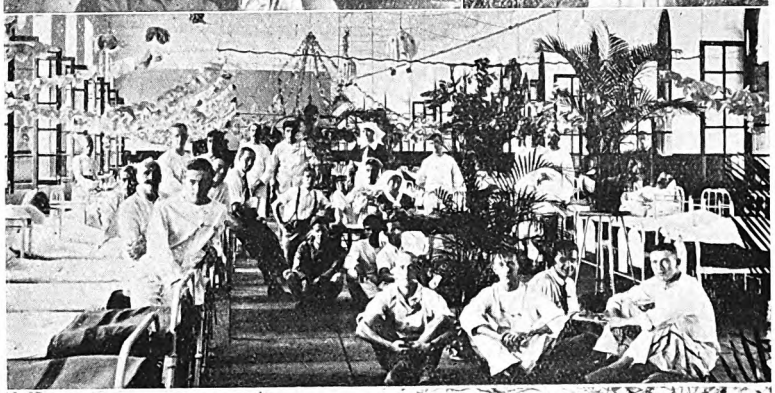
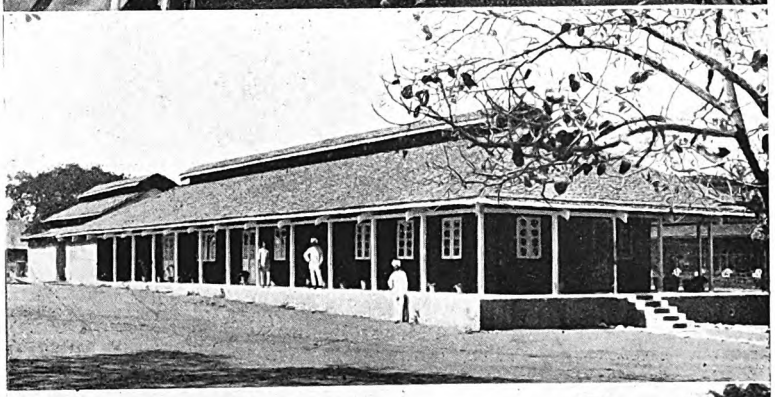
ARMY NURSING SERVICE

The nursing staff of the hospital at Bushire, Southern Persia — Sisters Stewart, Wellard, Waterstrom, Purcell and Parnell, one of whom made the photograph.

Sister Hobbes, of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., at Basra, August, 1916. (Miss Hobbes died at sea on 10th May, 1918, on the hospital ship, Kanowna.)



Christmas Day, 1916, in one of the wards at the Victoria War Hospital, Bombay.



Mess Room and Sisters' Quarters. No. 34 Welsh General Hospital, Poona.

The original medical staff of the hospital at Tank, North - West Frontier of India—Sisters Browne Steel, and McAllister, with the British medical officers.

Lent by Matron G. E. Davis, R.R.C.

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TWO FAMOUS TOWNS IN ASIA, BOTH OF WHICH WERE WELL KNOWN TO MEMBERS OF THE SQUADRON

The upper panorama shows Kirkuk, photographed from the roof of the Turkish Barracks on the southern side of the river. On the left can be seen British transport equipment; on the right the long bridge of many arches, partially destroyed by the Turks.

The Lower panorama shows Hamadan, lying beneath the shadow of Mt. Elwend; few cities can boast as large a population at such a height (7200 feet) above sea level. In the middle distance on the extreme left the tents of a Dunsterforce party can just be seen; No. 9 wireless station was in the walled enclosure that is partly hidden by the tallest group of poplars. The well-defined line on the mountain side on the right is one of the many irrigation canals, the skilful construction of which attract the attention of the traveller wherever he goes in Persia.

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"LUMBCOL" AT PIRAKH.

In the meantime "Lumbcol" had on September 11th moved north from Birsiwi on a reconnaissance to Pirakh (11 miles); a small enemy party was encountered on the way, but it was easily disposed of by one of the flank-guards. The return journey was made along another route on the following day, and at the outset it was necessary to climb a ridge (2,000 feet) by a path that went almost "straight up." Both mules and packs frequently came to grief, and on one occasion an unfortunate beast belonging to the wireless station rolled fifty feet down the hillside, being saved from further mishap by striking a sapling; one of its packs, however, broke loose and careered on its way for another 300 feet, where it might have remained but for the fact that it contained the code-book and the spare parts. It was recovered with appropriate blasphemy. So narrow was the pathway that at times the packs had to be off-loaded and carried by hand so that the animals could manœuvre round projections. The troops, who were now feeling the strain of many hardships, were well nigh exhausted by the time they got back to Birsiwi, a number of them suffering from dysentery and malaria.

"LUMBCOL'S" OPERATIONS.

"Lumbcol's" six weeks of trekking had all been exceedingly strenuous. The country over which it had operated was, if anything, even more mountainous than that traversed by "Nightcol," communication therefore being more difficult to establish; and sickness, particularly malaria and colitis, left the men in poor condition to face the day's march—usually over tracks so narrow that a number of animals lost their footing and went headlong with their loads into the ravine below. To the memory of cheerful comradeship in the many tasks performed, No. 13 Station was able to add the recollection of the following note, handed to the sergeant-in-charge while at Birsiwi:

"It may interest you to know that the splendid way you and your men have worked has been noticed by all of us. Show them this and tell them that I consider that the soldierly conduct of the station has been the example of the whole column."

BOTH AT QUOVRAK.

"Nightcol" now joined up with "Lumbcol" at Birsiwi and during the next five days, while the staffs were drawing up their plans, the combined force was rerationed. September (it was now the second week of the month) had brought winter closer to the troops than their clothing provided for, and, as the nights in the valley were bitterly cold, they began to wonder as to the conditions they would shortly have to face in the hills.

In the coming operations Quovrak, a day's march from Birsiwi, was to be the base; "Lumbcol" as advance-guard would proceed thither a day ahead of "Nightcol", for whom it would provide picquets along the route. From Quovrak "Nightcol" was to move against the tribesmen, while "Lumb" kept open the line of communication and attended to the matter of supplies for the whole force.

Leaving Birsiwi at 6 a.m., it took "Lumbcol" six hours to cover the five miles to Sheranus. Some days before, in order to mislead the Kurds, secret service officers had spread false information as to the line of advance, with the result that the main body of the tribesmen was in waiting some ten miles west of the actual route. A small detachment had, however, been left to guard the pass leading into the hills, and here "Lumbcol" was held up for a time. On arrival at Quovrak it was found that the density of the intervening mountain ranges did not facilitate wireless communication with Zacho unless the mast could be erected some 300 feet above the valley. "Lumbcol's" station (No. 13) accordingly took up a position on a spur overlooking the village, having only the camp perimeter for protection against snipers.

AN EXCITING DAY.

As "Nightcol" arrived rifle-fire could be heard coming from points on the mountainside, and it soon became evident that the main body of the enemy, having discovered the ruse, was now taking up a position overlooking the village. This sniping became much heavier during the afternoon, in spite of the fire of the mountain batteries, which, though silencing some of it for intervals, could not drive the Kurds themselves from their secure positions. In the end No. 13 Station was forced to dismantle and seek better cover, the picquets were strengthened, and "Nightcol" commenced to dig in.

At 6 p.m. the Kurds made a determined attack on the British position. The picquets were hard pressed, and it was a difficult task getting reinforcements up to them in the darkness, particularly because of the liability of their being fired upon by their own side. The position grew serious about 8 o'clock, when the attack reached its height, for the Kurds were giving a remarkable display of grit and doggedness not hitherto evinced against the British troops during this campaign. If they succeeded in forcing the picquet line, they would dominate the camp, and thus be able to inflict heavy losses among the transport animals, a blow that would temporarily cripple the British operations. At half-past nine, however, a lull occurred, and by 10 the fire had died down, though sniping was kept up until the morning. Daybreak found the Kurds back in their defensive positions, which were thereupon stormed by the infantry (supported by mountain guns) in the direction of Balakish Ridge. Isolated parties, however, still lingered in the vicinity of the route along which "Nightcol" would proceed.

AN ACCIDENT.

At 6 a.m. the mobile column moved out for Balakish Ridge (6,300 feet), about eight miles distant; the track, after leaving the valley, ran along the edge of a precipitous, rocky mountainside, and in places the rock had to be blasted and covered with dirt in order to give the mules a footing. At one such spot a mule belonging to the wireless section came to grief through slipping, and the engine frame and part of the generator were smashed. Word was immediately sent back to "Lumbcol" for a spare frame, and, on its arrival, this was speedily fitted by two operators who had been left behind at the scene of the accident and were protected by a detachment from the rear-guard; the head of the column had, however, reached a point below Balakish Ridge, where it was awaiting reports from parties sent forward to reconnoitre, before they rejoined it.

ROBAZAK.

The route being reported clear, the column climbed to the top of the ridge, which overlooked (as one of the wireless men wrote) "a veritable chaos of mountains." This was not an altogether suitable place for a camp, as the nearest water was half-a-mile away in the valley, and it would take an hour and a half to fetch supplies; but, as the country was so broken and the enemy so well hidden, it was far safer to keep on the ridge. During the day a detachment of infantry was sent into an adjacant village (Robazak) to hunt for signs of the enemy, but met with no success; before returning that night it destroyed the villagers' crops. Next day "Nightcol" moved into Robazak, leaving a strong picquet on the ridge in case of a surprise attack by the Kurds—for if they gained control of this high

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land the force would be cut off and thus placed in a ticklish position—and posting groups of men at other points on the way. The troops (still wearing summer clothes) were glad to move down into the valley, for rain had now set in and they and the animals were feeling the cold. However, the wireless station was obliged, in order to get within range of "Lumbcol", to erect on a spur 500 feet above the valley.

KAROAR.

It was decided to camp at Robazak for three days and operate from here against Karoar, the stronghold of the Goyan tribe, which nestles in a valley four hours' march away. For several miles around Karoar, quite the largest village visited by the Australian wireless men in Kurdistan, the countryside was covered with crops. The column was hoping for a decisive action against these tribesmen, who, however, kept at a distance and, after two hours' desultory fighting, were content to watch the destruction of their homes and crops.

When "Nightcol's" report on the Karoar "stunt" reached Mosul, orders were immediately sent to push on to Nerva (an operation that would take at least five days); but, owing to the inclement weather and to the poor condition of the troops, whose clothing was unseasonable, General Nightingale succeeded in persuading G.H.Q. to abandon the project. "Nightcol" then began the return journey to Balakish Ridge and Quovrak, where it joined up with "Lumbcol," and the whole force marched back to Birsiwi.

END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Thus ended the campaign in Kurdistan, which General Nightingale summarised in the following message to his troops:—

"On the break-up of "Nightcol," and on the conclusion of the campaign in Kurdistan, I wish to express to all units of the Column my great appreciation of their very hard work and unfailing cheerfulness during three and a half months of most trying operations, in an unusually mountainous and difficult country.

"During the time we have been together, we have experienced great heat and great cold, we have changed camp 50 times and marched over 400 miles in a land never before traversed by British troops. We have visited every part of the Amadia Valley, Barwari Bala, Kishuri, and Goyan territory, and a portion of the Guli country as well. We have destroyed the enemy's two chief strongholds at Deir Sherish and Karoar, and assisted in the capture of Benuna.

"We have suitably dealt with five other hostile towns, and have defeated the enemy on every occasion that he has appeared. This is a record to be proud of and to remember.

"My personal thanks and gratitude are due to you all."

No. 24 STATION—SUWARA ATIKA.

Though No. 24 had been stationary at Suwara Post (except for its participation in Leachman's expedition to Amadia), its relay duties had kept it exceedingly busy. Despite heavy atmospherics and the difficulty of maintaining touch with the distant packs, yeoman service was rendered throughout the autumn.

Reference has already been made to its creditable behaviour during the alarm of August 14. Had not the Station opened up under fire, there is no doubt that things would have gone badly with the post.

A SUMMARY.

The distance between stations, the mountainous nature of the country in which the columns were operating, and the excessively heavy atmospherics, which persisted with monotonous regularity, made the work of reception, especially during the night-time, exceedingly difficult. In spite of the considerable strain imposed on the operators, who were usually exhausted by the day's march, a high state of efficiency was maintained, and no delay of any consequence occurred. The stations (Nos. 13 and 14) attached to the mobile columns had constantly to change position within a radius of 200 miles of Mosul, with the result that signals of varying strength—from "just audible" to "strong"—reached the group controlling station, No. 16.

At times the stations were located on 4,000 ft. peaks; at others they were situated in little more than crevices between hills of equal height, which considerably interfered with reception. Thus traffic for No. 14 had often to be passed *viâ* Nos. 13 and 24. Atmospheric disturbances also required the nearer stations to act as relays for others farther out, and at times even the former found difficulty in passing traffic.

No. 16 STATION—MOSUL.

The task of No. 16 Station at Mosul during this period was heavy and exacting, for as there were no other means of communication during these operations it had to work continuously. An idea of its press of business may be gathered from the traffic-return figures for the month of August, when close on 5,000 messages (approximately 200,000 words) were handled, and for September, when the figure was repeated. That two consecutive months of such work passed without any serious hitch is an achievement, the importance and value of which the divisional general recognised in a congratulatory telegram that he sent to "D" Troop's commanding officer.

No. 15 LORRY.

This station continued until October 13th as directing station in land-line touch with the Baghdad "Billet", where continuous watch was also kept. As the scene of operations moved farther north so the demands made upon it became lighter; but it had to be kept at a high state of efficiency, in case of possible failure of telegraphic communication with Mosul, Kermanshah, Basra or any of the other points where wireless stations still remained.

To the creek for water.

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OCTOBER 22nd, 1919.

Dusk: The purpling desert fades where yesterday,
With horses two and three we walked Jilani way
Slow ritual paths of exercise; no longer there
Breaks out the whistle's triple blast or call to char.
But still our work is done. Mosul to Basrah calls,
Is heard; the message back outwings the eagle, falls
Upon the tuned listening ear of Kermanshah.
All is complete—we've banished distance from afar.
Now do the pulsing lorries wait outside our door,
And buzzing voices fade from billet forty-four.
Our parting thoughts incline to Shergat, Tel Afar,
To Paitak and Pir Hayah, to Kara Su and El Hadhr,
. . . . . and last of all, they turn to thee,
O Mansur's capital, in joyous jubilee—
A cheer breaks out .... What happy days we had
By thy brown walls. Farewell! Farewell, Baghdad!

—K.B.

DEMOBILISATION

Though "D" Troop was a small unit in a far-off land it was not forgotten by the authorities in Australia, who, through the A.I.F. representative at Bombay, made energetic efforts to secure its release from active service. In fact the A.I.F. representative succeeded in August in extracting from the Indian Government a promise that the troop would be repatriated within a month—a promise that he joyfully cabled to Australia. But such promises carried little weight on the Kurdish frontier. Strictly speaking, it is probable that, if the Australians had been withdrawn at this stage, the operations in Kurdistan would have been abandoned, since in the whole of Mesopotamia there would remain insufficient wireless personnel to take charge of the necessary stations—even in the previous year the Second Squadron had manned only four or five mobile stations. In such circumstances there was no other course than to wait until the campaign ended; by then (early October) the British wireless squadron had managed to collect enough men for one or two standby stations, and these took the place of "D" Troop. By the 14th of the month the last of the Australians, thin and tanned, had arrived in Baghdad from the wilds, and, with thirty-two in the men's mess, the "Billet" began to live again.

October 22nd was the great day. Before the big front door of the Billet clanged shut and the key had been returned to the Military Governor, the blue-and-white signal colours, which for years had hung out in front, were unscrewed as a war-museum souvenir; then lorry-load after lorry-load of men and their kits moved off for Hinaidi station. By nightfall they had squeezed themselves into five "tin" trucks, and were soon rattling sleeplessly over the metals; at 3 a.m. the arc-lights of Kut Supply Dépot were sputtering overhead, and they dozed off at last. The troop did not delay long at Kut, for it had a "priority" passage, and before noon was aboard the P.S.51. With low water in the river, no travelling could be attempted after dark. For the first night the vessel lay up at Sheikh Saad (now an abandoned village); for the second it anchored in mid-stream near Ali Shergi; for the third, just above Qualet Sale. But no sooner had darkness fallen on this last occasion than the twinkling light of a hurricane lamp was seen far off across the desert; before long an Indian orderly arrived with the inevitable "chitty"—orders to proceed—which the skipper did not receive at all kindly!

At Narrows Central Station (the traffic control centre) it was learned at 9 p.m. that all up-river traffic had heen held up so as to give passage to the P.S.51, which was to travel all night in order that the Australian troop would reach Kurna by dawn for an inspection by the G.O.C.-in-Chief. The inspection duly took place; after being thanked for their post-war services, the Australians were informed that their embarkation would be expedited, and that in the meantime they would be given the best possible quarters at the Base.

The General was as good as his word. The men were saved from attending mess-queues and performing guards and other duties incidental to the huge Basra Base Dépot, camping instead by themselves, with beds and all manner of camp equipment, in huts recently vacated by the 23rd Ammunition Column. With £35 of belated cash from the Adelaide Comforts Fund, base rations became quite respectable.

After eight days Basra was left behind. Light-heartedly the men marched through the palms to the wharf of the 3rd British General Hospital (whereon "D" Troop disembarked nearly two years before) and went on board the Hospital Transport *Varela*. Whether they had any right to be on her, they neither knew nor cared—they were homeward bound—the last complete Australian unit that saw active service. On November 9th, the *Varela* put in at Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus, to disembark Indian convalescents. Bananas once more! All ate more than were good for them.

In Bombay the troop camped at Colaba, but there its good luck ended. In a few days most had spent their cash, and thereafter, for three weeks, had to be content with barrack fare. Then on the 1st of December they boarded the *Medic*—an enormous transport of whose twelve troop-decks they could but partially fill one. Food was astonishingly good—even early-morning coffee and supper cocoa. The trip was slow, due to adverse winds and engine trouble; some days the ship travelled barely two hundred miles, and made a nineteen-day passage to Australia. After spending an hour or two in Albany, a day and a night in Adelaide, the *Medic* at last reached Melbourne, the men for Sydney and Brisbane going overland by express.

Like the Squadron men before them, those of "D" Troop went their respective ways with mixed feelings. Whatever the happiness of the future, the grand fellowship of the A.I.F. will never be forgotten.

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Glamour

An Envoi addressed to Mesopotamia
after leaving it

Freed from the bondage of thy sand,
My lips are strangely moved to praise
The loneliness of thy bare land,
The fiery wind, the noon ablaze.

The night of the majestic stars,
The moon that shames a northern sun;
The memories of ancient wars,
The Kings long dust, the deeds long done.

The ruins where the jackals cry,
The rustling of the palms, the tense
Stillness when all strange sounds die
In a world bare but immense.

The giant rivers sweeping down
From mountains where the dawn of Time
Trod with her shy feet, rosy brown,
And loveliness was born sublime.

All this thou gavest and I took,
And, dreaming of the West, was blind,
But now across the seas I look
And bear the burning East in mind.

J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX
in "Mesopotamia"

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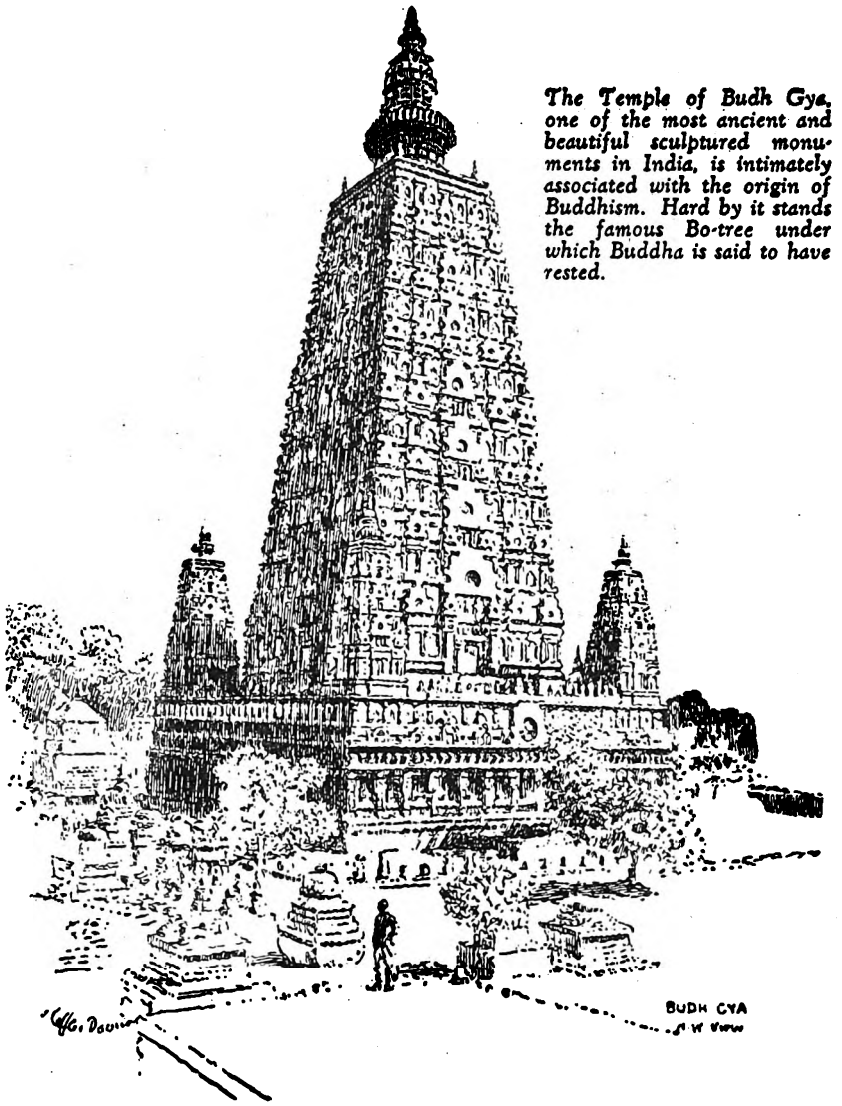

The Temple of Budh Gya, one of the most ancient and beautiful sculptured monuments in India, is intimately associated with the origin of Buddhism. Hard by it stands the famous Bo-tree under which Buddha is said to have rested.

CONTRIBUTIONS

The following twenty-seven pages contain paragraphs, notes, diaries, sketches, jokes and similar material affording interesting sidelights on the campaign from the point of view of the wireless men themselves.

They are arranged in chapters corresponding, as far as possible, with those of the preceeding main history.

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Bombay—the Waterfront.

EN ROUTE

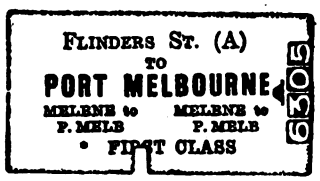
TROOPSHIP MEMORIES.

AMUSEMENTS.—Arguments over cards; baggage-room picket; coal-lumping; feeling hungry; hair-cutting, housey, onion-peeling, Salvation Army (ship-police), trombone-practice, canteen queue, waiting for a good cup of tea, wearing boots on Sundays, watching flying fish and sunsets, walking round in lifebelts

RATIONS.—Purple stew, pink tripe, lime-juice, weevils and porridge, pickles and cheese, rubberised pudding.

NIGHT LIFE.—Hammocks go up at 6 p.m., and down at 6 a.m. Dimensions: width, three inches (when the chaps on either side of you have gone to bed), length about a foot too short. Overheard one night, "I expected to put up with a lot but never with sleeping like a fly on the roof!"

MAL-DE-MER.—It is observed that many go round and endeavour to turn quiescence into eruption. They jest cheerfully on such subjects as sardines and pork.



A souvenir of troopship leave in Melbourne.

A COLOMBO INCIDENT.

(*Pack Troop.*)

Feb. 23rd.—Sighted land. Passed Hospital Ship A71; it was great to hear the coo-ees. Of course we were all anxious for leave, and as we did not get any satisfaction on the point by tea-time, a few of us decided to take it if we got a chance. Native boats swarmed round us as we lay at anchor coaling. As soon as it was dark enough a boat came alongside and offered to take us ashore for 2/-, so we dropped a rope over the side and slid down. The rope was very wet but we did not mind this. They rowed us straight across and we reached the shore without being challenged. Next worry was whether we should be arrested; so we formed up and marched through the streets. If anyone stopped us we were going to say we were the picquet! After a couple of miles we came to the European part of the town, where we chartered rickshaws and had a good look round. Most of our party arrived back without being missed, but four were not so fortunate, being caught by the O.C. coming aboard.

At eight next morning we were told to transfer to the "Sardinia," so everything was forgotten about the unlucky four. At 12 we disembarked on a punt, which was towed across to the new vessel. Afterwards leave to Colombo was allowed.

A MATTER OF PORRIDGE.

(*Bombay, Feb.* 1918.)

Scene:—His Britannic Majesty's steam transport *Eastern*, waiting at Victoria Docks to disgorge her human freight, also in the service of H.B.M.

An open rowing boat holding a uniformed Colonel and a subaltern drifts idly alongside. How was that innocent couple to know that D——, the most vivacious one of all the troop, was standing at an overlooking porthole, bucket in hand, and as ever anticipating a good joke.

D——— was "Emma Oh" (mess orderly) for the day; and that bucket held, besides a gallon or so of uneaten porridge, other remnants and indigestibles such as bits of crust, bones, and a few pints of greasy stew.

The boat drifted nearer. With an unavoidable sweep, the greasy remnants of dinner spread over the procrastinators in the dinghy.

Memories of a luckless "Loot" endeavouring to wipe the mess from his eyes, and a flustered colonel whose ruddy rotundity made him appear about to explode, will always be accompanied by the sound of ribald laughter from the spectators on the deck above.

Among these could be seen D——, for that moment of his career at least universally regarded as a hero!

A BOMBAY NOTE-BOOK.

Policemen in blue and gold with pancake hats and truncheons, an ancient watering the cobblestones with a goatskin, women in coloured vests and *saris* carrying burdens on their heads, Parsees with shiny "cow-hoof"* hats, bullock carts coming and going, a flock of pigeons disturbed.

Bonds and warehouses, bales of cotton, great buildings mildewed by the monsoons, vast tenements, palaces and huts of thatch, squalor and magnificence side by side.

Museum, where the trams start; Jacob's Circle, where the roads start; Victoria Gardens, where the squirrels are; Crawford's Markets, where the fabled scents of the Orient still perfume the air; Malabar Hill—red roofs ablaze in the glow of a setting sun, an hour later—the twinkling miles of the Queen's Necklace; Green's Restaurant, where the band plays softly and there are flowers and palms and a fountain.... and stewed duck and orange ....

Colaba Barracks. Long bungalow huts. Doors and windows and verandahs. Beds and mattresses and

*Originally a sign of their subjection to the religion of their adopted country—now worn in pride of race.

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steamy nights. Cool breezes off the sea. Very tough steak and onions.

Narrow streets, with open shops occupying every inch of frontage. Letter-writers. Sellers of Betelnut. Signs in *babu* English. Flickering lights. Mystery.

The Route to the Mainland. Glorious shady avenues where branches meet overhead. Fabulous palaces. A white temple on a rocky island. Factories and cotton mills, cotton mills and factories. Nahim, a great ruined tank and a jungle of palm trees with a number on each, ragged huts. Bandra. The old Portuguese church, incense and standard bearers; a road ending on the sea-shore.

The char wallah, or tea-man—a familiar sight in Indian camps and barracks.

INDIA.

Some Celebrated Merchants.

"Char Wallah! Char Wallah! Char Wallah!
"Very decent drop; real Sergeant Major's."
"Ho! Kitna Pice?"
"Teen anna Sab, fill it up, very hot drop Sab."
"Fill it up for a Dosie, or I'll——!!"
"Acha Sab,————Char! Anybody want?"

"Brass Wallah! Plenty Brass Souvenirs Got It!"
"Kitna Pice snake candlestick?"
"45 Rupees Sab, very cheap, very——".
"What! 45 Rats? Um dado tum 5 Chips bus."
"Ucha Sab, teek hi, paunch Rupee give it."

"Nappi Wallah! "
"Toe-nails cut, warts, corns, bunions, very good shave give it."

"Come See Little Mongoose-kill very big snake!!
Come on Charlie, hurry up Charlie! ek-doe-teen,
England-Scotland-Liv'pool-Dublin-Ireland!!!
Little more music, !!——xx——!! !!—?..!
Hundred—Million—Fousan; Come on Charlie.
Hurry up Charlie! Kill big snake dead gen'l'men.
Just little more music buss—!!——x !!—!!?—
Cpl.-Sab, Sergt.-Sab, Sgt.-Mir, Sab, Sub Sab Dekko!
Big Large Snake dead. Chota Mongoose kill it.
This snake Char Rupee. Sub doe-anna bucksheesh.
Come on!"

"Mukken-mukken, Dood-dood."
"Monkey nut, banana Wallah!!"
"Very good, very sweet, plenty cheap."
"Jou! You old ——! Kis-wasty tum baito hither?"
"Nay monta bana——."
"You ugly faced, muzzle-mugged——Jou!!!"

"Name on kit bag, put it Wallah? Swanky do it,
Come in wheelbarrows—Go in Motorcars,
BAGS O' LAUGHIN'."
"Hithero! Stick my Monika on Jildy."
"Any nob you like Sab," Swanky do it."

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

S.S. Mooltan, 15/1/'17.
(Due in Bombay to-morrow, 6 a.m.)

Midnight: Finished playing cards. Went round all the boys and told them to wake up, and get their blankets rolled and take them on deck as it was 6 a.m. Caught about half-a-dozen, but, when they found out it was only about 12.30, oh! the language was something awful.

S.S. Ellengra, at Karachi, 23/1/'17.

Tied up alongside of wharf, everything quiet. C——, of I.W.W. fame, said: "Here's a joke." Going to the open hatch, he called down to our mob, "All Australians wishing to go ashore fall in on deck properly dressed." There was a scramble. Seven Aussies arrived on deck, and finding nobody about, they decided not to wait for the others—away they went, and were saluted by the military police on guard at the bottom of the gangway. They just got across the wharf when they were spotted, but they promptly bolted for a taxi that happened to be waiting and toured Karachi, had a good feed, etc., and arrived back at 3.30—and were put in clink.

Next day they were tried by court-martial, and, when asked what they had to say, explained about somebody calling down the hatch, and on seeing nobody about when they arrived on deck, thought that the others had gone, and so went ashore. President: "Which way did you go?" "Down the gangway, sir." President: "Wasn't there somebody at the bottom of the gangway?" "Yes, sir, two military policemen." "And did they not stop you?" "No, sir, they saluted us." President: "Seven days cells." Sergeant-Major: "About turn, quick march." And that is British justice.

Tugboat No. 2 on the Tigris.

March 4th: 2 a.m. to-day we ran on a mud bank. It was still blowing cold, and after two hours' struggling, etc., to get the tub off they decided to put all stores and troops on to the two barges alongside and so lighten the steamer. They got all the Tommies and Gippos off, but we still stayed under our blankets, as it was too cold to get out of the warm beds. Anyhow, the S.M. had another go to wake us up, but we would not be awakened. "Come on, you there, get on to the barges." No reply. "I will get the O.C. along to you fellows." Still no reply. Anyhow the O.C. arrives. "What's the matter?" S.M.: "These Australians won't wake up, sir." O.C.: "Everybody else off?" S.M.: "Yes, sir." O.C.: "Well let them stay; it would be more damned trouble getting these chaps awake than it would be getting the boat off the mud bank." Great sighs of relief from the mob, who were soon asleep again.

8th: Arrived at Ctesiphon and sighted a ration dump. The corporal got a chit off O.C. of tug-boat, and away we went. Good dump. Plenty of tucker. An A.S.C. man opens a case of milk and takes out four tins, telling D. that here is his milk. D. leaves the four tins and picks up the case. I had to get the cheese and L.C. the bacon. After we got all we could (honestly or otherwise), we set off for the tug-boat, myself leading with the cheese in tow. After going about 50 yards we bumped a brigadier-general on horseback, who wanted to know what the hell, etc., etc. But we did not wait to explain; we scattered and made ourselves scarce.

11th March: Arrived at Bawi—6 a.m. Went ashore with chit for some tucker at ration dump but came a "gutzer." Bumped the officer who was an H.L.I. man; wanted to know who we were, what corps we belonged to, etc. Told him, and he said: "Well, you can get to hell out of here; this is a III. Corps dump and there is nothing here for G.H.Q." Pleaded nothing to eat for two days, etc., etc., but no good. All we got was, "I have had dealings with Australians before."

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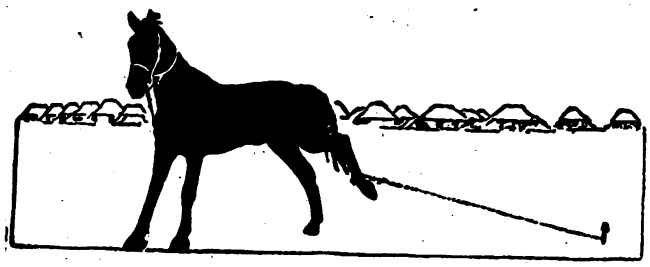

EARLY DAYS

"NAGS."

(N.Z. Pack Troop.)

There are horses *and* horses. All I ever struck in the army belonged to the latter variety. There is a glorious uncertainty about a horse from the Remount Depot—it might be anything up to three parts mule. Your civilian *has* some sort of a choice of a horse, but the common digger simply has one "wished" upon him. My first "wish" came at Makina Masus. She was a docile-looking but weedy chestnut. I called her "Ya Bint" for a couple of days; then I got to know her better and called her several names. Anyway, I altered "Ya Bint" to "Kismet." She had only one vice and that was her off hind leg. I became a fatalist every time I tried to lift that leg. In some previous incarnation I think it must have been a steam hammer. We were supposed to scratch out the mud from the underside of all four hoofs once daily. At those parades, I could only count up to three. When the orderly officer came to inspect the job, I always knew which leg to lift last—by that time he'd moved on. You'll observe that *we* did the lifting; perhaps it were better so, the hospitals were particularly crowded at that time. Like most females, Kismet was contrary; she objected to being disturbed at meal times—once her nosebag was on, it was "stand clear." At such times she usually stood on three legs—the fourth was stripped for action. Lady-like, she was a slow eater; but the horse-lines fatigue didn't stand on ceremony. In their ignorance, they used to try and bustle Kismet—then the fourth leg came into action. After I'd finished my midday spar with the flies for the jam, I used to take a stroll to the horse-lines to watch the fun—I usually found Kismet being belted.

Then Kismet and I were stuck on a barge bound for Ali Gherbi; I heaved a sigh of relief, for Kismet's hoofs required no cleaning on a barge. Then I went into hospital. I was glad to leave Kismet behind. But I knew she'd "get" someone some day, that's why I called her Kismet. She "*got*" a couple. Then she was returned to the remount labelled "not wanted on the voyage."

My next "wish" came in Palestine—he had already been christened "Imshee." He had shell-shock. At the sound of a gun, he "imsheed." Shortly afterwards, I received orders to return to Meso. I was glad to leave Imshee. I was always afraid that some day a bomb might drop near him when he had his head turned towards the Turks.

I next became acquainted with "Buckshee." He was a wanderer, and they took him in; after that, *he* did the taking in. I wondered at first why such a good-looking horse should be hanging round loose; I soon found out. Buckshee was "puggle." He was a quiet horse—except when the moon was nearing the full. But he was a sport, every inch of him; he fought fair. It was the Marquis of Queensberry with his fore-legs, La Savate with his hindquarters, catch-as-catch-can with his teeth, and jiu-jitsu all over. The trouble was that he used all styles together in the opening round. It took seven men to put a rug on Buckshee—firstly, the fool who tried to do it single handed, then two stretcher-bearers to carry the said fool to "dock"; then a reinforcement with a motor driver to bring him up from the base. After that two more men were required actually to do the job. Buckshee had another pet aversion, and that was from having the strap of a nose-bag placed over his ears. Once his nose got into the bag you had about a fiftieth of a second left to complete the operation. Buckshee should have been a linguist; he taught me to swear in seven languages, though I left it to the Aussies to cast reflections on his parentage! I was d—— glad to see the last of Buckshee.

Lastly, came "Fireworks." He was a lanky, cornered looking blighter, with fire in his eyes. I was the last man on the station, and I wondered why Fireworks had been left over. I soon found out. Fireworks's daddy must have been an equestrian statue—he had a cast steel mouth. But he could walk, could Fireworks. He wanted to go to the front of the column from the jump. A curb bit was useless on him. He all but pulled my arms from their sockets the first day out, then I "jerried" to him. I put him behind a garry for the rest of the trip. At Kasr-i-Shirin we used to exercise our horses on a plain several miles in extent. One day, very foolishly, I let Fireworks out. I straightened out the hook holding the curb-chain trying to stop him. He stopped himself—at the end of about five miles, but he'd put me wise—Fireworks could gallop. There was a race meeting shortly afterwards. The Hussars' horses turned out for the big money, with their well-clipped glossy coats glinting in the sunshine, looking "Desert Gold's" every one of them. Fireworks had a year's growth on. His preparation before entering the arena consisted of a roll in the mud. I got 7 to 1 on him. I don't remember whether it was twenty-five or thirty lengths he won by. Anyway, shortly afterwards I was put on a wagon set and had to "pad the hoof," so—I was sorry to leave even Fireworks!!

FIRST N.Z. PACK.

Now a mighty man of pips governed the men of Enzed. About the time of May he, having gathered his valiant ones about him, and having commandeered a smoke from a subservient one, spoke thus: "Be it known unto you all that a party will ere long journey afar through the land of the Chaldeans and of the children of Ezra." And so it came to pass.

And the party numbered thirteen, which was an omen.

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Of the departure, its confusions, its hustlings, reproachments and chastenings be little said, for were they not all of an exceeding greenness, even they who were set in authority also?

Then did they, their chattels, their horses and their provender (consisting largely of the beef of bully) embark upon an ancient barge, being such as was provided by the mighty ones of Hind for the transport of vermin (for was this not in the days before the great investigation*).

Of their tribulation on the face of the water to Amara and by sandal, mule and horse across the desert land for many days; of Mudelil, that village which was not a village; of the fare which they perforce devoured; of the sores with which they were afflicted—let naught be said. For have not many who came long afterward and suffered not, oft lifted up their voices saying, "Lo, we have heard; we have heard unto seventy times. Go easy on the old soldier stuff, Dig!"

"SEGREGATED."

(*Magil*, 1916.)

The squadron had been segregated owing to an outbreak of cholera. Notices were posted each end of the line, "Segregated."

A newly-arrived chummy started to walk through; he was stopped by the picquet. "Hey, you can't come this here. We're segregated."

"Gord blime, I thort you were Australians," he replied.

PASS FRIEND, ALL'S WELL.

(*Magil*, 1916.)

He was a new chum, and, child-like, in the dusk of eventide he wandered. Suddenly, through the dusk came a sharp command. He stopped, and—"Hell," he'd forgotten the password!! With knees knocking he sidled up to the sentry, to find himself at the point of a bayonet—all he could mutter was "What's the matter, mate?" Unfortunately the face behind the bayonet was black, and the only English words it knew were "Friend" and the reply "Pass friend"—it was a Gurkha. Luckily for the wanderer an officer happened to overhear the dialogue and matters were soon adjusted; but deep down in his heart he muttered a fervent prayer of thankfulness, and a resolve to be a damn sight slicker with his "friend" in future.

A few nights later he strayed again. He had not proceeded far when again a sharp sound came through the darkness. Quick as a shot came the reply "Friend!" The answer he received *might* have passed for a Gurkha's "Pass friend," so he walked on, only to be met with a burst of ironical laughter from his cobbers in a nearby tent. Then he "tumbled"—over a goat!

"SALUTING."

(*Magil*, 1916.)

Lieut. (after passing groups of men who had saluted ostentatiously): "This saluting business is rather a bore, sergeant."

Well-known Transport Sergeant: "Yes, sir. They'd salute any —— thing, wouldn't they?"

FLIES.

(*From Candler.*)

"The flies in the tents, dug-outs and trenches, unless seen, were unbelievable. To describe them is to hazard one's reputation for truth. You could not eat without swallowing flies. You waved your spoon of porridge in the air to shake them off; you put your biscuits and bully beef in your pocket, and surreptitiously conveyed them in closed fist to your mouth, but you swallowed flies all the same. They settled in clouds on everything. When you wrote you could not see the end of your pen. I overtook a squadron of cavalry, and, in that state of semi-coma in which the heat wraps one, I thought they were wearing chain armour. I had walked my horse beside them for some minutes before I discovered that what looked like mail was the steely blue metallic mesh of flies. At the beginning of the fly season I saw a distant squadron of horse waving their handkerchiefs ryhthmically in the air, as if they were cheering. A hardly credible demonstration on the part of the undemonstrative trooper, and I took it for a trick of the mirage until I discovered that they were waving off flies. The Mesopotamian variety is indistinguishable from the English house-fly except that many of them, one in twenty, perhaps, will bite. These apparently are not a different species, only more impregnated with vice."

*The Mesopotamia Commission which apportioned (or endeavored to apportion) the blame for the disaster of Kut.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

(*K Station at Ali Gherbi.*)

Christmas week and it certainly looked as if we were to celebrate the festive season on army fare and chlorinated water! The long overdue parcels and "buckshee" comforts were either hung up at the base or in one of the river boats stuck in the mud. The question of the hour was how were we going to provide for a "Merry Xmas?" Things certainly looked doleful—no letters, no parcels, no Roderick Dhu—not even a rum issue. The boys looked as glum as they felt, but the ragtimes of K Station were not content simply with bemoaning their fate and cursing the land of two rivers—they organised themselves into a committee to study how the difficulty could be overcome.

A happy thought by one suggested "Ye Olde Carol Singers" as an appropriate and perhaps remunerative business. The suggestion took fire, and a nice little choir of a dozen went into training—sotto voce—so as to prevent their "hated" I Station friends and enemies from getting in ahead of them. The organiser selected the carols and a choirmaster was appointed; the choir responded to the best of their ability—some were musical, some decidedly the reverse. Everything progressed well. The victims were to be the officers, and the time set for the attack was just after Officers' Mess, when it was hoped the golden juice (*i.e.*, Rod Dhu) would be the beverage gracing the tables of the various messes. The final rehearsal being pronounced O.K., the choir "fell in", marching order being "mugs hooked to belts" (vide Sunday School picnic days).

Arrived at the Commandant's mess, the night, and incidentally the whole camp, was startled with the carol "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night."

The effort was much appreciated by the listeners, and the choir was duly thanked for its little performance. Unfortunately the English officers evidently did not for one moment consider that anything but thanks was expected of them—but the pig islanders thought differently, and thereupon broke into psalm in the following strain:

"While wireless kept their watch by night,
All cold with sitting down,
The officers of the mess came out
And passed the bottle round."

(The last two lines were sung very slowly, distinctly, and with great feeling). This naturally had the desired effect. The choir were invited in "ack dum" and drank to the health of all and sundry. The carols were repeated (by special request), and the touching finale of "For they are jolly good fellows," which was sung in Maori, brought the mess to the feet of the singers. It was the beginning of a "very" merry Xmas.

The programme was repeated from mess to mess, and as the night progressed the choir became more and more jovial and untuneful. By the end of a couple of hours the choirmaster had completely lost control of his followers. Some were bent on Hakas, some tried to compete with the jackals, and not a few would persist in doing acrobatic stunts on tents, or hanging round their horses' necks, till at last it fell to the picquet to gather them in, and, after removing their boots, to lay them peacefully and happily to rest.

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ON THE PLAINS OF KUT

AT FELAYIEH WITH I. CORPS.

(*E. Wagon.*)

Felayieh was about three miles behind Sanniyat lines and about the same distance across the Tigris from Arab Village. Dusty and muddy alternately, it was exceedingly typical of every camp round about the lines of investment. The wireless lines were about a quarter of a mile from the river, so swims were possible, and there was plenty of drinking water; but rations were almost as poor as with the cavalry, and our river fleet was hard put to it to bring us even as much it did.

Routine duties occupied the day—wireless watch, carting earth, and building up horse-lines. In the distance our big guns at Sanniyat roared almost incessantly, and shrapnel would be seen bursting splendidly over the Turkish trenches. Enemy aircraft were very active here, and the frequency of their bombing raids was rather disturbing.

But our most cheerful memories of Felayieh centre round our Christmas dinner, its speeches and toasts.

NAMES AND PLACES.

(*Sinn*, 1916.)

Maps and places and high-sounding names—high sounding because the British imagination is sometimes vivid and because the wandering Bedawi will often give a name to the featureless waste where his water buffalo graze scantily in the springtime.

Then there are other places where one night a corps comes and makes it civilised as if by magic. There are streets and water-tanks, telegraph offices and treasure-chest officers, canteens and hospitals, a football ground and miles of tents. A month or two and all has vanished. The desert has reclaimed its own.

EXTRACT FROM CAVALRY ORDERS.

(*Arab Village*, 1916.)

"Under no circumstances is the Cavalry Division to be referred to as "Crocker's Circus."

THE BEETLE.

(*Sinn*, 1916.)

Remember a night when the Cavalry Troop was camped at Es Sinn. The mob had retired early (picquet exempt). Was awakened about 11 p.m. by a heavy pounding of the ground nearby. The pounding was accompanied by frequent yells of "I've got 'em!" Made investigation and found the disturber to be none other than our old friend D.M. He had mistaken a beetle, which was strolling across his face, for a purple porcupine.

(P.S.—He had a rum issue about three hours before.)

THE STATION SECRET PAPERS.

(*Sinn*, 1916.)

Ah, of what does this mysterious phrase remind us? Of scouts out in the desert searching for a page or two of them, lest the entire British Army fall into enemy hands—yes, of even the sergeant eating them in hasty mouthfuls before his body falls into the hands of the enemy picquet. Amongst them were to be found keys to codes (which frequently leaked out and became the means of much invaluable information to those who were not supposed to hear about it). Here also were station calls which changed daily (or was it hourly, of with the phases of the moon?).

But best of all was the list code words for every unit and important appointment in the force—quite a cheery volume for any bored operator on the midnight shift. What humorist compiled it I often wondered? "RABBIT" seemed most suitable for G.S.O. Intelligence, I thought, though to allot "BLOOD" to the Chaplain-General was hardly sportsmanlike, but why should the unfortunate Wireless have the implied anathema of "SLUG", while G.H.Q. revelled in "YACHT" and its accompanying luxurious associations.

One never thought there were so many corps, divisions, searchlight patrols, and armoured trains in the world—let alone in the force. And the brigades too—they were ever a source of trouble! Who does not remember that blister S.H.Q. received at Es Sinn, all over the question of reporting enemy aeroplanes. Standing orders said that whenever an outpost saw one, the fact must be reported to the nearest signal office and repeated thence to the nearest wireless station, who would forward on the news. The message was to be prefixed with the letters PW, following by details of direction and of the unit reporting. Well, one day an aeroplane was reported independently to two Anzac stations and the consequent messages were duly logged by the operator at R.A.F. Headquarters: "P.W. Aeroplane proceeding S.E. to Es Sinn Disgrace"; and a second after: "P.W. Aeroplane S.E. to Es Sinn Delusive." R.A.F. promptly reported the lack of discipline that allowed comments of this kind, and D.A.S. sent the kick on with interest. But we shall pass over the matter of his disgust and our triumph when the dear little code book was produced and the following information indicated:

DELUSIVE—38th Brigade.
DISGRACE—40th Brigade.

FIRST ON WATCH.

(*Sinn*, 1917.)

G station experienced a very quiet time whilst attached to the 13th Division at Es Sinn, the only groans coming from the operator who opened up the station at 4 a.m. Recollect one cold rainy morning when I spotted "Clickitie" crawl stealthily into the instrument tent and seize and light the lantern with the greatest care. A glance at my "potatoe" showed 6 a.m. Said nothing, apart from keeping one eye open. With the aerial still earthed, Click began logging for his life, at times pressing the head-phones close in to catch faint sigs. A perusal of the logs at 6.30 showed he had heard VTC, VTB, SAZ, OSM, and a few Russian stations. He looked up with a smile and said: "Of course I heard more, Sarge, but you don't want all the small fry logged, do you?" I told him to plug in his aerial and keep a sharp look out for VIS (Sydney). He fainted on the spot. Some station G. . . . .

THE FOLLIES OF SINN.

Mess-Up Theatre.

(Sinn Abtar, Feb. 19th, 1917).

1. Their first Song Lize (Lies).
2. The Q-Emma will wrestle with history.
3. Dvr. Thompson will endeavour to Sing alone.
4. Fitz will become serious.
5. Tommy and the Q-Emma will Sing together.
6. Now comes McCosker the last to Sing.
7. Finale. A Four-Fold Song.

Interval to repent.

8. Rolph's first effort.
9. Q-Emma and Fitz will strive to amuse.
10. Jim Wall will tell of Murphy.
11. Spr. Marshall will issue a few sound rations.
12. Grand Spectacular Extravaganza.

I.W.W. or I didn't raise my boy to be a Soldier.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Elec. Engr.: J. Wilkenski.
Wardrobe Mistress: Horrie Hawkins.
Bring your own Supports.

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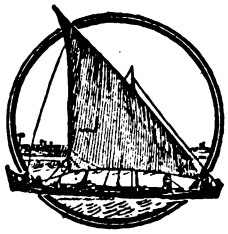

A large bellum on The Tigris.

A stork and her nest, Baghdad.

THE ADVANCE *and* AFTER BAGHDAD

A POLITE CORRECTION

(*Near Bawi.*)

General Crocker (Cav. Division) picking up fragments of pottery: "So these are the ruins of———."

L Station's Cook: "No, they are relics of ———."

Genl. Crocker (after further inspection): "I believe you are right."

L Station's Cook: "I know —— well I am!"

And the General laughed.

CTESIPHON.

An extract from Muir's "Caliphate," which describes the treasure captured from the Persians at Ctesiphon. A.D. 637.

The booty was rich beyond conception. Besides millions of treasure, there was countless store of silver and golden vessels, gorgeous vestments and garniture—precious things of untold rarity and cost. The lucky capture of a train of mules disclosed an unexpected prize consisting of tiara, robes and girdle of the King. The Arabs gazed in wonder at the crown, jewelled swords, and splendour of the throne; and, among other marvels, at a camel of silver, large as life, with rider of gold; and a golden horse, with emeralds for teeth, its neck set with rubies, and its trappings of gold. The precious metals lost their value, for gold was plentiful as silver. Rich works of art in sandal-wood and amber were in the hands of everyone, hoards of musk and spicy products of the East. Camphor lay about in sacks, and was at first by mistake kneaded with cakes as salt. The prize agents had a heavy task for each man's share (and the army now numbered 60,000) was twelve thousand pieces, besides special largesses for the more distinguished. The army forwarded to Medina, beyond the royal fifth, such rare and precious things as might stir the wonder of the simple citizens at home. To the Caliph they sent, as fitting gift, the regalia of the Empire, and the sword of the Chosroes. But the spectacle of the day was the royal banqueting carpet, seventy cubits long and sixty broad. It represented a garden, the ground wrought in gold, and the walks in silver; meadows of emeralds, and rivulets of pearls; trees, flowers and fruits of sparkling diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. When the rest of the spoil had been disposed of, Omar took counsel what should be done with the carpet. The most advised to keep it as a trophy of Islam. But Ali reflecting on the instability of earthly things, objected; and the Caliph, accepting his advice, had it cut in pieces and distributed with the other booty. The part which fell to Ali's lot fetched twenty thousand dirhems.

AFTER BAGHDAD.

(*E Station, March-April, 1917.*)

After four days in Baghdad we rejoined I Corps (this time to be attached to the 3rd Division, commanded by General Keary) at their Hinaidi camp. There was some excitement crossing the pontoon bridge when we were leaving Baghdad—we almost came to grief. The approach through the narrow, roofed bazaar had already made the horses restless, and a strong wind blowing up caused the bridge to rock like a rowing boat. On one section where the running plank had been knocked off the wheels of my wagon were on the edge —another inch and all would have had a bath!

Our course took us away from the Tigris and we reached the banks of the Diala River at Baqubah, but did not halt there for long before going to Sharoban, where we relieved D Station, camping by a canal on the far side of the town. Here we were close behind the British advanced lines; on one occasion a sudden long-distance bombardment would have practically wiped us out, but for the fact that the shots were badly registered, and the shells landed in open desert.

In Sharoban our force captured over nine thousand tons of grain and the position had to be held until it could be transported to the rear of our lines. This was accomplished and we evacuated the position on April 3rd. Two days got us back to Baqubah and we expected to get a rest, but no, we were put under orders for III. Corps on the Adhaim River. The heat was now getting bad both for man and horse, and in addition the water was not good.

We arrived at Sindiyeh (on the Tigris, near its junction of the Adhaim) and had a spell there for a couple of days. As the troops had not long been in this district we were able to get eggs for almost nothing. But soon the Arabs woke up and things changed.

On April 6th we reached a wadi, apparently a flood overflow from the Adhaim, but to us famous only for its insects. No one could sleep for even ten minutes without a bite from something or other! We called it "Insect Valley!" Next march was to Dogameh—over dry marl ground, that burnt like hot iron—in patches so flat that a marble would not roll. However, at Dogameh we camped in a barley crop, and I can tell you we enjoyed it until a plague of grasshoppers arrived and took our crop and some of our horses' hair with it. On the 11th we made a hurried midnight retreat amidst clouds of dust.

After a week the time became ripe for the forcing of Adhaim crossing. Dogameh was reached again on the 17th, and we spent the next ten days slowly moving forward with Advanced H.Q. of III. Corps till we reached Satha Post. Three days later the battle of the Adhaim developed, and on our side, from the point of view of casualties sustained in proportion to the number of troops engaged, it proved to be the bloodiest in the campaign. Added to this there were continuous dust storms, almost unbearable heat, and poor water and rations. No Briton or Australian who participated in this operation retains very pleasant memories of the

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Adhaim. However, the humor of two occasions remains in mind. Here they are:

SCENE:—Satha, Shatt-al-Adhaim. Time, dusk. Operators of wireless station struggling to erect huge mast amidst rushing mob of Indians, horses, wagons, artillery, limbers, troops, etc.

General: Heah, I say, what is this enormous contraption? What, may I ask, does it represent? Awa, what is it?"

Tired and Grimy Operator: "This represents the Anzac Wireless Squadron and . . . . . (continuous for five minutes)."

General (slowly wheeling horse in stupified manner): "Gee whizz."

. . . . . .

SCENE: 4 miles above Satha. A group of Turkish prisoners around whom are guards and wild and woolly Australians.

Officer: "Heah, go away from those men—do you hear? Go away! If you stop, you will be placed on guard duty. Why, what do you mean by hanging round here—you don't look like soldiers at all."

As the Australians turned slowly on their collective heels, wondering to themselves what the "noise" was all about, one was overheard to say: "The —— old fool, who said we looked like soldiers!"

AFTER BAGHDAD.

A Cavalry Station Diary.

March 23rd.—Received short notice to pack and join the Cavalry again. Everyone disappointed. Plenty of compliments flying about. Rode 20 miles and camped in fertile country (Khan Jedida).

24th.—Moved through Deltawa, and dined on the comforts which we had brought from Baghdad. We had also been able to get some kit, first since Arab Village. Appreciated the comforts; we haven't seen bread for a month.

25th.—Advanced only a few miles. Erected several times. Continued somewhat similarly—reconnoitring and advancing, until the 31st, between the River Diala and the Khalis Canal, in order to contain the Turks. Last day exciting because we received a mail.

April 1st.—Returned to Tekana. It seems that the Turks have abandoned Dali Abbas.

2nd.—H Station joined up; cavalry have been in touch with the enemy up Dogameh way. Returned to Deltawa and spent about a week in camp. Rations are short and the horses are getting very little to eat.

6th.—Rose at 3.15 a.m. and did 27 miles. Camped. At 10 p.m. suddenly got orders to retire 6 miles. Everybody fed up. During the night L station's cook received an unexpected ducking in a flooded nullah.

7th.—Camped from 1.30 a.m. till 3.30 a.m.—advanced a couple of miles. Continued with the same sort of thing until the 11th. We are drawing on the Turks—successfully as it afterwards turned out.

12th.—We spent our next three days trying to outflank the Turks on the Kifri road. On the first day four shells landed very close to the set—some splinters hit the far mast. We closed hurriedly in the middle of a message.

The next two days were not so dangerous but were equally strenuous.

22nd.—In camp at Sindiyeh on the left bank of the Tigris. Here a composite cavalry brigade was made up with H station, while L went to Baqubah and C returned to Es Sulaikh, where they remained (except for a week's strafe on Arabs). H Station is stiff—still with the cavalry. Hear we have a month's work still before us.

23rd.—Moved off at 2 a.m. and acted as flank guard with the infantry during their capture of Dahuba. We were right up in front—had several narrow shaves; shrapnel burst amongst us, wounding a driver in the leg and also a horse.

26th.—Continued with the cavalry up the river—now co-operating with the infantry on their Adhaim battles. Plenty of shrapnel—three of the horses had skin knocked off them.

May 4th.—Packed up for return with the cavalry. Thank heaven, we are going into summer quarters. Rations terribly poor—had only bacon and biscuits for the last week. Moved about 10 miles.

5th.—Moved another 15 miles.

7th.—At Barura river-head. Station to be transferred to the infantry—under orders to go back up the Adhaim again. That's injustice if you like. H station has been continuously at it ever since December 12th. How about some of the other stations having a go?

16th.—Spent a week touring the Adhaim with the infantry. Now we are under orders for III. Corps at Baqubah. Words fail us!

FINDING D STATION.

(Column for Hindiyeh, May, 1917.)

"Hindiyeh force out of communication. Take 10 men as escort, join the force and fix things up. They're somewhere S.E. of here; you're sure to see their tracks."

These were orders and I was the recipient.

The force with which I had to join up was on its way to protect the irrigation barrage at Hindiyeh, on the Euphrates. After being in regular communication with us for some days, it had suddenly failed to gain touch; but an aeroplane located it at Museyib, apparently O.K. Hence the order to re-establish communication. As the local Arabs were reported to be rather hostile, I was given a comparatively large escort.

With additional instructions to pick up some mail at the Advanced P.O. across the river, we set out with a Ford van and a Fiat lorry borrowed from Army Sigs. Collecting the mail took some time, and it was about 3 p.m. before we finally got under way.

Finding the track was not difficult; we soon reached Mahmudiyeh, a post about 15 miles out. Here we were directed to "follow the old Turkish telegraph line; it'll take you right there." The track was fair, so we soon settled down to the monotony of the desert; the line of broken cast-iron poles seemed unending. Mile after mile was done in good time, and the track at last became indistinct, but, the broken poles being well in evidence, I hadn't any doubt that we were going in the right direction, until finally we approached a village, the inhabitants of which seemed very excited at our coming. I was in the Ford and a bit ahead of the lorry, so waited and gave instructions to the boys to get their rifles ready for any emergency. We then pushed

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The Euphrates at Hillah (from the sketch by Donald Maxwell, R.A.).

on through the village, where the wildest excitement prevailed. Once through, the track became very sandy and rough. Looking back I saw an Arab galloping after us; he was gesticulating wildly, pointing ahead, and shouting out in Arabic, from which the only understandable words were "Hillah Mozier Mozier." I knew there was a town called Hillah, and that it had a doubtful reputation, so as it was now dusk, and as there were no signs of the column, I decided to make back and try for Mahmudiyeh.

On returning to the village the inhabitants flocked round the cars, and an old patriarch, whom I took to be the sheik, came up. As the cars started to move he pushed one of his Arabs, armed with an old Mauser, into the back of the Ford, indicating by signs that he'd be our guide. I didn't like the idea of an armed Arab behind me, and felt more comfortable when "Wilkie," the mechanic, got in with me. Giving Wilkie instructions to keep the Arab covered, and shoot him if he proved hostile, we started on the road. Our guide started finding fault at once: the lorry was "Mozier" because it couldn't go fast enough; my revolver was "Mozier," so he handed me the driver's rifle. Then the blanket of darkness fell with its usual tropical suddenness, and a dusty breeze started to blow.

The Arab, who had been muttering to himself, suddenly motioned the driver to go to the left, where there was absolutely no sign of a track, but after a little deliberation, I decided to chance it. Our pace became a crawl, as we were moving over open desert with practically no light, the Ford's only one burning dimly at slow speeds. Peering ahead into the unknown wasn't a very pleasant feeling, especially when one's mind continually reverted to the tales of Arab atrocities. By this time, however, I had a little more faith in our guide; he had eyes like a cat and knew every hole in the desert, and without him we would undoubtedly have turned turtle long before.

We'd been going for what seemed hours, when right ahead there was a flash of light, and, before we realised it, we were in the covered bazaar of a village. The inhabitants, who crowded in on all sides, looked very unpleasant, but made no hostile demonstration, our guide meanwhile yelling and standing up with his rifle ready. Passing through this suspense we thereupon found ourselves on a bund with flood waters on both sides—no room to turn if we wanted to.

I was of course completely "bushed" by this time, though I knew by the flood waters that we couldn't be far from the Euphrates, and were possibly on the right track. The narrow native bridges over the gaps in the bund were a ticklish proposition for the lorry without lights. In one case we practically had to lift the Ford round to show the way across a particularly bad one; even then one of the lorry's wheels went over the edge and was only with difficulty got on again. A few more bridges, then some palms, and finally a challenge—"Halt, who goes there." At the sound of the voice, our Arab jumped out and disappeared into the darkness.

Heaving a sigh of relief, at last we arrived, only to be "strafed" by a colonel, who said we had no business to come without an armoured car, and were d——d lucky to get through, etc., etc. On hearing our story he was more surprised, and then explained that the track left the telegraph line at a very fine angle—in fact, it looked just like the numerous desert tracks which all lead to the same place. He had thought it possible that any party following afterwards might make a mistake, and had therefore sent a troop down to the first village to "put the wind up" the sheik, saying that the village would be wiped out if anything happened there. Parties were not allowed to go on to Hillah, which was a particularly unhealthy spot to be in at that time. Hence our guide and the excitement.

DINNER WITH THE SHEIK AT FELUJA.

While stationed at Feluja, two of us were invited to dine with the Sheik, and after some consideration—we accepted. From the point of view of an experience it proved interesting, but from the point of view of a good "blow out"—which we could well do with—it was disappointing.

When we arrived, the food was on the table, which was bare of linen or ornament. One large enamel dish of nicely cooked rice lay in the centre of the table, and at each guest's place was set an enamel plate of stew, made mostly from kid and tomato, well seasoned and rather tasty. There were present the Sheik, two other Arabs, and we two visitors, and immediately on our arrival the five of us sat down and fell to. We—as infidels—were given spoons, which we used for a while, but eventually tried the native custom and started in with our fingers, to the great delight of our host and his two friends. There is an art in eating in this manner, and it is astonishing how the unaccustomed ones make a mess of things in their first efforts. The idea is to pick up a piece of meat from your own plate, saturate it with gravy and drop it into a hole you have previously made in the centre dish of rice, cover it over until sufficient rice adheres to it to absorb the gravy (incidentally cleaning your fingers of any of the latter thereon), and then carry the ball to your mouth without dropping rice or gravy to the table *en route*, and without touching other than the rice on your own immediate share of the centre dish, or leaving any gravy behind you thereon. Try it next time you have curry and rice.

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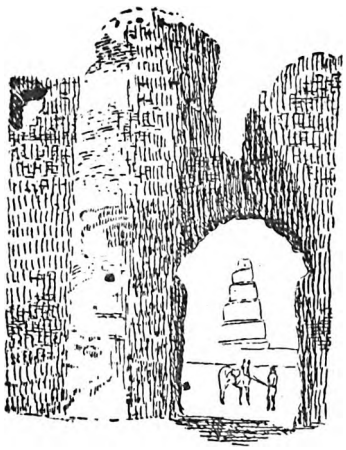

The spiral minaret at Samarrah—relic of a vast open-air mosque dating from the 9th century.

THE SECOND SUMMER (1917)

HOW WE PASSED THE TIME AT SAMARRAH.

(*E Station*, 1917-18).

After the capture of Baghdad and our famous tour of the Adhaim, we chose for our vacation the beautiful and picturesque spot called Samarrah! No trace of vegetation relieved the dusty glare of the desert, and the only things in the landscape worth mentioning were the old Tigris flowing down to the sea, the city wall, the famous golden-domed mosque, the neighbouring Malwiyah minaret, and the ruins of the German railway station.

Our "possy" was an unlucky one, inasmuch as every "willy willy" that came across the desert—and we had some beauties up there—never failed to strike us. On these occasions all heads would dive under blankets, and nothing could be heard except perhaps the *bobajee* swearing in the cook-house. Loose blankets, boxes, and tins and anything else lying about usually went for ever. It can well be imagined that to fill in time in such a locality was no easy job. Still, we made ourselves fairly comfortable. Swimming was our "strong point" during the summer, most of us being in the water three and four times a day. Before breakfast we usually enjoyed a lengthy dip in the river, playing at leap-frog, chasing, water-polo (with someone's topee), diving, sprinting, and anything else to make fun; at midday, having to swim the horses, we ourselves were not supposed to bathe, but nevertheless, when out in deep water we would drop off for a dip; and at night, before tea, we were in again. So much time did we spend in the water that one began to feel we might turn into Tigris salmon. The rest of the day was spent on duty or fatigues, and in playing cards, reading, letter writing, and (of course) arguments. Ye gods! we had some budding "bush-politicians" in our station, and there was scarcely a current topic that wasn't thrashed out. It does one good to look back upon the debating powers of this lot of "furphy"-mongers, bolsheviks, bush lawyers, military "experts," and agricultural professors. We also tried fishing to help pass the time away, but soon got fed up with sticking on the end of a line. So "old Bill," an inventive genius, made a spear. The chief spearsman would stand up to his chest in the water, while we other poor, silly coots threw bait around him to attract the fish. We had a hundred goes at them but rarely had much luck. "Chits" for beer were never lacking and thus we managed to get plenty of liquid refreshment, which somewhat brightened our existence. Periodically, too, a ghari would make a bee-line for the canteen, returning laden with cases of pork and beans, tinned milk, sardines, salmon, lollies and cigarettes. To break the monotony Turkish 'planes visited us almost daily, and we used to watch with interest our anti-aircraft batteries flinging hundreds of pounds worth of ammunition at them. Only once were we rewarded by seeing a machine brought down.

Then one day an officer arrived and he livened up things to an alarming extent. No more idling in our tents, no more fishing, no more throwing the brush over the horse's back and calling it groomed. We had regular parades, the drivers cleaned their rifles and the operators the set and spare parts, the horses were inspected every day, new dugouts were constructed and sandbagged, and, worst of all, gas-mask drill was ordered—and carried out. I'll never forget the difficult job we had in cleaning up our harness after digging it out of the sand, in which it had lain for weeks; to make the rusty links bright and shiny again was by far the hardest work—files, emery paper, and kerosene all being given a trial.

Then, after making the camp ship-shape, the inevitable happened—orders coming along for us to move to I Corps H.Q., about three miles away. Here we had all our work to do over again—dugouts, sandbags, cookhouse, horse-lines, etc. Trenches were also dug in order to provide cover during air-raids; but the operators, disdaining this shelter, tunnelled beneath their own tent a dugout large enough to hold a regiment, and at the sound of the warning gong they would dive into it like rabbits. A special "funk-hole" was also dug for the use of the operator on duty, and specially-lengthened telephone cords enabled him to reach it with ease. The drivers, who had to stand by the horses on such occasions, were not in as fortunate a position; although it is quite amusing to-day to think of those six figures, clad in shirts or pyjamas, racing in the moonlight across the quarter of a mile of open space to the lines, and dropping to the ground at the hum of a falling bomb. Needless to say, they shivered with the cold.

Occasionally we had some great concerts and *ram-sammies*. One long streak of a driver, who acted as organist at church parades, always brought the "pocket-edition" organ home to camp, where it was used for less reverent, but highly enjoyable, purposes. Staff B—— used to read from *The Sentimental Bloke* and *Ginger Mick*; Denny would give his favourite

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song, "Too-ra-loo-raloo," and Jock an *obligato* on pannikins and tin-plates; and all hands joined in the choruses.

With the arrival of winter, football commenced, and, though our numbers were few, we managed to rake up a rugger team which put up many a good show against those from neighbouring British units. On Christmas Day there was played one of the funniest matches possible. Two or three hundred men, mostly "half-tanked" and rather merry after a sumptuous dinner, joined in the game, irrespective of sides. They surged up and down the field and, when one poor coot would get the ball, it wasn't long before he had fifty or sixty struggling humans piled up on top of him! It is impossible to say who won; the referee was seen but once, for during the remainder of the time he was simply buried out of sight. About a dozen stretcher-bearers were on the line, and they were busy all the afternoon. One officer looked like scoring a try, when a spectator with a diving tackle brought him down; result—both carted off on stretchers!

However, when one looks back on the time we spent at Samarrah, it is possible to forget the heat, flies, mosquitoes, floods, mud, cold, and disease, and much easier to remember the cheerful spirit of comradeship which, in the face of everything, enabled us to have a comparatively good time.

BELED.

(*F Station—Summer*, 1917).

Beled—midway between Baghdad and Samarrah, with a tiny railway station the only building in sight Who of F Station is likely to forget the summer we spent at Beled? The mean temperature continued in the vicinity of 130 degrees; there was nothing to do except water the horses at the station well three times a day, and go through with the usual camp routine

Yet mention of Beled conjures up some pleasant memories. Jim ——, sometime actor and now a driver, wrote playlets which were performed late at night under the stars. The nucleus of a really good choir was unearthed—"Monterey" and "There's a light still burning in the window" were favourites. Then there was one Alec. Does anyone remember how many somersaults Alec could turn before hitting the ground after tripping over a tent guy? And we only had 48 small bottles of Guinness amongst the lot of us.

The 8th (Jullundur) Brigade sports provided a week's amusement too. True to tradition, there was no horse race for ranks below N.C.O.; F Station was therefore constrained to make some unofficial promotions and there blossomed forth on the desert Lance-Corpls. Jimmy —— and Mac ——. Mac rode "Dick," a long-legged bay horse, who had been given a high-sounding aboriginal name for the day. After a week's secret preparation, "Dick" appeared at the appointed hour, complete with all accessories, even to fly veil. He hadn't been groomed during that time and looked such a sorry nag that two Sikhs were the only people, besides the "owner" and his friends, to risk their money on him at the rupee "tote." Mac rode a great race and finished first by a head; and the tote paid 70 to 1!

On another occasion three members of F were "on the mat" for neglecting to salute the brigadier. Preferring death to dishonour, they nobly chose a court-martial in preference to summary punishment. The staff captain, however, decided otherwise, and that, on account of their youth and inexperience, they should be summarily dealt with. The sentence was deprivation of beer issue when the canteen arrived from Baghdad! However, as the canteen never arrived, the sentence did not press very heavily on them.

MIRAGES.

(*Aziziyeh, Summer* 1917.)

Many tales could be told of these wonderful phenomena—tales of lakes appearing in the distance towards which thirsty men and horses eagerly spur on in the hope of reaching, only to find that the "lake" fades away and disappears, leaving nothing but burning desert.

An incident, which many of the N.Z. Wireless Troop will remember, occurred at Aziziyeh, when some thousands of Indian troops were waiting for the word to proceed up the Tigris. Days were monotonously inactive, broken only by an occasional Arab raid at night, resulting in the loss of rations and sometimes a rifle which cost the owner some 80-odd rupees.

Then the camp was suddenly plunged into activity, for at 3 p.m. on a very hot day the alarm was sounded: "Fall in, in full marching order," was tooted out by an Indian bugler. In quick response out dashed the Sikh regiment of Lancers; the pontoon bridge across the river was immediately opened. Away across the desert could be seen many moving objects resembling horses and men. Although indistinct, with the aid of field glasses they quickly cleared up and Arab horsemen could be plainly seen riding towards the camp. The signal for the Lancers to advance across the bridge immediately "put the wind up" the followers in camp, and general bedlam prevailed as the horsemen dashed out and were lost in clouds of dust. A pack wireless station was mobilised in a limber and crossed the river ready for action if occasion arose. For an hour or two excitement reigned. Our horsemen were eventually seen to be far out on the horizon, and yet farther away and now in the middle of them could be observed the hundreds of Arabs still riding towards camp. About 5 o'clock we could see that our men were returning and by six the advance party arrived and reported having ridden hard for over an hour and seen nothing but desert.

The horsemen we had seen (so it turned out later) were Arabs riding to Baghdad to attend a Mohammedan festival, and the nearest they had been to our camp was 30 miles.

"BUCKSHEE COMFORTS."

(*Aziziyeh, Summer*, 1917.)

Army rations are at the best of times anything but likely to give the "Digger" that "glad and satisfied feeling," and, after nearly 12 months' of them, supplemented only by very infrequent visits from the canteen boat, the mail bag disclosed a communication from the N.Z. High Commissioner notifying that 74 packages of comforts had been forwarded for the Wireless Troop. In due course those 74 packages arrived, and can it be wondered that even the most ardent Methodist among the troop forgot to say grace that day. Bacon was a delicacy out East, but to have 74 cases of flabby Lance Corporal pig suddenly bumped to barely 100 men—well——! In a temperature of 120 in the shade that bacon looked very silly and was soon reduced to a greasy mess. The High Commissioner must have smiled when he received our letter of thanks, but his intentions were evidently good—for he immediately despatched two huge cases by the quickest available route. In due course these arrived, and wouldn't the boys have given something to be able to hop into a shop with the three brass balls over the door; for dinner jackets with brass buttons, discarded garments from a wardrobe of a duke and duchess, were rather indigestible morsels for hungry men. Anyhow the Belgians were minus two cases of comforts, and the Arabs had a win.

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LIFE IN BAGHDAD

ABBAS.

(N.C.O.'s Mess, The Billet, March, 1927.)

Abbas, though rather more intelligent than the average, was a typical dirty little Arab brat of about 15 years. He joined the Squadron at Baghdad on the recommendation of Yuseff, the self-appointed commissionaire to the N.C.O.'s mess. Thereby hangs this tale.

After the long spell of tent life mid the dust, heat, flies, and mosquitoes of Magil, the mud, cold, and rain at Es Sinn, and the long, practically forced march to Baghdad, the first glimpse of Sinbad's home-town, with its blue-tiled domes and minarets, was something to be remembered; but what a disillusionment on entering the town. One wondered how even the thousands of pariah dogs, the scavengers of the town, existed in such filth and dirt. However, after the first disappointment, the thought of living between four solid walls with a permanent roof overhead was a comfort not to be despised.

The formation of a mess was one of the first steps taken by us N.C.O.'s on entering our moderately clean billet. 'Twas my turn as mess caterer. We numbered only five and, as the unit was practically under strength, an orderly was out of the question. All of us had a natural aversion from the part of slushy, so we decided on employing a native, if one clean enough could be found.

Having now a table to sit at, benches to sit on, and a bazaar to buy things in, a tablecloth seemed the one thing necessary to complete our happy little home. Dipping into the mess funds, I was soon at the bazaar haggling over the price of sheeting, but, owing to the Arabs' appalling ignorance of English or Hindustani, I wasn't succeeding in driving much of a bargain, when from behind me I heard a voice, speaking in perfectly precise English: "What is it you require, sir." I turned to find a youngster of about 14, whom I took to be a Jew. He proudly informed me he spoke four languages, and, if I required anything, he would do the bargaining and buy cheaper than I could. He was as good as his word. I thought this kid would be a great acquisition to the mess, so put it to him. He declined with great dignity, and scornfully added, "My father would not allow me to be a servant." However, he said he would endeavour to get an Arab and promised to bring one along to the billet.

Next morning Yuseff (we christened him Jospeh) turned up with a filthy Arab kid in tow, and gravely introduced: "Abbas, who is to be your servant." The difficulty then was the lingo. We hadn't been there long enough to get more than a smattering of the colloquial Arabic, and Abbas, of course, was ignorant of English and Hindustani. Joe stepped into the breach again, offering to come along each day to train Abbas. He refused payment, asking only for a bottle of petrol occasionally to start his father's ice-making engine across the way.

After a wash, brush-up, and an issue of shorts and shirt from the Q.M., Abbas was duly installed at 8 annas per diem. Everything went well. Yuseff turned up for breakfast, dinner, and tea, and ate more than any member of the mess; but, after a week or so he developed the habit of poking around places where he had no right to be, and, as his knowledge of languages might have resulted in leakage of information, it was decided he'd have to finish.

I thanked him very much on behalf of the mess and said we didn't think it necessary to take up any more of his time. He refused a ten chip bill I offered and stayed to tea, next morning turning up at breakfast time with a bill on his father's business paper: "To services as Commissionaire R.150." I told him to go to blazes, but the Q.M., being more softhearted, gave him R.15 to stop his howling and to get rid of him.

Just at that time there was a short issue of meat and, though officially it was against orders to buy in the native markets, we didn't see the sense of going hungry when there was plenty to be had. We decided to send Abbas. He was intelligent enough, so I suppose my Arabic was at fault; anyhow I couldn't make him "mallum" (understand). In desperation I drew a rough picture of a sheep (my drawing was as good as my Arabic), but after several guesses Abbas gave it up. I then tried mimicking with the first "Baa-a-a" Abbas said: "Mallum! Mallum Sahib!" Heaving a sigh of relief I drew a ring round a leg; he "mallumed" again and was soon back again with a beautiful leg of lamb ("lah-lem," as he called it). I tried him next day with fish. Not being able to make a noise like a fish, I tried a combination of sketch, movement of jaws, and waving of hands—he got it first time. The only time he ever made a mistake was when he brought back a vegetable marrow for a cucumber.

Abbas with his 8 annas a day was becoming quite affluent among his particular clan; he began to put on all sorts of airs, until, about a month after he joined us, he asked for a day off "to get married." Of course he got the day off, with liberal backsheesh as a wedding present. His bride, a year younger than he, was the daughter of a dhobi-woman.

For a couple of weeks Abbas was radiant. He rushed through his work and cleared home at the earliest possible moment; then one day he was very grumpy and sulky and would do nothing right. After a lecture on carelessness (he'd picked up more English and Hindustani than we had Arabic), he was asked what the trouble was. He absolutely boiled over. "Marie b—— b—— imshi, Wahud b—— b——!!" It appeared Wahud had been making a couple of rupees a day bootblacking for the boys in the other billet. Marie—the eternal feminine—had been dazzled by his shining silver pile and cleared out with him.

Abbas lasted in the mess till that well-remembered night when the Major's Persian carpets were "souvenired" by a burly Arab; after that, the edict was issued that natives were not to be allowed in the billets. I saw him a few days later. He'd gone back to his native filth, but still maintained that Marie was a b—— b——!!

OVERHEARD IN NEW STREET.

A member of the squadron, well known for his wit as much as for his impediment of speech, was walking along New Street, Baghdad, one afternoon, and was of course not exactly looking for officers to salute. He was about to pass a well-dressed officer without "chucking" a salute, when he was greeted by a "gentle" prod with a cane, and the remark—"Good God, man, don't you know who I am." It took Bill nearly three minutes to answer him, and then in jerks it came: "N—n—no—no—you—have—g'got—the—advantage—of—me there."

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ALMOST A DISASTER.

(*N.C.O.'s Mess, The Billet, Winter,* 1917.)

A Sergeant of the N.Z. troop had come in from one of the out-stations. He reported sick the following day, and that night we all shared his blankets (he had about six). Next morning the sick report came in: "Sgt. ——— suspected smallpox." Imagine our feelings. Later a report came through cancelling the first, but for a joke this was kept dark. The Major kept it going by saying all our kit was to be burned, including our much-prized Aussie hats. I really thought he meant it, and had my old felt hidden away, but, much to our relief, the room was only fumigated.

ARAB AUCTION.

This is unique in its way and typically Arabesque. A large native-made sack of vegetables—in one particular instance the writer watched, it contained cucumbers—is brought in and placed on the ground. The auctioneer draws attention to it and favours the audience with a lengthy description of the contents. The purchasers and a great many others gather round and cram as close to the lot as possible—this apparently to cover up their actions. Everyone near enough is energetically feeling the contents of the bag and incidentally doing his darndest to make a hole large enough to get out a sample. Several succeed, and, after most of them are more or less well supplied, the auctioneer wakes up and protests vigorously. Then the bidding starts and the sampling process is resumed. So much is filched that prospective buyers begin to get really anxious, and, when the lot is knocked down the purchaser gets very wild and endeavours instantly to stop the sampling—and even to recover some of the samples. But my! what a terrible noise they make for a very little result.

MOUNTING PICKET.

(*Horse-lines, Summer,* 1918).

An afternoon hotter than usual, the flies more persistent, a more acrid tone in the general profanity—it is parade for picket at the Horse-lines. The lance-corporal in charge gives the usual instructions, which are noted with that deep respect always accorded lance-jacks in the wireless squadron.

Pointed references to rifles more than usually neglected are met with thread-bare but sufficient excuses as the N.C.O. passes along an exceedingly crooked line. From a neighbouring tent a cheerful, grinning face protrudes, the owner congratulating the picket on its smart and soldier-like appearance. The picquet then replies with defamatory reference to the interjector's ancestry.

Slips of paper drawn from a hat decide the hours of duty for each man, after which the party, without embarrassing the corp. by first coming to attention, slouches off to its tents.

SUNRISE.

(*Horse-lines, Summer,* 1918).

A shudder passes over the date-palms; almost imperceptibly the air begins to move. From the encircling desert the jackals howl matutinal exchanges. The all-pervading smell of burning manure (the Arabs' fuel) disgusts the sensitive nostril. The breeze increases in the tree-tops, and sleepy horses move uneasily. Thousands of crows, rising from a nearby garden, encircle the camp before flying off for their day's scavenging. Gradually the darkness pales before the approaching sun. In tints no artist ever put on canvas the east is adorned, when the sky changes from pale yellow to radiant gold and crimson. Rapidly, and as though thrown on a screen, the surrounding landscape leaps into view. Soon a red and angry looking sun shoots clear above the date-palms. Another Mesopotamian day is born.

AUSTRALIA.

(*Written while in Hospital, Baghdad*).

Australia, we've travelled to fight for thee,
O'er oceans, o'er lands that were fair to see,
But never so fair nor ever so free
As thou, oh our home, Australia.

We've suffered with hunger and perished with thirst,
Known sickness and pain at their very worst,
And longed till we felt that our hearts would burst
For thee, oh our home, Australia.

Oh! we've longed to be back where the gum trees grow,
Where the winds that sigh through the swamp oaks blow,
The down of the thistles as flakes of snow,
Back in our home, Australia.

Where the reed birds down in the creek beds sing,
And the tinkling bells of the milk herds ring,
As home through the dusk of the eve they swing,
Back in our home, Australia.

We have longed for the sound of the surf once more,
As the billows break on the glistening shore,
Or dashed to foam up the cliffs they roar,
On the coasts of our home, Australia.

Australia, we've travelled to fight for thee,
But never so fair nor ever so free,
As thou, oh our home, Australia.
O'er oceans, o'er lands that were fair to see,

MARY THE CHALDEAN.

(*By permission of the "Evening News", Sydney.*)

She came swinging into camp, barefooted, and poising on her head a huge bundle of washing done up in a colored cloth.

"Hullo, Mary!"

"Hullo, brother! Good to-day, brother?"

The heavy silver ornaments on her ankle clashed together as she strode by, and the flowing folds of her Chaldean headdress trailed in the breeze beneath the burden on her head.

Mary—by occupation a dhobi; by religion a Chaldean. Washing and religion were the two things in life Mary took most seriously, and she worked at both very well. One supplied her with fine ideals, the other with a field in which those ideals could find expression, and thus it was that the light of Heaven came to shine out of a common washtub.

The actual form of faith to which Mary was supposed to assent was never known, but for all practical purposes her creed was very short and very simple. She had a deep-rooted conviction that all Englishmen were Christians and that all Christians were of one family. "Mary sister, you," she would say, and sought every possible opportunity of giving her ideal practical expression through a happy and generous good nature, quite regardless as to whether her sisterly interest was acceptable or not.

Nothing could shake Mary's faith in her obligation to universal sisterhood. The definiteness of her conception of this fundamental principle of the Christian religion, and the simple beauty of her practical expression of it, were as refreshing as they were unique.

Often enough she would not ask for payment for her work, being satisfied with the assurance that "brother," for the time being, was out of funds. The garments she returned had all been carefully gone over ——lost buttons had been replaced, torn parts mended, and well-worn socks darned. "Mary mother, you" would be her explanation. The equities of trade

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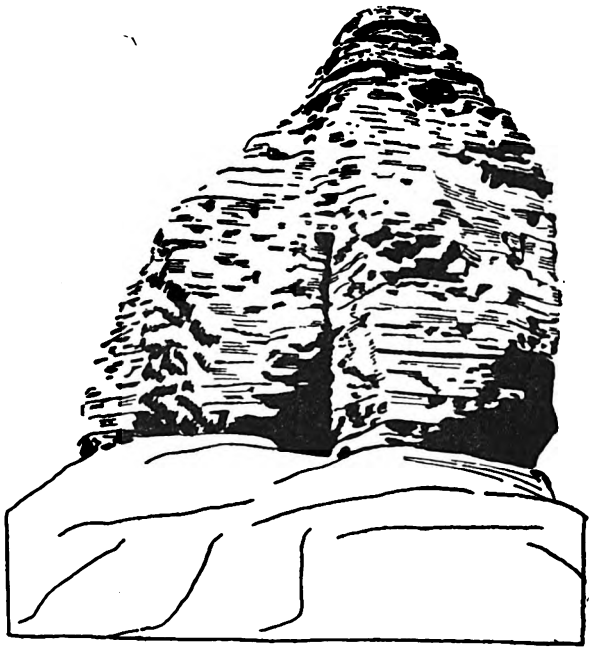
would have freed her from much that she did, but the nature of her ideal required her to do as much as she could.

Then the time came to say farewell. The tears welled from her eyes, and her voice was faltering and broken as she took each man by the hand and wished him good-bye.

It would be worth while to hear again the cheery "Hullo, brother," of Mary the Chaldean.



AGGAR GUF.

One of my first leave afternoons in Baghdad found me on the upper deck of the Kazimain horse-tram. As we left behind the houses of the western section of the city, a strange object appeared far off on the desert skyline—a black tooth shimmering through the mirage. My interest must have communicated itself to an Arab gentleman on my left, because he promtly uttered several gutteral syllables, which I duly noted in my diary.

Later on, after the armistice, when Ford vans became more "borrowable," we chartered one and set off across Iron Bridge and westwards. Poor Ford—it had to "loop-the-loop" over nullahs and long-forgotten irrigation canals. After nine miles we were there—at the foot of a great ruined tower of sun-dried bricks, rising sheer from a hillock of its own debris.

The builders of this tower seem to have had very definite ideas on the subject of reinforcement, for every row of bricks was separated from its neighbour by a layer of reed matting, while every twenty layers or so were further strengthened by the inclusion of much stouter sheets of matting.

It stuck in our minds, that reed matting, much as it stuck between the rows of bricks, for a closer inspection disclosed the astonishing fact that it still retained its texture and strength.

After scouting round amongst the rubbish of centuries for souvenirs in the shape of patterned pot-sherds, we went off back to the billet.

Back home in Australia, I did not forget Aggar Guf. I scanned the index of every book of Mesopotamian travel until I got on its elusive trail at last. I was more than rewarded when I read the following paragraph in one of them. It was quoted from *Purchas, his Pilgrimage* (an old English work, dated 1626) as appearing on page 50 of the folio edition:—

> "For about seven or eight miles from Baghdad, as men passe from Felugia, a towne on Euphrates, whereon Old Babylon stood, to this newe citie on Tigris (a walke of about forty miles space) there is seen a ruinous shape, of a shapelesse heape and building, in circuit less than a mile, about the height of the stonework of Paule's steeple in London, the bricks being six inches thicke, eight broad, and a foot long (as Master Allen measured) with mats of canes laid betwixt them, yet remaining as sound as if they had beene laid within a yeere's space. Thus Master Eldred and Master Fitch, Master Cartwright, also, and my friend Master Allen, by testimony of their own eyes, have reported. But I can scarce think it to be the tower of Babel, because authors place it in the midst of old Babylon, and neere Euphrates, whereas this is neerer Tigris."

From another book I gleaned some more information. Aggar Guf is all that remains of the temple-tower or *ziggurat* of Dur Kurigalzu, a city of the Kassite Babylonians, founded in 1410 B.C.

Good old matting—may you last many another three thousand three hundred years. And may you impress many another traveller, as you did old Purchas and ourselves.

THEY ALSO SERVED.

(*Indians attached No. 9 Station and Horselines, Summer*, 1918).

I first met *Mehta* Bluebell at Kermanshah. Tall, thin, and black, he invariably went armed with an empty petrol tin and a broom. How that tin worried him on the subsequent trek to Zinjan and back to Baghdad—a nice wooden container that had been made for it helped after a week to boil the dixie. On the move from Kermanshah Bluebell was given a pair of fat-tailed sheep to drive, and they were forever getting tangled in his lanky legs, or tumbling down a nullah. But there never was a more necessary or faithful slave than Bluebell.

. . . . . .

The column had just reached the foot of the pass at Asadabad, when it was noticed that a ghari was missing. Someone started to ride back. Then, like a whirlwind, round a bend in the road swung what looked like a flying bedstead. Something had frightened the mules and they came down at a mad gallop. Sprawled atop a load-and-a-half, and hanging on for dear life, was *drabi* Fargoo (nicknamed "Bunghi"). He won the tussle. A philosophic soul was Bunghi, serenely undisturbed in any circumstance, generous, too! Oftentimes a hot *chupatty* came our way—when a *chupatty* was a rare feed. For any gift his gratitude was most profound. A man of deeds, rather than words, his almost sole remark, though oft-repeated, was "*utcha Sahib*" (all right, Sahib), and you could depend that it was.

. . . . . .

Hookma! What rare memories that name revives. Sweeper Hookma the *puggalwallah*, with the inevitable "red lamp" (cigarette) sticking out at the end of his fist. Will his fantastic career in the Horselines' yard ever be forgotten? Every sweep of his birch was made to the merry jingle of the bells he loved to hang around his neck. What with his thin scraggy ankles encompassed by rag, and with beads and coloured rags and other rubbish strung about him, he was gorgeous. Did ever decorated donkey look more ludicrous?

. . . . . .

Rest to you, Bluebell, wherever you are; and Fargoo, peace to your ashes; and to you Hookma, poor wandering soul, *Salaam, bhote Salaam.*

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CAVALRY DIVISION DAYS

FROM BONDI TO BAGHDAD.

(*Cav. Div. Sigs., Es Sulaikh, Summer,* 1917).

It is a far stretch from Baghdad to Bondi, but an incident which occurred while the Australians were encamped at Es Sulaikh, a few miles up the Tigris from Baghdad, linked the two together.

An Indian was washing on the edge of the Tigris when his feet slipped on the muddy bottom of the river, and he slid into deep water to be immediately swept out from the bank by the treacherous current of the river.

An Australian, seeing his plight, at once jumped in, uniform, boots and all. He reached the drowning man as he was sinking for the third time, and eventually got him safely to the bank.

His fellows in the Cavalry Division never forgot the incident, which was only one of many that earned for our men the respect of the Indians.

The Australian had been a member of the Bondi Surf Club!

THE END OF THE WET SEASON.

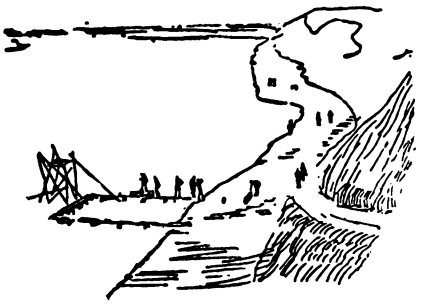
(*Cav. Div. Sigs., at Sadiyeh, Winter,* 1917-18).

Early in December, 1917, after strenuous work, the Cavalry Division settled down near Sadiyeh on the Tigris for the wet season. There were all told about a hundred Australians in the camp—the personnel of the three wireless stations and of the Cavalry Div. Sig. Squadron. No sooner were we settled down and the camp drained (the drains were designed, with typical military eccentricity, to run the water uphill) than the rain began in earnest. Waterproof coats were "issued" all round, as well as a few pairs of gum-boots "for use on the horse-lines"; but, as almost everyone regularly visited the horse-lines, wet or fine, the Q.M.G.'s branch must have forgotten that it was dealing with a cavalry division.

Although it was supposed to be a slack time, we did not find it so. Rising a quarter of an hour before dawn (temperature seven degrees below), we would exercise the horses for an hour and then groom them for another forty-five minutes. After breakfast more parades would usually be held, followed by drain-digging, harness cleaning, and other work until darkness had set in. Up till the last week of March this gay life was punctuated by torrential downpours, which penetrated even the most secure tents. But by the 28th of that month it seemed that the rainy season had finished, and we were assured there could be no more rain until next December; and instructions were received for the immediate return to store of all rain-coats and gum-boots.

The very same night that our coats and boots were passed in, the wind blew with hurricane force, bringing up by the following afternoon a heavy rainstorm, which lasted for some hours. Before long most of the tent-dugouts resembled swimming pools, and the idea of camping in them for the night was entirely out of the question. All hands took the misfortune philosophically, though not without expressing their feelings in a forceful manner as they vainly attempted to find "a better 'ole." Even the big E.P. signal-office tent was a wreck and full of water, and had of course to be righted without delay. A few of the fatigue party afterwards managed to secure a camp high and dry on stationery boxes, while the cook slept on his travelling kitchen, sheltered by a couple of sheets of galvanised iron. Others sat up in the few comparatively dry tents, telling yarns and singing.

About midnight, when the storm abated, a number of enthusiasts decided straightaway to bail the water from the tents before it had time to soak in, and then to dig until they struck dry ground. The bailing was done with pannikins and jam and kerosene tins, and the mud, too sticky to deal with otherwise, was rolled by hand into lumps and flung out. Then digging down some four inches till it was dry enough to suit them, they spread out blankets and turned in, warm as toast from the exercise.



Watering-place, Istabulat.

In the morning intermittent showers still continued. A few tents were moved off small "lakes," and the erstwhile occupants began diving for sundry articles. The horse-lines were simply a quagmire, and the animals themselves looked for all the world like newly-finished mud walls. Under such circumstances, and the day being the first of April, could anyone refrain from having a practical joke?

About 10 o'clock a pukka English officer—an A.D.C. and a bit of a wag—strolled into the signal office. Ringing up a major in charge of ordnance supplies, whose office was about a mile distant, the aide told him that the General would like him to come over immediately—"couldn't say what for, but the matter is urgent." The major protested: It was still pouring rain, the track was impossible for a horse, a couple of minor creeks would have to be waded. . . . . mud . . . . "Couldn't the General come to the phone? Couldn't he send a message by an orderly, who could wait for a reply?" No, was the reply; the General had wished to see the Major personally, and there was no other way.

Three-quarters of an hour later the Major walked into the mess, asking an officer there what the —— he had been sent for on such a —— day. On someone suggesting that he had possibly overlooked the date, the air suddenly became electrified, though his lurid vocabulary seemed to be far too small for the occasion. Refusing to see the joke, and declining a drink with the H.Q. staff, he strode out and returned to his camp in a rage.

OVERHEARD ONE NIGHT.

(*Cavalry Camp, Sadiyeh, Winter,* 1917-18).

The station had been flooded out by a typical Mespot winter deluge. Pitch dark, lamps mostly full of water, mess-tins and boots floating round the dugouts, rifles buried in the mud. Then a voice from out of the darkness: "Fancy not wanting to go, Bill."

FOOTBALL.

(*Written by "Gunboat."*)

Of the recreations enjoyed by the Wireless Squadron in Mesopotamia, football undoubtedly held pride of place, and when one remembers the conditions under which it was played—on the improvised grounds in the desert at Sadiyeh, Baghdad and elsewhere—the liking for the game can be easily gauged. As this por-

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tion of the globe is blessed with an annual rainfall of not more than six inches, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that the earth thereabouts is hard. A bad fall in any sort of game, where the teams were out for a willing "mix up," generally left the victim badly skinned, and with an unwritten invitation to have a few words with the dispenser of "number nines" at the nearest field ambulance.

Sufficient training for these Homeric struggles was generally provided at the daily work at the horse-lines camp, while a good course of "bully-beef" never had a very deteriorating effect. On the other hand dubbing fatigues at the saddle racks were very devastating on form.

The bulk of my experience of the wireless boys as footballers was earned at Sadiyeh. At the end of November, 1917, after a very uninviting stay in hospital, I happened to join the stations attached to the Cavalry Division at Sindiyeh just as they were going out on the war-path. We travelled up the Adhaim, but did not "war" very much and returned on the 9th of December.

After thirteen days of hard work getting our camp into comfortable order, we decided to try some Rugby. Accordingly, teams from the Cav. Div. Sigs. and the three Wireless Stations duly turned out on December 22nd to do battle. Memory in respect of this game has become dimmed; suffice it to say that a very creditable exhibition was given in which the general spirit of give and take was much in evidence. The apparent lack of condition was made up for by the dashing efforts of the players; and the wonderful barracking of the hairy mob on the "line" was a feature of the sport much enjoyed by General Jones. The "Sparks" team ran out the winners. A week later another game was played, the Cav. Div. Sigs. winning this time (6—nil).

The suggestion for a combined team of Australians from the Cav. Div. Sigs. and the Wireless Squadron was then mooted. The initial game (Australians v. The Rest) was played on New Year's Day, 1918. It was, I think, in this enjoyable exhibition that C.L. made his famous dash for the line, and scored. Our boys won 11-3; and eight days later repeated the dose to the tune of 12-nil. After this we sallied forth in quest of opponents from the remainder of the Cavalry Division, and with the help of the Y.M.C.A., met a team derived from practically every unit in the division, with the exception perhaps of the Burmese Sanitary Corps. After a game of many thrills and much language we suffered defeat to the extent of 8 to 3. On this occasion the barracking was of great power, but the urging cries can hardly be quoted here.

Two days later the officers of the Cavalry Division gathered together a very strong combination to play the Australians, and a large crowd of spectators thronged the banks of the Tigris to watch the game. It is true that the opposing team had the advantage in weight, but nevertheless our boys tore into the fray with plenty of gusto. After a lively time the game finished up in favour of the officers (13-11). A return match played on January 30th resulted in a win for us by 11 to nil. This time we had the services of a player well-known in Rugby football circles in Australia, who was serving in the R.F.A.

On the 11th February, 1918, we motored to Baqubah to play the Royal Air Force, but on arrival found that they were unable to accommodate us with a game. In the end we raked up a few indifferent performers and played a scratch match.

Some ten days later we played the R.H.A., beating them 14 to nil. This game will be remembered for the roughness shown on all hands. Hard knocks were dealt out "ad lib." Next day at least one of the players was an inmate of the field ambulance; nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable disturbance.

On the way home we played at Deolali (when we were supposed to be in isolation) against the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who were reputed to be a very good side. Our team, now training on draught beer and Deolali stew, both thick substances, were in fairly good condition, and on a ground no softer than Martin Place, succeeded in cantering away from the Duke's footsloggers (16-5).

Afterwards there arose in the squadron an argument as to the respective merits of Sappers and Drivers at football. A game was accordingly arranged, and after putting all the other contests in the shade, resulted in a victory by 3 to nil for the meek little collection of humanity known as Sappers.

An exhibition of the "Australian Rules" game was also given at Deolali for the benefit of all concerned, including some Australian nurses. "Australian Rules" was always a source of enjoyment to Thomas Atkins, who regarded it as a "flaming old woman's game, choom!"

WITH THE 7th CAVALRY BRIGADE.

(To Tauq Khana and Fatha).

(1918).

Apr. 22.—After a week of rumours, postponements, packings, unpackings, and delays through rain, we are to move from Sadiyeh tomorrow with the 7th Cav. Brigade (Brig.-Gen. Norton).

Apr. 23.—Moved out at 8. Bridge across the Tigris very shaky owing to the floods. Brigade got lost later, and, after wandering round the country for two hours, the staff found a road of sorts and we had to hurry to make up for lost time. Arrived Dogameh, watered up and fed—and don't they pick some nice places to water horses!

Apr. 24.—Rained again during the night. But it laid the dust. 12.30: Sappers are erecting station. The column has gone on but the rear-guard is with us. 1.5: Message through. I suppose we will have to "go" to catch up with the column. 6 p.m.: We did—like blazes for about 10 miles to Satha Post. Travelled through the desert, which is blossoming with poppies, bluebells, daisies and a few hollyhocks.

Apr. 25—The usual going—40 minutes trot, 10 halt, and 10 walk dismounted in the hour. 10.15: Three 'planes land and have a confab with the General. 2.45 p.m.: Chai Khana. First shots fired. Watered and had a bite to eat. Gathering all the water after the other chaps had finished, I had a bath (only 1½ miles to the river) and felt a lot cleaner. Full moon to-night. . . .

Apr. 26.—Bengal Lancers and R.H.A. are advancing towards the Turkish position in the Jebel Hamrin. Saddled up ready to move; messages still coming through. Dismantled, packed up, and off at last. What a hurry-up ride it was! Johnnie threw a few shells at us, but these fortunately were all out of range. Camped in a nullah after 7 miles trip. . . .Orders for reveille at 2 a.m. to-morrow.

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Apr. 27.—1 a.m. Raining and blowing like ——, and I was stiff enough to be on picket. Horse-line was in sandy soil and, when the hail came pelting down, up went one end of it, several heel pegs, etc. The moon was hidden by clouds, and as it was against orders to show lights, horses got all over the place. . . Later the rain cleared off a little, but, the wind continuing to cut through us, we started to dig shelters in the banks of the nullah. 3 a.m.: Saddled up, but awaiting orders. Still as cold as charity in our shelters. 8 a.m.: I don't think I shall ever forget this day as long as I live. Still waiting for orders, so I had a look for some water for the horses, and found a very acceptable pool of rain water. 12 noon: Unsaddled and fed. 6 p.m.: Saddled up and moved forward to Bde. H.Q. on the hill. Managed to get some more water for the horses. The rain proved a blessing after all—but for it we should have been 40 hours without water. From information received (as the police say at home) the Turks cleared out at 10 p.m. last night. . . .

Apr. 28.—Moved out for Chai Khana, arrived about 10 p.m., and camped all day.

Apr. 29.—Chai Khana. . . . 9.30 p.m.: After patting ourselves on the back that we were about to return to camp and dig in for the summer, just received "the oil" that we are to move out for another stunt.

May 1.—Moved out last, as usual; had to "jildy" up to catch the column. 12 noon: Arrived Satha Post. . . . Showery weather; could be worse.

May 2.—7.45 a.m.: Moved out. After a fair night we got out to time—what a wonder. 12 noon: Halted for a feed. 9 p.m.: Arrived at Akab after a fair ride, with a 15 minute trot to the hour—26 miles. . . . Since we left Sadiyeh the rations have been bread (sometimes), biscuits, bully beef, bacon (2 oz. per man—if lucky), tea, and a little sugar.

May 3.—9.30 a.m.: Moved to the other side of the river (Shatt-el-Adhaim), to which we could have moved the day before and had the time to ourselves. Put down and pulled up the horse-lines four times. . . .

May 4.—7 a.m.: Moved out. . . . 11 a.m.: Watered, and halted for a snack. 4.30 p.m.: Arrived at Samarrah after a very hot march of 30 miles.

May 5.—Samarrah. Tried unsuccessfully to get across the river to E Station. The river being in flood, the pontoon bridge was broken. We were after some jam. "Oh! for some jam."

May 6.—5 a.m.: Moved out. Arrived at Daur 12 noon, after a good march. Another good watering place. 5 p.m.: Raining like hell.

May 7.—10.30: 'Plane arrives with the "dinkum oil." 3 p.m.: Arrived at Ain Nukhailah after a hell of a march. Only two stops: 10 minutes in the morning, and one at 12 for half-an-hour. Not much feed for the horses—only half-rations for them and us. Ours consists of two biscuits, one tin of "bully" between three persons, tea and sugar.

May 8.—4 a.m.: Up. 6.30: Moved out to the top of the hills and what a "bosker" sight after the never-ending flat country. 10 a.m.: Arrived at Bde. H.Q., unsaddled and dried our blankets, etc. 8 p.m.: After a quiet day washing socks, etc., we retired fairly contented. Rations are much better; got some fresh meat for a change.

May 12.—Still at Ain Nukhailah Pass. The water in these hills is rotten. A number of the horses are suffering from red-water, and it seems to be loaded with minerals; in consequence we have not had a decent drink of tea since we have been here.

May 13.—Moved out at 5.15 Went about 15 miles, erected and passed traffic (warm, don't mention it), while the R.H.A. advanced to shell a Turkish supply boat and depot.

May 14.—5 a.m.: Returned to first camp in the Ain Nukailah Pass.

May 15.—Moved off at 4 a.m. After a waterless march of 30 odd miles we arrived at Daur, and had an enormous drink of Tigris water. . . . I thought the horses were never going to stop. Now we are off back to the Summer camp.

From a war-issue of Punch:
"That, Sir, is a unique war-relic—plucked off a minaret in Mesopotamia by one of our gallant airmen.

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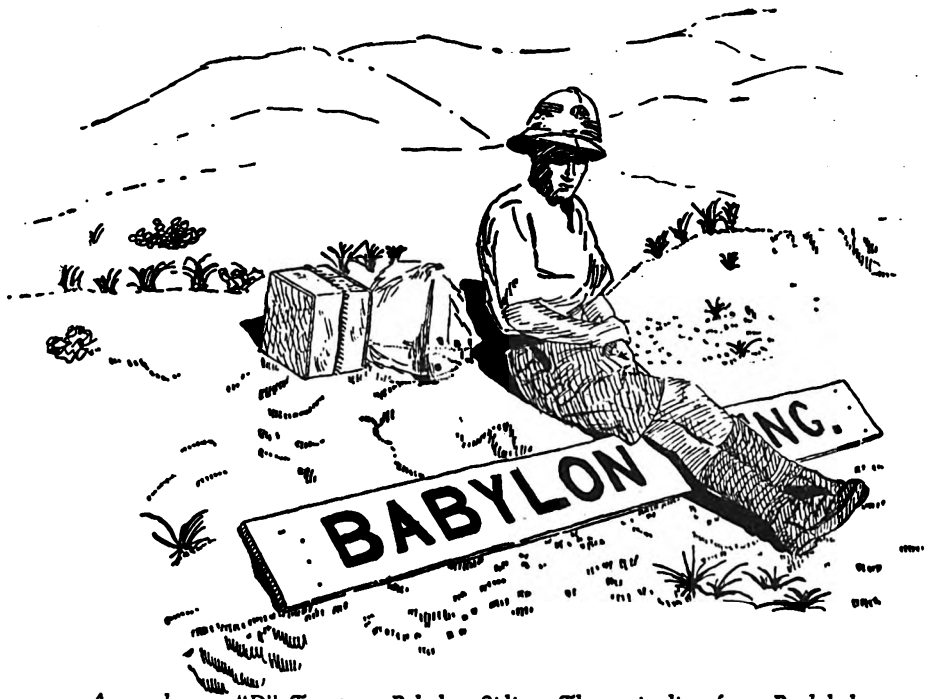

A member of "D" Troop at Babylon Siding. The main line from Baghdad to Hillah passes by the shapeless mounds that are the remains of a city that was once the greatest in the world.

OUT OF THE DIARIES

A taura sand-fly fever.

One of the gharis got stuck in the sand.

Had a good yarn with the boys from "C" Station.

Went out for exercise, at the same time looking for fuel, which is rather scarce.

During the afternoon we started in to build a cook-house.

Found water undrinkable; luckily we had a couple of packals with us.

This was a very dusty day.

Found out that our raincoats were not much good.

Went over to canteen, but found it too late to get anything.

Did not get much sleep as the flies were troublesome.

Paraded to — on the very unsatisfactory way he was looking after us and our horses.

Erected Station—then had a good feed of oranges and eggs.

After breakfast all hands started to work on horse-lines.

Staff Sergt. wanted his horse groomed, but, as he had plenty of time to do it himself, no one would do so.

Sent a wireless asking for our kits to be forwarded. Late at night we heard that kits had left in charge of ——. They had not arrived when we went to bed.

Rode to Y.M.C.A., where we were lucky enough to buy cigarettes.

One of the pack horses bolted, causing a little excitement.

So we celebrated the occasion.

Everybody fed up with this stunt; been living on bacon and biscuits for a week.

Received short notice to pack up and go out. "Compliments" about the military flying around.

We went out wearing as many clothes as possible so as to keep our kits down to 20 lbs.

Watering from bucket—a job drivers love.

Did not rise till 8 a.m.—very nice.

Rained this afternoon—walking round with about three pounds of mud on each boot.

Three chaps coming from the cook-house slipped and lost their dinners.

Feeling quite deaf through overdoses of quinine, and incidentally living on a diet of milk and water—a tin of the former to a bucket of the latter.

We set out on what was said to be a few days' stunt, but it lasted six months.

Our stay here was rather on the tame side, mainly transmitting warnings regarding hostile aircraft.

Every day we receive Reuter's cable summary, and by passing it on to the Sergeant at the dump we get some extra rations.

We had to dump our kits which we expected to get back in due course, but we were sadly disappointed, as it was the last we saw of them.

The date plantations are surrounded by a high wall supposed to be high enough to prevent a rider on a camel from looking over.

In the East a carpet and a roof make a house.

We had to walk about four miles behind the gharis to draw rations.

Broke two pack-frames this stunt, but carried on after temporary repairs.

Rain fell continuously and soon the camp was a foot under water.

Bivouacked and erected, and sent traffic; had to close without waiting acknowledgement.

Got one tin of jam, which we opened with much ceremony—had enough to cover half-slice of bread.

Were bombed by an aeroplane—not very nice.

Went to water in a very good place—must be a mistake somewhere.

5 p.m.—While we were away watering it rained and wet the blankets we had left out to dry.

We saddled up—but unsaddled again and are waiting.

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Driver —— "hops out" the station.

English wireless press from Malta every day, also French from Eiffel Tower and German from Berlin—and from Constantinople one in English, which the Germans send us to tell us the truth about the war.

Our tent was blown away to-day by a bomb from a Turkey 'plane—no one in it.

To-night had enough to eat for the first time—bully rissoles, spuds, and bread and jam. I never thought jam was so nice.

Very warm to-day—lying about under any old shelter we can get.

Unable to establish communication till daylight, when atmospheric and fading ceased.

Sergeant rode on ahead twenty miles on his motor-bike, and got back at sunset with a haversack full of canteen stores, which were much appreciated.

For tea stirred up some mashed bully with batter and fried like pancakes.

A sing song followed.

We are back again on bully and biscuits; when you are hungry they are all right.

Shot a partridge but a dog took it during the night.

Lieut. ——— has lost his haversacks with Signal books, etc., so I think we shall lose the war if they are not found.

I was just starting to curse the war, horses, and everything when a few of the boys arrived and gave me a hand to straighten out the horse-lines.

Spent an hour looking for prickly grass seeds among my blankets.

Managed to get a case of condensed milk from canteen.

To-day is the dustiest day I have ever seen—can only see about 20 yards—everything full of dirt and dust.

Left at 4 a.m. after a lot of trouble with new horses. They are not used to the packs and play up when we put them on.

Just before we got back to camp we watered the horses at a spring. It took four of us half-an-hour to get one of the horses out—mud like glue.

Got back and found another station had taken our tent and lines—so had to set to work and make new ones.

Bathing in mountain streams is nice but extravagant in soap.

Overhead on the air: "I am the great Lawadzki; why don't you answer?"

Dusty willy-willys hundreds of feet high swept over the plain and through our lines all day long.

Somebody walked over old Ram Singh's chupatties in the dark.

We are already reduced to Persian food, Persian utensils, and Persian speech—and if we don't go home soon will be reduced to Persian clothing.

The Hairy Mob.

Everyone is keen on photography. Yesterday B—— took two tablets of developer instead of quinine.

"How mooch? Sahib, how mooch?"

So cold now that the boys are wearing all their kit.

The smell was simply awful.

We got over the firewood difficulty by carrying as much as possible on the packs.

"For we are the brains of the Army!"

Wish we had kitbags that open at both ends.

It's not use trying to get home that way!

Only water available had a dead horse in it.

Bobagee tried some gram soup, but it was a failure.

Bill from Kangevah.

Mesopot. pastimes. Looking for lizards in a "Lizzie." Hunting hyenas on a Douglas.

"There's an Arab in the trees over there!"

Before we went on leave we were given a medical examination and a lot of good advice.

We got the idea that we had at last struck a military paradise, but that was pretty soon knocked on the head.

Visited the tailor to hurry him up; then cleared off up town and had a good look round.

Had only second-class warrants, but managed to travel first all the same.

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Oh, they took a bit of mutty and they built a hut or two,
They puckeroed some Arabs, likewise a Persian Jew;
They got a tora pani and a date palm standing there,
They showed it to a sheik, who said I'll build a harem there.
So they got a hundred bibbies and some pomegranates, too;
They introduced malaria, the sandflies and the 'flu,
Then they sprinkled it with fever dust, 'twas the only dust they had,
And when they had it finished, well they labelled it "Baghdad!"

(Tune—"Irish Rose.")

. . . . . .

Back in civilian clothes,
What a difference no one knows;
Where no reveille blows
To wake you from your doze.
The early morning parade,
From my memory will fade.
Sergeants yelling, orders telling,
Oh, the row they make.
For the stew and bread and jam
I do not care a damn.
There's no more cook's fatigue,
Route marches by the league;
No more swanking, no more saluting,
No more hide-bound faluting.
When I get back, when I get back,
Back in civilian clothes.

(Tune—"Back Home in Tennessee.")

. . . . . .

Only one more . . . . . roll-call
Only one more church parade,
Only one more kit inspection,
And of that I'm not afraid.
When this cruel war is over,
Oh, how happy I shall be,
When I get my civvy clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.
Officers will then be navvies,
Sappers own their motor cars;
No more jam in two pound jars,
No more rising at six-thirty.
People told me when I 'listed,
Fame and medals I should win,
But my fame was in the Guard room
And my medals were of tin.

(Tune—"What a friend we have in Jesus.")

. . . . . .

I often wonder why I growl the way I do.
Is it because I don't get fowl but always stew;
For bread and jam is very nice, I don't deny,
But oh! the smell of the officers' mess as I go by.
I used to live so well a year ago;
They told me camp was very nice to know;
I soon learnt to love you, but oh! you stew,
I hate you worse than guard or clink, fair dinkum I do!
I know what C.B. is, and also clink,
But to dodge that stew I'd do a month I think.
And when I go away
I'll be thinking all day
Of what was in that awful stew.

(Tune—"A Broken Doll.")

. . . . . .

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,
I've lost my pull through too,
I've lost the socks you gave me;
They lasted a day or two.
I've lost the razor that shaved me,
I've lost my tooth-brush too,
I've lost my hold-all;
So now I've got . . . all
Since I lost you.

(Tune—"When I Lost You.")

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The rest camp at Ruz, typical of scores throughout the lines of communication. In the foreground is a canvas tank, filled with chlorinated water; at this tank some of the men are filling their water-bottles.

ON THE PERSIAN ROAD

SOME PARTIZANSKI SIDELIGHTS.

Eight-thirty on the morning of 26th of November and four of us were pushing off from headquarters on a long four-day journey to join up with the Russian Partisan force and operate their wireless station, at any rate so far as traffic in English was concerned.

It was sundown on the 29th before there came into sight the tents of the Russian encampment at Mandali, and glad we were to see them after our cold and lonely journey. As we approached the shelters a solitary figure approached, and exclaimed "Yakaloff!" This was our introduction to the Russian tongue, and by degrees we ascertained that "Yakaloff" was the christian name of the sergeant in charge of the wireless station.

Yakaloff conducted us to a tent furnished with a camp stretcher and other comforts of home, and we thought to ourselves, "My word, things are not too bad when sergeants are provided with such gear!" But on looking round we noticed that the rest of the troops were grouped off in pairs and sheltered under miserable coverings consisting of nothing but sheets of unbleached calico, about 6ft. x 4ft., erected over shallow excavations and supported by their rifles.

We took our ease while Yakaloff produced a primus stove and brewed some coffee. While we were partaking of this light refreshment, in stalked another Russian who appeared to be somewhat perturbed and commenced to jabber rather volubly at Yakaloff. It transpired that the newcomer was the officer-in-charge of the wireless station, and the rightful owner of the tent, and that he was naturally rather incensed at the liberty taken with his belongings in the sacred name of hospitality.

The equipment of the Russians was miserable in the extreme, and it was surprising that they had managed to carry on for as long as they did. Their horses were weedy, ill-fed, and did not know what it was to be groomed or clipped. The men themselves were poorly clad, and even the sergeant had strips of calico wound round his feet by way of socks.

At 10 p.m. the following evening the Partisan force began the first of three twenty-mile all-night marches with the object of participating in the British operations against Kizil Robat and Kifri. The Turks, however, were seen retreating from the Kizil Robat about noon on December 3rd, and so this part of our adventures came to an end.

After this the Russians went to Telibarah, about 12 miles south on the Ruz canal, bivouacking there for a few days. Finally, on the 15th, they packed up and moved to Sharoban. By this time their volunteer spirit had mostly evaporated, and many began to clamour for return to their native country, a desire intensified by the fact that the force had suffered casualties at Kizil Robat. By way of encouragement, therefore, G.H.Q. arranged for them to move back to a site about ten miles from Baqubah, and to be provided with fairly comfortable quarters under canvas. They only stayed here six days, however, and finally, on the 1st of January, 1918, the main part of the force left for Kermanshah. Wheeled transport was out of the question, and the problem was partly solved by employing Kurdish mules and local drivers. Our kits had to be left behind, and a change of underclothing, blankets, and waterproof were all we could take. We were not even allowed tents.

From the start miserable weather was encountered, rain practically every day. The first halt was at Kizil Robat, and the second at Khanikin, where we camped in an old stable with horses and horse-fleas for company. Then came Kasr-i-Shirin, and here we tried to sleep in a ruined palace, which, being minus most of the roof, afforded little protection against the weather. Then on through Sarepul to Paitak, where, fortunately, we had only light showers.

January 7th, Russian New Year's Day, saw us on the road to Karind; it was a rainy and comfortless introduction to the mountains. The weather was bitterly cold, and, to cap it all, we rode into a snow-storm which lasted hour after hour. It was our first experience of snow, and we did not take kindly to it after two summers on the hot plain-country. At Karind we bivouacked in the big caravanserai. It was something to have a roof overhead, but, as our blankets and clothes had not been dry for four days, we could have been happier.

We moved off to Harunabad on the 9th, a beautiful morning with the sun shining brightly on the snow-clad hills. Along the road the axle of the wireless wagon broke, and this made us rather late in arriving. The next stage was to Mahidascht; the next and last—Kermanshah, which was reached at one o'clock. We were as usual billeted in a dirty caravanserai. Owing to the requirements of the wireless mast, the station had to be erected in the open, outside the town. This meant a long walk before going on duty, so we arranged to do all-night watches, in turn. After such a long vigil on a hill outside the town walls, the operator on duty was more than glad when morning came.

On January 13th, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Stead, who were serving under the

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American Board of Missions, we obtained a room in one of their outhouses, normally used as a school-room. This was a pleasant change from the dirty bazaar and, as Mrs. Stead volunteered to undertake our cooking, we were in luck's way for once.

Duties consisted mainly in attending to the horses, and in wireless watch. The transmission side, however, was short lived, for, in some mysterious way, the main shaft connecting the engine to the generator snapped, with the result that, while messages could be received, none could be sent out. Nothing else of interest happened until the 28th, when three reinforcements arrived at the station; from now onwards we took it in turn to do our own cooking and some peculiar "hashes" were concocted with the scanty rations that were available.

On March 11th all the Partisans excepting H.Q. staff left for Hamadan, and with them went the wireless station. On the 14th, Bicherakov and Baratov left by car, and so we saw no more of the Russians.

A week later the first party of Dunsterforce arrived from Baghdad, and, after a few days' spell, went on to Hamadan. Although snow lay thick on the ground, these troops arrived in summer kits and suffered considerably from the cold. On the 27th four of our men left for Hamadan; on the 31st F Station arrived, with a staff of eight. On May 25th came No. 9, the N.Z. wagon; then on May 31st we shifted to a permanent billet in the Consulate garden, and erected a dismantled wagon-station that had been specially brought up from Baghdad. We manned this station until relieved by Second Squadron men on August 27th.

BETWEEN HINAIDI AND BAQUBAH.

(Relief for N.Z.'s on No. 9, June, 1918.)

Here we are on the railway station at Hinaidi, Baghdad terminus of the lines to Kut, Ruz, and Chaldari. It is quite a lofty spot, this Hinaidi, for in Iraq a foot is sufficient to merit the adjective—and our platform can beat that by six inches. Even the offices of the R.T.O. barely distinguish it from the desert round about, for they are about a hundred yards away, across the lines and their tangle of signal gear.

Upon this stage are many actors. Tommies come and go, being easily disposed of, but with Indians it is another matter. They arrive, apparently from nowhere, in a never-ending stream, laden with an accumulation of gear that only an Indian would deem worthy of transport. The convalescents, with an addressed tag round their necks, are secure, but the others rush up and down in confusion until the railway staff at last deigns to fix them up.

Overhead the rich blue of the dusk is giving way to the opal greens and shafted orange bands of early evening. Everything is darkly silhouetted against the fading light, with a beauty that seems quite wasted on Mesopotamia. Yes, completely wasted, for someone down at the powerhouse rudely throws across a switch and brings rows of blazing arcs out of the darkness into sputtering life—and so our thoughts are turned to other things. By nine the train has drawn in and we can take a stroll *en masse* to the Arab joint in a queer "Chu Chin Chow" tent nearby. Here near-tea and near-wads are partaken with a gusto they do not deserve . . . . . but then who could possibly have put away bully and onion stew at four o'clock on a mid-summer afternoon in the Horselines, with a trip to Persia in the offing?

At 9.30 the train pulls out. In our dog-box compartment we try to arrange ourselves comfortably, but it is no good—a tin cattle-truck (in which we could at least lie down) would be preferable. A swinging hurricane lamp discloses an incredible tangle of arms and legs, stores and equipment—and so we doze off the thirty-mile passage to Baqubah, where at 1.30 a.m. there is a prodigious bump, accompanied by raucous voices. In sleepy confusion we erupt upon the permanent way and then and there unroll our bunks. It becomes evident that travelling with bed and rations complete has its advantages after all.

Sunrise affords a desolate panorama of sage-green scenery, likewise a cheerful feeling, though perhaps a mug of gunfire (morning tea) by the courtesy of a passing engine had something to do with the latter. At this dreary siding nothing further happens till eleven, at which hour a goods-train, fully laden with tattai-matting and earthenware chattys, draws in on the narrow-gauge line. Consequently we do not deem it a very great concession when the whole train is graciously indicated to us for our accommodation. But having (on a previous occasion) to hang on to the rope netting over a truck of *bhusa*, we select the tattai as the height of comfort, climb on board without a word. . . . . and so bid a soldier's farewell to Baqubah.

IN A REST CAMP.

(Ruz railhead, June, 1918.)

Our triumphant advance has turned into mark-time—into a complete halt in fact—and here we are in a rest camp, odious resort, awaiting further orders. Half-refreshed by a tepid wash we are lying round in a super-heated E.P., wondering what the future will bring forth—at least, only a few are worrying, because the others have their eye on the transport corporal, struggling in a corner with a case of Asahi, all fresh and warm from the canteen. Outside all Mesopotamia is asleep, or so it seems if you are the unfortunate who has been chosen for a "route-march" among the guy ropes to the cookhouse. An Arab boy and a donkey or two, a sentry blinking in the glare, a plodding telegraph-messenger dimly seen through the dust of a passing van—and the tale of life is full.

. . . . . .

It is quickly becoming a problem how to put in the long hours between breakfast and sunset; mostly, we spend about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in an endeavour to reach the remaining six quicker than is horologically possible. Then it is that we can go for a stroll without topee or spine pad and likewise enjoy a dip in the canal, although the beneficial effects of the latter are somewhat discounted by the breath of hell that hits us on climbing back to terra firma. Between times we visit the canteen—not that it contains anything worth buying, but just for the sake of something to do. At others we put away scraps of bacon and call it breakfast, cups of char and call it lunch, and shreds of dried mutton at 1630 (4.30 p.m.) and call it dinner. One quickly tires of reading when there is nothing to lean against, while in the nature of things letter-writing is impossible, and even cards require too much energy. Usually we sleep when the flies are not too bad and the gramaphone in the sergeants' mess has ceased to play. Sometimes a sudden burst of energy leads to the discussion of "When I get my civvy clothes on" and "Dishes I like." But whatever the topic, it inevitably leads to argument—the respective merits of operators, drivers and the Queen Cities of the South!

. . . . . .

Most of the other troops seem to have wisely departed from this rest camp—a circumstance which induces the camp sergeant-major to come along with vague suggestions of an impending guard. But the corporal is equal to the occasion; he explains that signallers have no side-arms, are not allowed to have them, and in any case would not know what to do with them if they did have them. So that danger is averted for the present, but tidings of our departure seem as distant as ever.

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"The Lion and the Sun" —the national emblem of Persia.

OVERHEARD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A station is on its way up a steep pass, the transport sergeant driving a double-banked team off the wagon-box with a stock whip. Up comes a nervous Brigadier-General. "Isn't there a danger of them clearing out, Sergeant?" "A —— —— good job if they do," is the immediate and unexpected reply.

THE CHRISTENING OF YOUNG SOLOMON.

(AA Station, Kermanshah, Summer, 1917.)

Following on the retirement of the Russians from Kasr-i-Shirin, we members of AA Station found ourselves in Kermanshah on June 23, 1917. Two days later a Persian, of excellent appearance and dressed in immaculate European clothes, came into our camp, saying: "I am a Persian Christian; I love the English very hardly, also the King of the English; I wish you success in all the wars." He was obviously one of the leading lights of Kermanshah. His name, he said, was *Mister* Solomon—the Mister, someone remarked, in order to distinguish himself from his illustrious namesake of other days. Later on, when it transpired that we were Australians, he still loved us *very hardly,* also the "King of Australia."

Broke for months and far from home, more or less ragged, recently ambushed, raided and looted by Kurds in Chahar Zabar pass, no mail for months, no tents, no aspirin or quinine, down to it at times with dysentery, malaria, or "three-day" fever, and living on unleavened bread (tasteless and full of grit) from the bazaars and goat stew without salt or vegetables—but still cheerful—we seemed to appreciate this man Solomon in a marked degree. HE LOOKED WELL FED. And he seemed to appreciate us; he regarded our coming as a good omen. After having the Russians, the Turks, and now the Russians again, overrunning the country, to say nothing of frequent raids by Kurds, the people of western Persia longed for better days; and Solomon hoped they would come with the arrival of the British.

It so happened that on the day of our arrival in Kermanshah, a son-and-heir was born to the Solomon's, and, with hope in his heart, the head of the house decided to call the youngster after our "King." Then, on the 17th of September, after weeks of preparation, there congregated at Solomon's mud-brick house some of the notables of the ancient capital and also a dozen Australians. It had been previously arranged that the ceremony was to be in strict accordance with the Australian (and English) custom, which, *as explained to Solomon,* meant a banquet of the best victuals obtainable, speeches from all present, and rare wine to assuage our thirst and wet the baby's head.

The guests numbered twenty in all, and included a Chaldean priest; the deputy-chief of the town (a sort of glorified suburban mayor); the "Minister" for Customs (more or less a mystery); two intimate friends of Solomon—one, "Doctor" George, a medicine man; the other a merchant named David, known to us principally on account of his business acumen, he having on a notable occasion treated one of our boys to a penny-worth of sweet tea on the understanding that the latter would buy some soap at his shop in the bazaar; a *fakir* of the *Yezidis*—by hobby, a philatelist, whose collection appeared to consist solely of Persian stamps of small denominations, of which he had about a hundredweight; a Persian musician—specially hired for the occasion; and, lastly, a Scotsman, serving as an officer in a Cossack regiment, who had been so long in Russia that he had almost forgotten his own language, and who had more or less attached himself to us in the hope of eventually getting to Mesopotamia.

Halfway through the feast our host called a halt, and asked who would stand sponsor to his son. We all would! The priest sprinkled the infant and named him; and we toasted him in good fashion. Then everyone of us in turn delivered an oration each time we drank to the child, the tumult increasing and the speeches becoming more unparliamentary as we went along. What these other fellows said in their speeches was incomprehensible to us; while the essence of our remarks was doubtless not understood by them, because, as the party progressed, and as Solomon and the other locals smiled and bowed their appreciation, some rather flowery A.I.F. rhetoric was used. And then we sang hilariously and danced like mad to the accompaniment of "The Persians are lions, lilli-lum-lum." Henry and the priest were to be seen upon the table, with "Old Pat" and the "Minister" beneath it; "Taihoa" was doubling up with laughter; our prince of cooks was showing the "Doctor" how to set a broken leg; David, extolling the virtues of his soap to "Penrith"; "Ajax," whose grandfather was born in the land of porridge, and the Scot performing the sword dance magnificently; "Studoff," expert at the Lancers, swinging corners with the *fakir;* and the others hopping everywhere. Oh! merry feast in far off and half-starved Kermanshah.

Solomon, though he had never been away from the town of his birth, and had never seen a train or a boat or, up till then, a motor car, was well versed in the history and glory of ancient Persia; and, holding a strong conviction that his country would again some day lead the world in commerce, art, and politics, he felt that his son was destined to take a leading part in this development.

Since those days the Shah of Persia, after living in Europe for a number of years, has been dethroned, and the Premier (one of the people) installed in his place. Therefore, who knows but that, in the days which lie ahead, young Billy Hughes Solomon (for such was he named) will fulfil his father's dream and even become King of Persia!—J.M.

A PARDONABLE ERROR.

(AA at Kermanshah.—Christmas, 1917.)

As we were under orders to return to the Squadron, Captain Durie, the manager of the bank, entertained us to a Christmas dinner several days prior to the actual day. Later on, however, we heard that we would be in Kermanshah on the 25th after all, so on Christmas eve most of us went to a restaurant to order a dinner for the morrow. We found that, in addition to fowl, it would be possible to have any fancy satisfied, as the Persian chef, who could speak broken English, had worked in a "very good hotel in Baghdad," and professed, like all these fellows did, to be "the friend of the English." My fancy was a custard, and when I ordered it he appeared to understand exactly what was required.

Next day we all trotted down to the restaurant. The first course over, we were all keenly looking for-

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ward (considering that we had polished off a whole hen each) to the various fancies on order. Most of the boys had plum pudding with sauce, but as my order did not make its appearance, I hailed the chef, and, on repeating my order, he smiled and said: "Oh, yes, sir, it is coming." A few minutes later one of our boys tapped me on the shoulder and remarked—"Say, there's your custard; take a dekko through that door"; and, on looking in the direction indicated, I saw our worthy chef breaking raw eggs over a plate piled with rice. A few minutes later he brought this in and placed it before me. I looked at the concoction, smiled, and then said, "Is this your Persian custard?" "Yes, sir," he beamingly informed me, "that is the Persian custom."

It turned out that he had mistaken my request, and prepared me a *pilau*, the national dish of the country—and without doubt a "Persian custom."

EIGHTEEN HOURS OF HAMADAN.

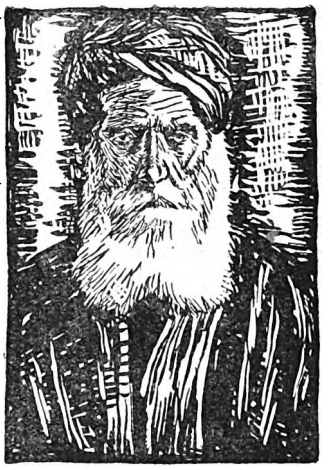
(*No. 9 Stn., Aug. 1st*, 1918.)

On shift on the wagon from three a.m. till six. The autumn dawn has just sufficient nip in it to make the engine hard to start for the day's traffic, but by half-past five I am busy relaying a long message across the mountain surge to Kermanshah. Halfway through, as I press the key for a dash, there is no spark, only a dull rattling. Mechanic Mac—— is forthwith dragged out of bed, only to announce that the big end has gone and that nothing can be done without a new crankshaft and sundries. Of crankshafts it so happens there is none nearer than Kermanshah, so to No. 17 an urgent message is forthwith despatched by land-line. Upon receipt of the message George, long awaiting transport to No. 9 (his rightful station), takes the spare crankshaft to "Percoms" and brandishes it before him, at the same time explaining that the exigencies of the signal service demand his (and its) immediate passage to Hamadan—which he (and it) duly receives. But this is a digression, for the account of that incident properly belongs to the 5th.

The accident affords us an opportunity for a visit to the bazaar, where we can ever derive entertainment. Soon our steps are leading us across the cobbles to the stall of the premier carpet-seller. Here, as on many an occasion before, we sit down and watch while he and his assistant lay out one by one the colorful stock for our inspection. Tiny glasses of *chi* are ordered from the tea-shop round the corner; and when we leave empty-handed he is not in the least annoyed. Farther down the bazaar we strike our old student friend, Hadji Ali—now an interpreter distributing propaganda on behalf of Dunsterforce. He invites us to lunch and at noon we go and sit in the porch of a cook-shop till the meal be ready. While we are waiting, there comes a blind boy singing, with bunches of sweet herbs to sell to those who do not consider his singing worthy of *backsheesh*. Later we go inside to a private room and dine on spiced kabobs and poached eggs, scooped up with fragments of newly-baked *chupatty*, followed by slices of melon and a concoction of sour cream.

An hour or so later we are back in our "Anzac Boarding Establishment," as we call it. No. 9's hospitality has raised it above the level of a mere station. We have five "Dunsters" learning to operate; a 2nd Squadron wireless officer and several men *en route* from Mianeh to No. 52 at Bijar; as well as two M.T. officers and their batmen, drivers, and luggage!

After tea, when the pinks and blues and siennas of the sunset have vanished behind the range, we go down to the Armenian Cafe for supper. A new venture this, and one that is very acceptable to the troops. Meals of several courses are obtainable dur-



A Jew of Persia.

ing the day, with *white* bread! Curious looking stuff it looks—when you haven't seen any for a couple of months. Here, too, we can sit at tables with real table cloths (!), and put away astonishing quantities of tea and cakes. Then we make our way homeward through the night, singing "Happy is the life . . . ."

Back at the tent four of us play auction for Persian cigarettes, while Cec. declaims from *The Sentimental Bloke* and Joe sweetens the air with his flute. Why, it might almost be a week-end camp back home! But when the tent flap is thrown back we can no longer deceive ourselves, for no Australian landscape can boast of Alwan and its poplars.

THREE DAYS ON THE ZINGAN TRAIL.

(*No. 9 Station—September*, 1918).

FIRST DAY.

Saturday, September 14th: Breakfast over, we get busy packing. Down comes the hundred-and-sixty-pounder that has sheltered us for the last two months from the burning sun of Iran; the firewood sack claims the beds and tables that used to make us a bit comfortable. It does not take long to get all the gear stowed away on the wagons, but after that things come to a halt—we still lack our hired Persian transport. The mules had not arrived at twelve, or one, or two, or even three; but at four—when re-erection of camp was under serious consideration—they put in an appearance midst a storm of abuse. It then takes the brigands in charge of them a couple of hours to load up with the fodder, of which we have to take twelve days' supply with us.

When they are ready the "circus" moves off. Circus, did I say: no circus was ever as funny as this one. No. 1 wagon takes the lead, with so many things hanging on it that the brakemen can hardly find their brakes. Four operators are perched up on this wagon like footmen; at least they would resemble footmen if they were attired in uniforms, instead of in shorts, greybacks (shirts) of doubtful hue, and four different kinds of headgear. On No. 2 wagon are more operators and the station mechanic, our petrol supply, and the unwieldy mast-sections, but all are practically hidden from sight by haversacks and water-bottles, rifles and mess-tins, billies and tucker-boxes. A limber (humped like a camel) follows, likewise our two gharis, whose cutchers are undaunted by the fact that their loads approximate those of G.S. wagons. A feature of one ghari is four dangling kerosene tins—apparatus of Bhika the bhisti. On foot comes sweeper Santa—three hurricane lamps are in his

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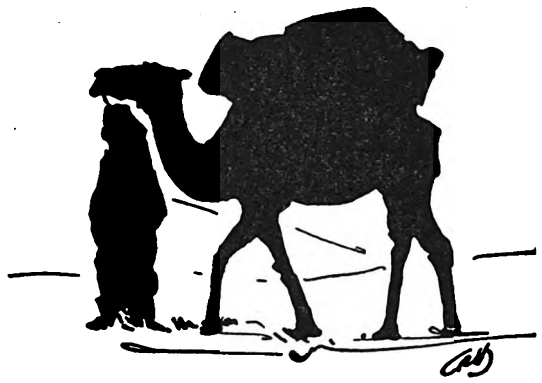
charge, but he prefers them to the two sheep and a goat he previously drove from Kermanshah to Bisitun. Last of all come the horses and donkeys of the Persian transport—watched over by our Scotch staff-sergeant. Thus the army travels when out of sight and mind of the "heads."

It is now dusk. The sun has disappeared behind Alwan, and long shadows inspire us to melody; the homely notes of "There's a long, long trail" are heard as the column winds round the slopes of the hill Musallah, whereon once stood the palace of Esther, Queen of Persia. The town is soon left behind and the first of the toll-gates passed on the road to Kasvin Now we are truly on the track again, plodding slowly through the darkness.

It is eight o'clock before we reach the open paddocks—known by the high-sounding title of "No. 1 Marching Post"—where the camp fires of the Gurkhas are already twinkling. *Char* and cold mutton are soon forthcoming beneath the clear, cold stars, and then the blankets claim us, with never an ear for the sound of the slowly jingling bells that come mysteriously from far-off caravans.



SECOND DAY.

The sixteenth:—Dragged out at 3 a.m. from under the tarpaulin (by which we try and shut out a little of the autumn nip) . . . . . business of trying to breakfast off nothing . . . . and of getting the carts loaded in the dark and chilly dawn. Two horses jibbed at being asked to leave at such an hour.

We are on the road before five. The trek is uneventful until we come to Moron, the passage through which gives a half-hour of excitement unequalled by any scenic railway in existence. The approach to the village is by a narrow road, bounded (on the left) by a high mutty wall and (on the right) by a creek about fifteen feet deep with steep banks. This road is usually no more than six inches wider than the wheel-base of our wagons—in parts even less than that—and in places where the water has washed away a bit of the bank it is best to shut your eyes and trust in the drivers. Here and there to break the monotony are tiny bridges over irrigation ditches; these were designed for donkey traffic and come so near to collapsing as to give us shivers all over. One actually does collapse, and H. is thrown off the box into the ditch. At one narrow corner a donkey is run over, but escapes unharmed. The village itself is a maze of narrow streets full of right-angled turns, round some of which even our limbers have difficulty in passing. The villagers turn out in full strength to view the novel sight of Aussies on trek, and small boys and greybeards rise promptly to their feet when we call out, in severe tones, the Persian equivalent of "Stand up!"

The village passed, we are thankful for a peaceful stretch to rest our nerves. It is the usual plain—vaster, and, if anything, more barren and purple than before. As the column does not halt for lunch, we have *chupatty* and honey on the box—honey with a few of the dead bees strained out with an emergency bandage. W. upsets his jar over the limber, and the accident is considerably commented upon! Towards noon miles upon miles of recently cropped ground pass into view, and then come acres of vineyards with autumn-tinted raisins drying in heaps. By three we are in camp at Akh Tappeh. Up goes the station, and, with many curses and cups of *char* to keep us going, we hang round till all hours, in the bitter moonlight. Before we can turn in, the station has to be dismantled and packed up.

THIRD DAY.

The twentieth:—Very rough going all day; at the end, after crashes over mounds and ditches, the brakemen can hardly hang on. First came the inevitable village with its narrow cobbled streets, then a region of steep slopes and deep nullahs. There was usually a bridge over the nullahs, but one so narrow and with so right-angled a turn-off that the drivers had to draw up the mountain-side to get straight on. Once on a bridge, an inch or so to either side would have sent the whole show crashing down into the gorge. The road up the next hill was thick with boulders, but somehow we got to the summit—and then gasped in amazement at the other side, which was precipitous beyond imagining. The track was quite impracticable, but, by using the headline, and fifty Gurkhas, plus the entire strength of the station, on the rope, it was just possible to let the limbers down in sections. During this process another brakeman was thrown off.

Soon we were on the flats again, with Hissar in full sight, and a great purple-flanked mountain behind it. But by the time we reached the town the sky was heavily overcast and it was quite dark, with rain imminent over the mountains. Passing through Hissar we came to a little rocky patch on a hillside, whereon we proceeded to erect station by the light of two hurricane lamps. Marvellous to relate nothing was broken in the process. Tea was a rather scattered affair, consisting of indigestion pellets (fried mutton) and imitation chips (made of remnants from the bottom of the *chupatty* bag).

A ROAD SONG

Are you from Zingan,
Are you from Zingan,
Where they make chupatties all the day long.
Are you from Zingan,
Are you from Zingan,
Are you from Hamadan or Kasvin or Enzeli,
Anywhere around Caspian Sea;
Tell me how be you,
Tell me how be you,
'Cause I'm from Zingan too!
(Tune—"Are you from Dixie".)

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MOSUL AND SULEIMANIYAH

A Mesopotamian Scorpion.

WITH THE SCORPIONS AT TEKRIT.

No. 13 Station—September, 1918.

Our camping ground at Tekrit was honey-combed with holes, from which, on warm nights, scorpions issued forth and inspected our blankets. There seemed to be several species—the largest being quite four inches long—horny-tailed old warriors with stings like fair-sized fish-hooks. One of the boys was bitten in the leg and, although taken to hospital and given several injections, he suffered agonies for two days.

However, sometimes we got our own back by digging them out and making them fight in empty petrol tins. On one occasion we cornered the winner, and he settled matters by stinging himself to death.

BITTEN!

(No. 15 Lorry at Shergat, November, 1918.)

It was late at night. The well-worn "500" cards had been carefully gathered together and preparations for a few hours' rest begun, when pangs of hunger reminded us that rations of late were not "according to authorized scale." An operator, however, brought to light a small tin of Aussie biscuits, which some time previously he had with rare thought stowed away against such an emergency. The biscuits no sooner eaten than an excruciating cry came from Sapper F., who, seizing hold of the calf of his leg, gasped —"The ——'s bitten me." The agonised look on his face seemed to indicate that he had been bitten by the dreaded scorpion.

Hurriedly undoing his boot and legging, we then carefully rolled up his breeches and underpants in order to ensure the capture of the creature which had caused so much alarm. The laughter which prevailed, upon the dislodgment of a biscuit-crumb that had taken an outside instead of an inside course, can well be imagined.

A FAITH CURE.

(On the way to Mosul with No. 10).

On the third day we reached Istabulat, made camp, and were about to settle down in the shade of the waggons, when our *drabi*, Ram Singh, was discovered apparently in a state of collapse. Complaining of pains in the head and stomach, he assured us between groans that he would soon be dead. After a while we became alarmed, especially as we had no spare drivers to replace him if he persisted in dying—and on this course he was evidently quite decided. The medical section was not expected in camp for an hour or more, and so our sergeant and corporal, with due solemnity and much shaking of heads, held a consultation over the patient—took his temperature (with a thermometer from the veterinary chest) and pulse, and had a look at his tongue and throat. The amateur M.O.'s then retired behind a waggon and soon agreed that there was very little wrong with the patient; but they also realized that something must be done immediately as he seemed intent on dying.

A search through the veterinary chest disclosed lots of nice black balls—the "cure-all-ills-in-horses" medicine — but nothing at all suitable for a human being. At their wits' end, they finally decided to try a little "faith cure" stunt while waiting for the field hospital to arrive. An empty bottle—marked in red "Iodine, poison"—was taken from the chest and filled with water. This was vigorously shaken up in the patient's presence and, after a further and more thorough examination, the "aqua pura Tigris" was applied with a camel-hair brush to his head and throat with all due ceremony and care. The "doctors" then impressed on the patient that perfect quiet was necessary for fifteen minutes, after which he must get up and make himself a cup of strong tea, and in half-an-hour he would then be quite well.

Within twenty minutes the apparently doomed man was grooming his horses. Such is fame—Ram Singh subsequently became a regular "Gunga Din," the faithful attendant of his sergeant and corporal sahibs who had rescued him from the very jaws of death.

CAL'S ADVENTURES.

Up at Mosul with No. 10, I was cook—and not a ———— thing to cook. But over there at the river, below its steep banks, was an Arab cultivation patch. so Dick and I goes off for pumpkins. I grabs one and gets it under my arm, and Dick, he gets another under his. And then I sees the Arab coming; big he was, too. "Shall I drop it", says Dick. "No, hold on to it," says I. Up comes the Arab, six-foot-three and half as wide. I thought we were as good as murdered, but when I "donked" him, he lost heart. So after all we had pumpkins for scran.

The following night we goes off to another place down river, where we hadn't got a scrap of firewood. Looking about I found a pump affair with a big, wooden wheel; and back we went for axes.

Chopping away, it came in two—we got the wheel apart, and the rest fell down the well. But as we were rolling it and getting over near camp a "Jack" came running up, and caught us. We had to roll the ———— wheel back.

Next morning they brings us before the general, who looked very serious, and gave us to understand that the Arab valued his property at 60 rupees. We didn't know what was going to happen to us, and were taken by surprise when he said: "Next time I hear of anything of the kind, I'll make you roll the ———— thing all the way to Baghdad."

HOW WE "DISHED" THE COLONEL

(No. 7 at Ilyas, November, 1918.)

Rations came to us twice a week from Mosul per convoy, and usually contained enough "lukri" to last one and sometimes two days. How to boil our dixie during the rest of the time was a problem, and after burning all the available wood in and around the monastery (which was little enough, as it was a stone building), and helping ourselves whenever we could outwit the Lancer guard, to a few rafters from an abandoned Arab village nearby, we found ourselves completely stumped.

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It was bad enough being on half rations (including black bread and chupatties), but the idea of not having bully stew or rissoles, or even a drop of "char", fairly made our hearts sink to our boots. But wait! A brilliant idea struck one of the crowd. Yes, that long streak of a mess secretary (as he styled himself) had a good notion indeed. About a mile from the monastery ran the old Turkish land-line, erected on long wooden poles, but, as it was now being used by the British, we knew that to carry in the poles through the doors of the monastery would only lead to trouble.

However, each morning when we went out for exercise, something up someone's tunic suspiciously resembled a saw. Leaving the telephone wire intact, we pulled down every second post, which was thereupon sawn into lengths to fit the spare-part boxes of a pack saddle. By a coincidence, it was necessary to exercise during the afternoon a pack horse carrying these boxes, which were filled with the precious wood. Before returning, to avert further suspicion, the boxes were always emptied at the foot of the monastery wall, and at night were hauled up on a rope by willing Aussies. It was quite an easy matter to get the precious 'lukri" to the cook-house—and thus we "kept the home-fires burning." Never a word was said when complaints came out from Mosul, stating that telegraph poles on the Turkish line had been tampered with.

EASTERN HOSPITALITY.

No. 8 en route to Suleimaniyah, November, 1918.

The scene is Kurdistan, with the mountains all purple and gold in the soft mantle of closing day, and gentle zephyrs fast turning the glare and heat into cool, refreshing eventide. Our journey from Mumla, whence in the early morning we had paid our farewell "salaams" with a graciousness that became the *personnel* of a pack station, had been long and somewhat wearisome. But now, at the approach of dusk, we were nearing a pretty little village tucked away on the mountain-side.

With the impetuousness of youth our diminutive native follower, Abdul, went on ahead and announced our coming to the sheik, who—inasmuch as he had a weakness for entertaining—was just an ordinary sort of political head. Goodness knows how Abdul explained us, but the villagers were highly excited at our arrival, and the genial sheik, whose name was Mamud, welcomed us as if we were true sons of Allah and invited us to a feast which was being prepared. Hungry and tired after the long day's travelling, we lost no time in accepting the invitation, but first of all we had to unpack our gear, erect station, and prepare a bivouac.

While we were thus engaged Mamud sent along to a small waterway his best cushions and carpets, which were laid out so as to form three sides of a square. On arrival we settled comfortably among the cushions, and from the open end of the square two servants, operating a teapot and a large samovar, handed out small glass tumblers of sweetened tea. The first course comprised rice cakes, as large and as thin as a newssheet, a tray of oily rice, and a bowl of spiced meat covered with baked artichokes. Taking our cue from Abdul, we each picked up a cake and proceeded to cover it as evenly as possible with rice and meat; having done so, we rolled it up into a sort of Cornish pastie and without further ado began the meal. It is true that, on account of having little or no experience of Eastern dishes, we started with some slight apprehension, but, on finding the food quite palatable, soon discarded any such fears. The second course consisted of—or at least resembled—junket and rhubarb. The "junket" tasted slightly sour—perhaps it was some of the dinkum "Russian culture"—while the rhubarb had fermented, but was none the worse for that.

After eating solidly for an hour or more we began to appreciate the wisdom underlying the provision of cushions and rugs. As we reclined in attitudes more comfortable than elegant, an attendant brought round cigarettes and small cups of thick, liquorice-like coffee. Then followed the after-dinner speeches; those who had partaken of more than a fair share of the rhubarb were noisy for a while. Ere long, however, they dropped off to sleep, and the more sober ones returned to the dull routine of the horse-lines and instruments.

KIRKUK TO SULEIMANIYAH.

Transport rejoining No. 8, January, 1919.

With a long day's ride to Chemchemal before us, we saddled up and got away from Kirkuk about 7 a.m. Soon after getting out of the town the country becomes very rough and hilly, and we began to climb. Halting beside a spring at midday in order to feed the horses and have a snack ourselves, we pushed on again, and arrived at Chemchemal about dusk, with rain threatening overhead. The horses pegged down, we began to look round for shelter and a meal. The sheikh sent us out rice, stew and chupatties—all very welcome—and, after getting a fire going, we soon had some tea. We then turned into bed in the sheikh's guest-house—a mud shanty, but nevertheless comfortable—which was cleared of the local gentry, and had a good night's rest.

We were up early next morning, and spent another long day in the saddle, with a bitterly cold wind blowing off the snow all the time, and the country becoming more rugged as we advanced. On every side villages could be seen nestling in the valleys under the shelter of the hills; the one for which we were making was some distance from the road, and, in order to reach it, we had to make our way along narrow tracks over the hills. Rain falling as we arrived, we were greeted with the amusing spectacle of Kurds desperately attempting to make watertight the roofs of their houses—some pulling rollers over them, others merely tramping up and down—whilst their more fortunate compatriots reclined at leisure.

In the morning, after travelling some miles along a fertile valley, with a beautiful view of the snows of Persia to the south-east, we reached Suleimaniyah about 2 p.m. Suleimaniyah lies at the foot of a range of hills just outside the Persian border, and is about 3,000 feet above sea level. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses flat, mud-roofed structures, built rather for warmth than for beauty.

British political officers had been in charge of the administration here since November last, with no troops to back them beyond the local *gendarmerie*. As was usual in towns wrested from the authority of the Sublime Porte, starvation was rife, and it was quite common to see men, women and children lying about the bazaars and streets in the last stage of physical exhaustion. These sights were taken quite as a matter of course by the more fortunate inhabitants of the town; but British organisation and British money came to the rescue, and besides establishing soup kitchens, also provided seed wheat and the means to cultivate the land.

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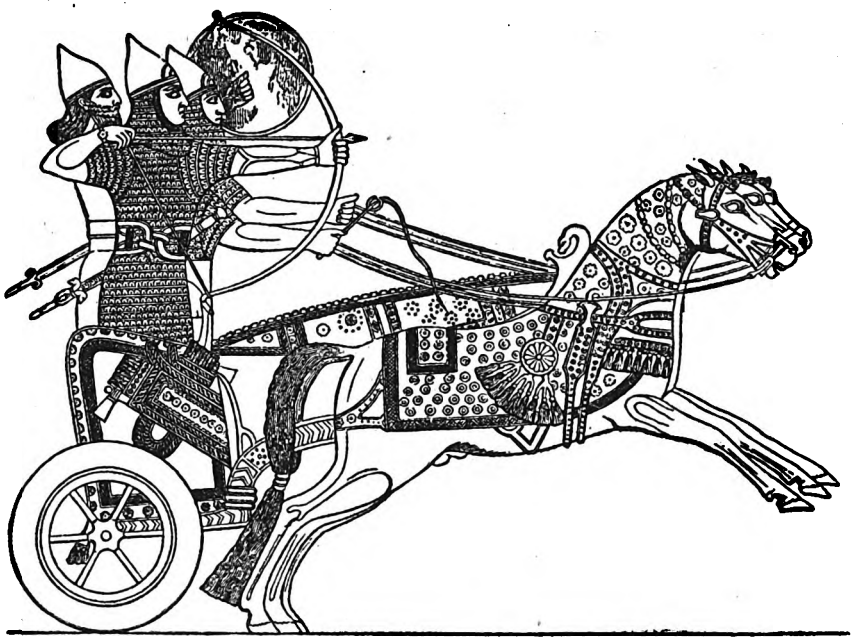

War chariot with Assyrian soldiers, from a slab excavated at Kouyunjik (Layard).

IN KURDISTAN

(*With Nightingale's Column, September-October*, 1919).

The chilly atmosphere of the previous night, which caused us to lie in disgruntled wakefulness, does not prevail in the valley, and, though we started the day with cardigans an hour after sunrise, these are now hanging upon the mules instead. At Khalbesh, an unpretentious but malodorous five-dogs-and-a-cat-kind of village, every bil-macann is scrutinized and several rifles are confiscated, while the villagers, looking as docile as their villainous, unwashed faces will allow, sit upon the door-steps.

Along the way we meet two petty traders. The O.C. of the column glances at their boots. "Ha! military——"—and two Gurkhas, completely dwarfed, are soon standing alongside them. Another trader with his asses and goods, and (most heinous offence!) a revolver, walks unsuspectingly into the head of the column, and is too afraid to run.

. . . . . .

Hamzan. The birds have flown. In one house we find Mr. McGowan's folding bed, which had been stolen in transit. Even had he received it, however, Mr. McGowan would not long have enjoyed its solace, for two months later he was murdered.

So hurried was the evacuation of this place that many articles were left behind; and a fair (but only a fair) share of these are very soon appropriated. Bruce, perched in the shaky branches of a climbing vine, redeems some luscious grapes; Algy smuggles a sack of pumpkins and tomatoes; and Ken, finding some Indians with cucumbers, theatens to report them to General Sahib and removes the "cumbers" to his spacious haversack. We are indeed living sumptuously. Goodie, apparently oblivious to the depredations of his boys, studies things of comparative unimportance, such as "Number of words. Time sent. Code, etc., etc." Sometimes, too (about once a week), he endeavours to smoke a pipe. "Number of words, etc." added, Goodie tiptoes with the messsage to Con. on duty, who struggles bravely and as a rule with good effect.

Miners again lay guncotton, and with a dull roar Hamzan, the past home of notorious Tahir, goes skyward.

. . . . . .

The trader caught this morning is tried. An official account is, for once, rather interesting:

> *"Military court was assembled to-day for trial of Aghi Abdullah. Charge: Carrying arms on public highway.*
> *Guilty.*
> *Fined 1800 Rupees and sentenced to two years rigorous imprisonment.*
> *Evidence showed accused to be professional cloth-buyer going to Dohuk to trade, armed with one revolver and money."*

It is amusing to learn that he was armed with money.

. . . . . .

Those of the camp personnel who have elected the "Mystery Machine" a god, come in awed silence and shrinking temerity to bask in the flicker of the blue sparks. But they are neither above the dignity of asking for cigarettes or *backsheesh*, nor of walking off with any oddments that may have been unwisely left lying about.

. . . . . .

We leave Derghali, the town of Musa (an old and stubby follower of Islam, who yesterday came in to us with only one mule and a servant), in blackened ruins. Musa's castle, set upon a small rise, is not a bit palatial inside, thereby removing the glamour of its exterior appearance. There is, however, one clean compartment—probably the reception hall; while the ladies of the harem surely abided in the odious unlit rooms and developed cats'-eyes.

As we moved from camp at sunrise, Musa (or, to give him his full title, Musa Beg Effendi), either said his prayers upon the mule he rode, or said none at all, for at the prescribed hour we were scrambling down the steep descent joining Derghali to the small wooded plain below, where an aeroplane had met its

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fate. General Sahib can be seen referring to his new toy—the altometer. This instrument, no larger than a big watch, is calibrated in hundreds of feet up to 25,000—a height which we have no desire to attain. Let high mountains be.

From Derghali the scene changes. At 5000 feet we are one-third of the way up the great topographical ladder which ends in the immense Anatolian Plateau forming the roof of Asia Minor. Within a few days, if our plans do not miscarry, we hope to be but a rung from the top; however time will tell. Eight miles along the track, from a township whose name none can either pronounce or spell, numerous buckets of grapes are procured, thus lessening the future wine supply by a few bottles. Besides being pressed for wine-making, the white variety of grape, which greatly predominates here, is also dried for raisins to be used in exchange for the other necessities of life. Thus, one township will grow walnuts, another tobacco, and a third rice, and so on, according to the suitability of soil; and, by their system of mutual exchange, the whole community is provided with everything.

MENU

SOUP

Ox-tail

FISH

Salmon Pâte

ENTRÉE

Curried sheep kidneys

ROASTS

Sirloin of beef

Murrga a la tel-affar

Vegetables

SWEETS

Diggers duff and arak sauce

Odds and ends trifle

Jones burrawallas and custard

Shoeys wads and E.M.F. biscuits

Fruits in season and nuts

LIQUEURS

Mosul wines lager beer

Stout whisky

Tea coffee

TOASTS

« The King » Lieut C. W. Goodman

« The Squadron » Dvr. C. Goy

« Our folks at home » Sgt. L. W. Orford

The menu for the Christmas Dinner (1918) at Mosul. The type was set by two of the boys at an Armenian printer's in the bazaar. On the card is to be seen "Murrga á la Tel affar" (chickens brought from Tel Afar); "arak," a spirit distilled from fermented dates; "Jones' tinned peaches"; cakes made by "Shoey" (the cook) and biscuits from the Expeditionary Force canteens (E.M.F., apparently an electrical pun on E.F.C.).

From Mai to Ura the mountain track leads north-east, and at first skirts a rushing torrent of snow-water where poplars and walnut trees grow picturesquely side by side. Baiju, a queerly situated nest of fifty dwellings, disgorges as many rifles at the demand of the Political Officer. So precipitous is the slope that each house looks as if it is ready to topple down. From here onwards the country becomes more difficult. Loose pieces of slate cover every gorge, and cause much discomfort to both men and animals. The abrasions resulting from falls exhaust the supply of medical bandages, so that the M.O. has to resort to cloth obtained from the bazaar of a town along the road. Even the linen wings of the wrecked aeroplane are cut into strips and utilised.

Ura, a patch of green cultivation and six houses, squeezed into a gorge that we have been following for miles, is a peculiar place—it lacks dogs. Here the altitude is six to seven thousand feet, and astounding results are accomplished by the wireless operators, who copy down messages from far out in the Mediterranean. The set is erected on the top of a ridge, whose slope and loosely crumbling surface severely tax the strength and agility of the pack mules. Only by many zigzags and frequent rests did we arrive at its summit.

Up on top the wind is terrific. The loose soil fails to hold the mast pegs, and crash!—Number two mast is down. Our contempt of winter winds is lost in the humorous contemplation of Algy who, telephones on head, and an interrupted message blowing about in his hand, leans against the gale and shakes his fist.

Con, resolving himself into a forage party, marches forth and returns with potatoes—a vegetable we have not seen for many months. They are indeed an unexpected luxury, and, to curtail waste, are cooked in their skins.

. . . . . .

Beyond Ura the track is abominable. We are travelling through a gorge so deep that the sun does not "rise" until 10 o'clock; and our flank-guards are posted away up above on the surface of the world. The mules, sliding over the loose stones, continually lose their packs, with the result that after four hours we have only covered five miles. Up till now we have not suffered from lack of water along the way, and so did not bother to carry a reserve supply. At this stage, however, it is unobtainable, and we suffer for twelve miles a terrible thirst which eventually leaves us for a time incapable of articulate speech. Sucking pebbles (in the genuine classical manner) gives no relief. At last on rounding a bluff we catch sight of a small stream, and the mules break away from their drivers as they rush frantically towards it. The drivers, uncaring, follow suit, and, kneeling alongside them, drink the same water as their animals.

Half-a-mile below the village here, where nature has kindly endowed the topography with a few square yards of flat and productive soil, we establish our station, but, for the first time on the stunt, fail to achieve communication. The 900-foot bluff above appears to be the cause of our trouble—so we determine, even at the risk of a landslide, to go if possible to the top and there try again. Upwards we start, with the onlookers frankly sceptical. At first the attempt seems doomed to failure, for the stiff slope offers little foothold to the animals; but, with two men standing below each mule and supporting the packs, and with others cutting zigzag lines across the face of the hill, all goes well. Half-an-hour later we are on the crest, where our efforts to get in touch instantly meet with success.

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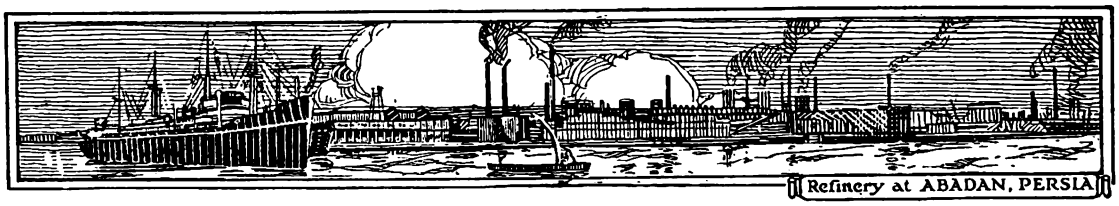

Refinery at ABADAN, PERSIA

TRAVEL IN IRAQ AND PERSIA

(MAJOR SANDFORD MORGAN.)

Just a hundred years ago the traveller who desired, or was forced by necessity, to journey through the countries that we know to-day as the Middle East, could only contemplate the prospect with foreboding. He would envision weeks, and perhaps months, of tedious travel, swaying on the hump of a camel, as part of a huge caravan moving along age-old desert routes. He would know that the resting places along the route would not afford any sort of comfort, and, even on arrival at his destination, no matter what the size of the city, he would have to make-shift to find his own accommodation at some public *caravanserai*. If part of the journey could be made by inland waterway, he would consider it a fortunate circumstance indeed. Such were the conditions of travel within the area bounded by the Mediterranean Sea on the west, Syria, Kurdistan and Armenia on the north, the great mountains forming the eastern boundary of Persia on the east, and the waters of the Persian Gulf on the south.

AFTER 1861.

Before the year 1861, when a company began to run paddle-steamers up the Tigris and Euphrates, facilities for travelling by land were confined to camel caravans, horses, donkeys, and a few three-horsed *arabanas* (four-wheeled carts). In the Gulf, however, matters were more advanced, for there exist records which show that as far back as the seventeenth century the British East India Company had ships calling at Basra, and that it kept open for navigation the stretch of water (now known as the Shatt-el-Arab) between Basra and the sea. These same records also show that the local Turkish pashas often called on the company to help them in their attempts at government.

To-day a fleet of modern, light draft, passenger-steamers ply along the Tigris from Basra to Baghdad; passages on these ships may be booked even in India. This progress is directly due to the enterprise of Messrs. Lynch Bros., who commenced operations in 1913, after a treaty, acknowledging their rights and granting them permission to navigate the Tigris, had been negotiated between the British and Ottoman Governments.

RAILWAYS.

During the years 1835-37, on account of the operations of the Chesney expedition, the eyes of the whole world were focussed on the Middle East, and great plans for railway communication between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf were discussed in England. Nothing came of these discussions; but in 1888, when direct railway communication was established between Berlin and Constantinople, more elaborate projects for continuing the line to the Gulf were immediately set on foot. A German syndicate finally secured valuable concessions from the Turkish Government, and the Anatolian Railway Company was formed. Further concessions were granted to it in 1893, and again in 1899, when there was secured an agreement which would be ratified by the Baghdad Railway Convention of 1903. For certain reasons, which hardly need enumerating in this article, matters stood thus until 1913, when, in consequence of pressure exerted by Germany, an Anglo-German-Turkish agreement was drafted, providing for the continuation of the existing line at least as far as Basra. This agreement was initialled in London in June, 1914, but its finalisation depended upon the outcome of other negotiations then going on between Germany and Turkey; and these had not been effected when the war broke out in August.

EFFECT OF THE WAR.

During the war the fighting forces revolutionised means of travel for their own purposes, and what they left behind them became the foundation for the almost miraculous advance that is apparent even to the most unobservant tourist. To-day it is possible to book a berth in Australia, and upon reaching India, to travel (*viâ* Bombay or Karachi) in an up-to-date luxurious steamer, which in seven days pulls alongside the modern landing-stage at Basra. Here the traveller finds quite a presentable house (The River Front Hotel), where the conveniences and comfort are on a par with the best in the Middle East.

THE JOURNEY ONWARD.

At Basra railway bookings can be made for almost any known port of the Near East. A daily train, with sleeping-cars and even shower-baths attached, runs from Makina Station direct to Baghdad in thirty hours, stopping for meals *en route* at special restaurant stations. The trip by steamer, though it takes longer (sometimes as much as five days, if the river is low)

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is of course the more interesting way of proceeding to Baghdad—by that means places such as Kurnah (traditional site of the Garden of Eden), Ezra's tomb, Kut-el-Amara, and Ctesiphon are seen, and a much better estimation of the country and its mixed races is gained.

From Basra trains also run *viâ* branch lines to Kifl (an ancient caravan centre in the desert, famous as the site of the tomb of Ezekiel) and to the tribal city of Nasiriyah; and these and other short lengths of railway, now fully established and in good working order, enable travellers to reach out-of-the-way and fairly unknown places without a tiresome journey in a rickety *arabana* or the hardship of camel caravan.

BAGHDAD.

Let us suppose, for example, that we are in Baghdad, having travelled by the Persian Gulf route. In this ancient city there was in 1922 only one hotel (and that but third-rate) at which Britishers could stay, but now we find a first-class establishment which makes a speciality of catering for tourists. Nowadays Baghdad expects a "bumper" tourist season every winter—the only safe period for casual visitors—commencing in late October and continuing till early March, after which the sun gets too hot for comfort. During the "season" the climate is similar to that of an Australian winter, and good thick clothes, together with rain protections, are necessary. It is also essential to possess a pair of knee-high "gum-boots," for the streets of Eastern towns are not by any means well drained. Inoculation against enteric, vaccination, and the provision of warm clothing are practically the only health precautions necessary. No extraordinary measures need be thought out beforehand, though a topee (sun helmet) is necessary for the journey to Colombo, across India, and up the Gulf. Water should not be drunk indiscriminately, *i.e.*, without first knowing whether it has been chlorinated and filtered.

There are a few other minor points which should be considered: Money is the same as in India, where Australian notes can be exchanged for rupees according to the ruling rate at the moment. It is wiser to change money at a bank rather than deal with any of the moneychangers, who eagerly solicit business and of course charge more than the bank does. There are sixteen annas to one rupee, and annas are the smallest coins that are likely to be needed. In Persia it may be necessary to change rupees to tomans and krans, although the rupee is recognised as legal tender in most places likely to be visited east of the Great Syrian Desert.

TO PERSIA.

There is a very interesting route by which one may travel from Baghdad to Europe—that is, by going through Persia by car from Khanikin to Tabriz, and there catching a train which connects with the Russian railway system. Another way equally interesting, is to visit Teheran, the capital of Persia, and then drive to Enzeli on the Caspian where a Russian steamer connects with Baku, and thence continue by train to Moscow. To-day a number of transport companies cater for travellers proceeding to Persia, running modern motor cars right through to Teheran twice a week for about £20 each, a sum which includes the hotel accommodation, food, and drink along the road. There are also special summer-time fares which run to about £15 return, according to class of car hired.

BEYOND BAGHDAD.

To travel north, south-west, or west from Baghdad is hardly more difficult than taking a similar journey from one of our State capitals. To the north there is a good railway service to Shergat (some 200 miles), where a car may be hired which will land the tourist in Mosul on the same day. The road from Shergat follows the course of the Tigris and makes an interesting journey. To the south-west of Baghdad the traveller is naturally drawn because Babylon and the Tower of Babel are in that direction. A train runs twice daily from Baghdad West station to Babylon, the journey occupying three hours.

There is also a service of cars which makes day-trips to these ruins and to Hillah, and back to Baghdad; the road passes the Hindiyeh Barrage.

NEARBY SHRINES.

The wealthy Mahommedan pilgrim can now do the last stage of his pilgrimage in a luxurious car, for there is a service to both the holy cities of Kerbela and Nedjef, the European tourist is not yet encouraged to go to these "forbidden" cities (though he can, and does, but is warned that he goes at his own risk).

THE DESERT TRIP.

The number of passengers who travel across the great Syrian Desert by the mail cars, a service inaugurated by a New Zealand company, now runs to a thousand or more each month; the fare—which includes the cost of providing food and drink—is about £20. There are also other trips at £5 per head, without provisions. In addition two companies run daily protected convoys of cars to the Lebanon, and back, the journey taking two days.

Truly it may be said that there is no part of the world to-day which offers a wider field for the discriminating traveller than does the Middle East.

THE VALUE OF IRAQ.

Mesopotamia—now known as Iraq—undoubtedly is of vast importance in modern world affairs, and likely to occupy the serious attention of many Governments, Its name will always be closely associated with some of the darkest days, some of the most poignant memories, and some of the most unselfish sacrifices of the Great War: the surrender, through lack of food, of the gallant force under General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, brought the Allies to the verge of despair; the Armenian deportation (the uprooting of a nation) was one of the greatest horrors of history: while the capture of Baghdad by General Maude and his army was a brilliant achievement which shattered the cherished ambitions of the Government then mismanaging the land.

The subsequent development of Iraq—first under a British military administration, then under a civil authority, with its own Arab King and Parliament—is a masterpiece of efficient organisation; and many eminent men are giving special attention to the prospects and problems of this country which, it seems, is likely to become again one of the most prosperous in the world. The possibilities are unlimited, as are, in the opinion of experts, its enormous mineral and agricultural resources. Baghdad under the Abbasia Khalifs was acknowledged to be the finest city in the world, and, as recently as the sixth century A.D., was the capital of a kingdom supporting ten millions of people on produce derived from nine-tenths of the land fit for cultivation.

There are many reasons that could be given to prove the future value of Iraq, but here may be stated the most obvious, namely its geographically central position for the development of overland traffic and aerial navigation. The world's future highways will have their natural junctions in that country. Travellers from the Far East and Australasia will pass this way on their journeyings to Europe. Large railway centres and important aerodromes will, within the comparatively short period of 25 years, or earlier, be situated in Iraq.

By wise and unselfish administration, and with the loyal co-operation of the Arab Sheikhs, there should be cheap transport by rail, river, and air, good hospitals, schools for the younger generation, and sound justice for all; the modern world will then see what the ancients saw in Iraq—a paradise.

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AT BABYLON SIDING

Between the railway station and the village Kuwairish is a region marked on the map as "ancient quays." The ground here is somewhat low-lying and pools of rain-water add to the desolation. How true is the prophecy "the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels."

Moving southward and ascending the main mound, the traveller reaches the north-west corner of the massive wall that once surrounded Nebuchadnezzar's palace and fortress. He cannot be anything but amazed at the strength of the brickwork that still remains after twenty-five centuries.

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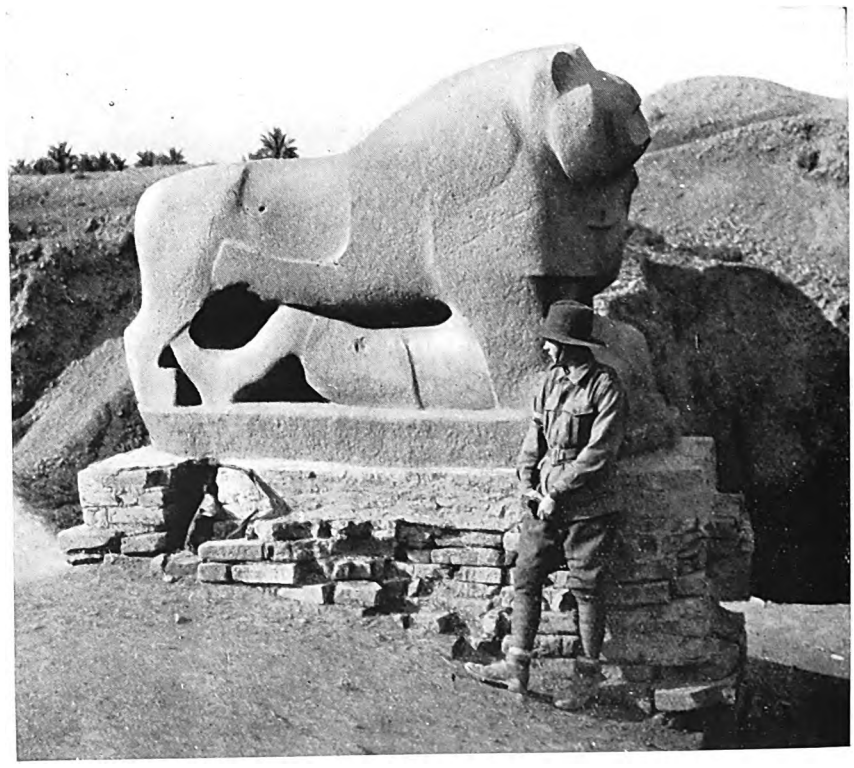
AT BABYLON SIDING

Members of the 7th British Cavalry Brigade in Babylon, on an excursion, arranged by the Y.M.C.A. after the Armistice. Without a doubt the old sculptured lion had not seen such an army for many a long day.



From the grouping of this sculpture (rudely carved from black basalt), some imaginative travellers have suggested that it depicts Daniel in the lions' den. Nowadays, however, it is generally accepted as being a Babylonian trophy of war, captured from the Hittites in far Asia Minor; if the latter view is correct, it can only be imagined by what arduous toil and suffering this massive statue was transported southwards, probably by the unfortunate Hittite prisoners themselves. The lion is not, of course, in its original Babylonian site, having been discovered by the excavators among apparently unrelated débris and re-erected at the spot where it is seen to-day.

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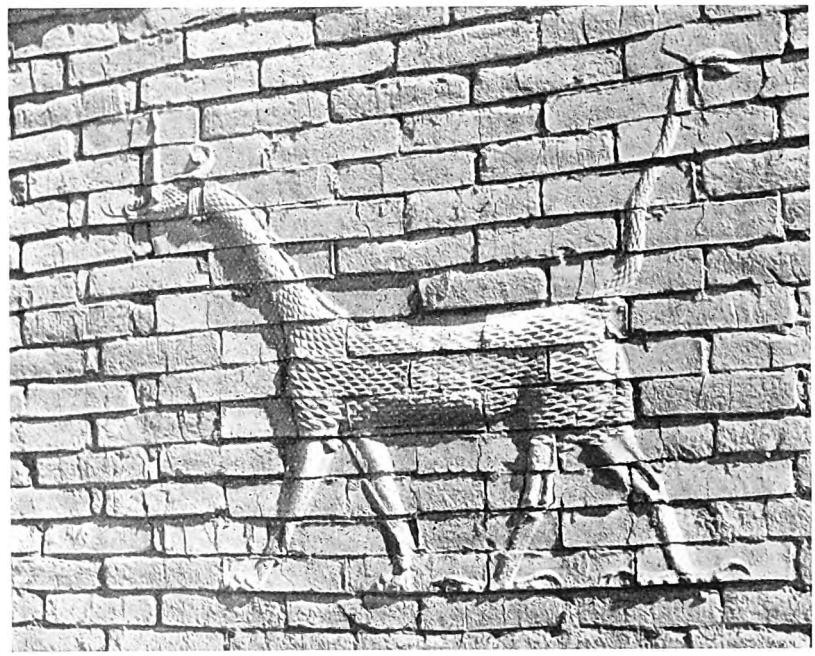
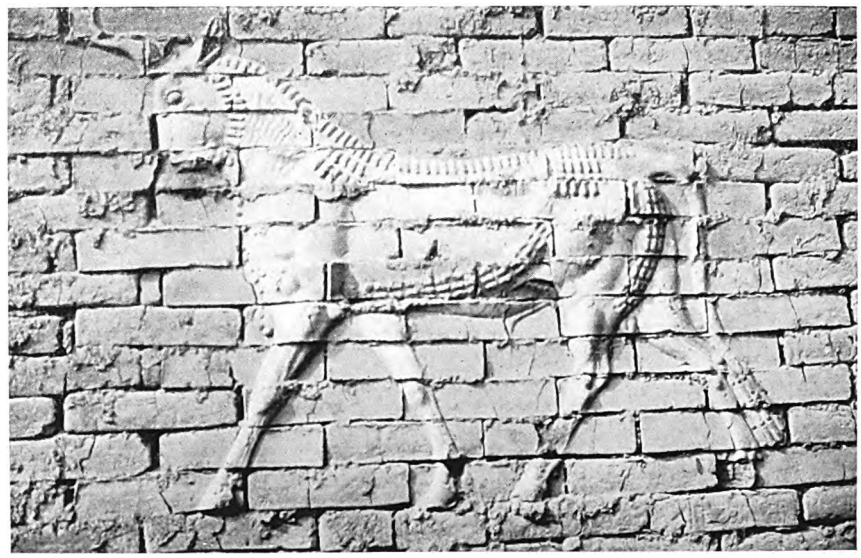


The various underground levels of the Ishtar Gate (for, of course, cellar life played as important a part in old Babylon as it does in Nedjef and Kerbela to-day) were enhanced with burnt brick designs corresponding to those in the tile work of the section above ground. The designs represent monsters of two kinds—one having the scales, body and fangs of a serpent, with lion paws as front legs and eagle's claws as hind ones, and a unicorn's horn, the scales, body and fangs of a serpent.



A monster in bas-relief on the walls of the Ishtar gate. This seems to be a combination of bull and horse, and is believed to be symbolical of Adad, god of Storms.

Though interesting to the traveller, these bas-reliefs and similar monuments pale in importance when compared with the mass of cuneiform documents uncovered in the excavations. The variety of these is remarkable and covers a complete library of international literature, letters of individuals, pay-rolls, deeds of land, codes of law and foundation-stones of temples and palaces.

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ANDREWS GROUP ORDER NO. 1

SECRET—REFERENCE T.C. 205.

COPY No. 6

25th March, 1918.

1. Information.

Enemy continue to hold positions about Khan Baghdadi on both banks.

2. Intention.

Intention is to complete destruction of enemy forces below Anah.

3. Movements of Advanced Guard.

Comdr. to be detailed by 6th Jats
1 Company 6th Jats.

Main Body in Order of March

50th Brigade Signals
No. 3 Pack Wireless
6th Jats less 1 Company
Oxford and Bucks L.I.
24th Punjabis
97th Infantry
256 M.G. Coy.
48th Pioneers less 1 coy.
10th Lancers
Double-horsed Bty. 222 Bde. R.F.A.
215 Bde. R.F.A.
Bde. S.A.A. Section
450 Coy. R.E. Under Orders O.C.

(a) Hour of start, 9 p.m.
(b) Starting Point about A D 50 B 3/3 marked with 2 signal lamps.
(c) Halts ten minutes every clock hour.
(d) Flank Protection. Nil.
(e) First Line transport will accompany each unit.
First line carts will report to O.C. 450 Coy. R.E. at 8.30 p.m. and move as shown.
Cable Wagon must be given priority.

First Line Carts, 450 Coy. R.E.
In Order of Units.
108 C.F.A.

10th Lancers will act as escort to the Guns.
Officers Commanding Four Infantry Bns., 256 M.G. Company, 48th Pioneers, 10th Lancers, and 215 Bde. R.F.A. with their Staff officers, will march at the head of the column.
2nd Line transport in order of units will move under orders of Lieut. Gravett after that of Cav. Bde., which starts at 8.30 a.m.

Rear Guard

Nil.

4. Contact Planes

A Contact plane will be overhead at 5.20 a.m. It is marked with two streamers.

5. Inter-Communication

Daylight Signals, which give a dark blue smoke at a height of 20 or 30 feet will be used by the Cavalry Bde. and D.H.Q. to denote their respective whereabouts.

6. Water

Troops will carry maximum water possible and carefully husband it.
Infantry Battalions of 50th Bde. will draw one A.T. Cart for conveyance of their water tanks and pumps from Bde. Transport Officer. These when loaded will report to Bde. Headquarters at 8 p.m. to-day and will be handed over to 450 Coy. R.E. to march all together at head of first line Carts.
Four men per unit will accompany, to act under orders of Staff Captain.

7. Rations.

Rations up to evening of 26th on man; for evening 26th to evening 27th on 2nd. Line Carts.

8. Dressing Station.

Main Dressing Station will be near Main Road, about A.D. 26. D. 5/5.

9. Lights and Smoking.

No lights or smoking after passing starting point—to be strictly enforced.

10. Orderlies.

Units will keep one man per unit at Group Headquarters to take messages. He will report to Bde. Signals by 8.30 p.m. to-day, and move with them. He may be relieved at O.C.'s discretion.

11. Maps.

Officers will carry the following Maps, T.C. 205, 208 or 146, 209.

12. Hospital Guard.

O.C. 97th Infantry will detail guard of N.C.O. and 6 men to remain with 108 C.F.A.

13. Camp.

Tents will be left standing and guard of 1 N.C.O. and 3 men left with them.

14. Watches.

To be synchronised at Group Headquarters before starting.

15. Reports.

To Head of Main Body.

Issued at 5 p.m. to Units.

Acknowledge.

A souvenir of the Khan Baghdadi operations of March, 1918.

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APPENDIX

containing

Schedules of Dates
and Movements.

Glossary.

Nominal Rolls.

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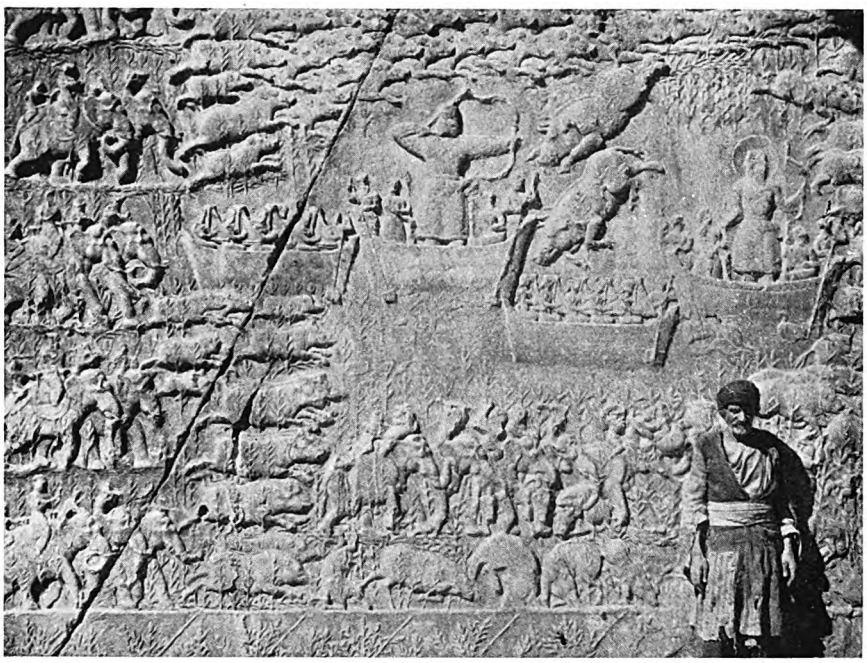

In the larger cave at Tak-i-Bustan (see page 95) is a magnificent bas-relief depicting King Chosroes hunting boar. The king is shown in a boat, drawing his bow, while his soldiery (mounted on elephants) drive the game towards him, putting to flight a multitude of small fish in the process. Two boar fall victims to regal prowess, while barges of musicians and a representative of the priesthood add to the amenities of the chase.

Baghdad from the air, from a Royal Air Force photograph. The references for the letters are as follows: A is the site of the horse-lines camp; B, New Street; C, Turkish Infantry Barracks (31st British General Hospital); D, Citadel; E, 23rd British General Hospital; F, Turkish Cavalry Barracks; G, the road to Moazzam; H, Baghdad Railway Station and road to Advanced Base; K, the tramline to Kazimain.

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DATES

On this page, and on the next three or four, various dates have been summarised. These comprise:--

Section 1.—Pack Troop Dates (February 5th to July 6th, 1916).

Section 2.—Squadron Dates (April 26th to October 14th, 1916).

Note: Dates for the period October 14th—December 12th (Mobilisation of Squadron stations) and for the period December 13th—February 23rd, 1917 (Cavalry operations round Kut) appear in the text.

Note: Schedule showing movements of all stations in Persia and Russia during 1918 appears on page 94.

Section 3.—Schedule showing movements of Squadron stations from February 24th, 1917 (the crossing at Shumran) until their disbandment after the Armistice (extra stations in Persia and Russia during 1918 excepted).

Double or triple width indicates that two or three stations, respectively, were together on the dates quoted.

The following abbreviations have been used:—

An asterisk indicates a change; that is, the station was re-attached (as stated) or else moved independently.

lf means left for the place next mentioned.

a means *arrived* on the date next mentioned.

r means *returned* (usually to the last bivouac).

rb means *relieved* by station quoted.

v means *vice*, i.e., relieving the station mentioned.

AIC.—Advanced First Corps.
AIIIC.—Advanced Third Corps.
L.A.M.B.—Light Armoured Motor Battery.
Mocol.—For or with Mobile Column.
Cav.—Cavalry Brigade.
P.—Punjabis.
D.—Division.
M.—Miles.
14 H.—14th Hussars.
B.—Infantry Brigade.
¼H.—First/Fourth Hants.
nr.—Near.

SECTION 1.—PACK TROOP DATES

1916.

Feb. 5th.—Left Broadmeadows.
„ 23rd.—Arrived Colombo.
„ 24th.—Re-embarked ("Sardinia")
„ 28th.—Arrived Bombay (Colaba Barracks).
Mar. 10th.—Left Bombay ("Teesta").
„ 12th.—Arrived Karachi.
„ 16th.—Arrived Bundar Abbas.
„ 21st.—Arrived Basra.
Apr. 17th.—N.Z. Troop arrived.
„ 18th.—Camp moved to Makina.
„ 28th.—First Pack Station (Australian) made up and joins Column.
„ 30th.—Shaibah.
May 1st.—Granat.
„ 2nd.—Ratawi.
„ 3rd.—Ghabishiyah.
„ 4th.—Lagait.
May 7th.—Khamisiyah (Arab Protection Post) and attached Post Commandant.
„ 9th.—Second Pack Station (N.Z.). embarks for Mudelil (P5).
„ 12th.—Arrived Amara.
„ 16th.—Joined 18th Echelon, near Amara.
„ 26th.—Left for Mudelil.
„ 29th.—Arrived Mudelil.
„ 21st.—Camp moved to Magil.
„ 29th.—Second N.Z. Station left for Ali Gharbi (Arab Protection Post). Arrived about June 3rd.
„ 31st.—Second Pack Troop Station embarked. Arrived Nasiriyah, June 2nd.

SECTION II.—SQUADRON DATES

1916.

Apr. 26th.—Left Moore Park.
May 30th.—Left Melbourne.
June 15th.—Arrived Colombo.
„ 18th.—Embarked for Bombay.
„ 21st.—Arrived Bombay.
„ 24th.—Embarked for Basra.
„ 27th.—Called Karachi.
„ 30th.—Arrived Muscat; left July 2.
July 3rd.—Arrived Bushire; left July 4
„ 5th.—Arrived Basra.
„ 6th.—Arrived Magil and joined Pack Troop Camp.
„ 17th.—Two Stations sent out with 19th. Column.
Sept. 29th.—No. 2 Station returned Magil from Nasiriyah.
Oct. 9th.—No. 1 Station returned Magil from Khamisiyah.
„ 14th.—First Stations embarked for up-river.

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

February—September, 1917

	A	B	E	L	C	H
1917 FEB.	G.H.Q. Report Centre, Sinn	H.Q. III. Corps, Atab	H.Q.I. Corps, Felayieh Amara		Cavalry Base, S 9	
	28 Shumran	(Suggested only) 26 Shumran 27 Bghailah 28 near Summar	27 beyond Shumran 28 Bghailah	24 Cav. Div. crossed at Shumran, out till midnight, *r* Shumran 25/26 Endeavouring outflank enemy then *r* to bivouac near Tigris 27 As before but stations remain Twin Barges Div. to Imam Imlik 28 Rejoined Division and retired ten miles to wait for infantry		
MAR.	3 Sheikh Jaad 4 Shidhaif-ash-Sharqi 5 Aziziyeh	1 towards Aziziyeh 2 Aziziyeh 5 Zeur 6 Bustan 7 beyond Ctesiphon 8 ? 10 crossed Diala 11 Baghdad*	4 Summar 5 Aziziyeh 6 Zeur 7 Bustan 8 Bawi 10 crossed Tigris 11 Baghdad 15*3rd Division 18 Diala above Baghdad 19 Baqubah 21 Abu Jisra 23 Sharoban *r* "D"	1 After reconn. Cav. Div. with C., H. & L. Stns. *a* Aziziyeh 5 Contd. towards Lajj, where Div'n again in touch with enemy 6 Reconn. beyond Ctesiphon, returning to bivouac at Bustan 7 Out all day on right flank, returning at night to same bivouac 8 Crossed Tigris at Bawi, continuing by night march along river 9 Cav. withdrawn from left flank and return Tigris for water 10 Advance hindered by dust storm, stns. being away from Div'n 11 Rejoined Division and continued through Baghdad to Hinaidi 15 7th Cav. Bde. and 'H' Stn. to right bank near Advanced Base. 18 7th and 'H' to Kazimain left bank; 6th Bde. C & L to Khan Jedida 19 Till April 1st, 6th Cav. Bde., C & L reconnoitring and slowly advancing between River Diala and Khalis Canal beyond Deltawa 19 Till 22nd 7th Cav. Bde. and 'H' Stn. in billets, Kazimain 23 Till 28th 7th Cav. Bde. and H in touch with Turks on Tigris 29 Till 31st 7th Cavalry Brigade and H Station reconnoitring and slowly advancing between River Diala and Khalis Canal		
APRIL	4**If* Baghdad *a* 7th 17**If* Kasr-i-shirin *a* 23rd *Col. Rowlandson, Liaison Officer with Baratov's Force		4 Baqubah 5 through Daltawa & Sindiyeh to III. Corps H. Q. at Dogameh *a* 7 11 Sindiyeh 17 Dogameh 18 Wadi near Adhaim 20 Barura 24 Dahuba 25 towards Satha *a* 27	1 Dali Abbas having been abandoned 31st Div. retires to Tekana 6 Advance to near Dali Abbas, remaining in this region till 12th, drawing Turks on; this resulted in their defeat at Serajik 13/14 Attempt to outflank Turks on Kifri Road was unsuccessful 15/10 Division and stations remain in camp—near Dogameh (?) 20 'H' and 7th Cav. *If* Sinijah *a* 22—later 'C' & 'L' Sindiyeh 23 On left flank resulting in capture Dahuba 26 Continue on flank 27 and reach Satha 28 Reconn. near Satha 29 Crossed Adhaim & 30 worked on right		
MAY			5 *If* Barura *a* 8th 8*8B. *If* Samarrah *a* 9	6 *Baqubah 8 Es Sulaikh 1 flank, returning 18 With Lucas Col. Adhaim 42B—Punitive Expe-4 *If* Barura *a* 7 dition to Mufraz and9?*40B., *If* Adhaim, Radwaniyah *r* Esreturning Sindiyeh Sulaikh 24th 16th, later *III. Corps		
JUNE	13 *If* Kermanshah *a* 23 1 A Baghdad (a new station added to Squadron Establishment vice AA Stn. at Kermanshah)		?*7th Division	2 *Out with Punitive 7 Col. from Baqubah	1 *Baqubah *r* "L" 13*returns Sindiyeh 22*Mehrut Post 23 Beled Ruz	
JULY				31**If* Beled Ruz *a* 1 *rH *37 Inf. Bde.		
AUG.					1 *rb* L *If* Es Sulaikh *a* 5 14 *If* Beled Ruz *a* 17 18*With Hesketh's Col. during capture of Sharoban, *r* Beled Ruz 21st 23 *If* Es Sulaikh *a* 26	
SEPT.			?*I. Corps		18*6 Cav., *If* Feluja *a* 21 25*Cunningham's Post 26*Norton's Col., Baqubah 27 Mehrut Post 28 Capture of 29 Mandali 28 Flanking movement 29 and capture of Ramadie	

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

February—September, 1917

	I	F	K	G	D	J
1917 FEB.	*L.* of C. Ali Gharbi	G.H.Q. Report Centre, Sinn Amara	L. of C. Ali Gharbi	S.H.Q. Sinn	S.H.Q., Sinn	Sheikh Saad
		24*Atab *III. Corps ? *If* Aziziyeh *a* 4th 26 Shumran 27 Bghailah 28 near Summar *13D		Land station for G.O.C.'s steamer 28 Shumran	24*A3C, Shumran 25*13D., Bghailah (?) 26 On the move 27*14 D. adv. 11 miles 28 In camp, Aziziyeh	
MAR.	? **If* Aziziyeh *a* 4 *v* A	1 near Shidhaif (?) 2 Aziziyeh 5 Zeur 6 Ctesiphon 7 towards Diala 10 near Tel Mahomet 11 Es Sulaikh 25 *If* 40B, but did not find, and rejoined 13D on 27th. Continued with Div'n during dispersal of enemy 30 Daltawa		3 Sheikh Jaad 4 Shidaif-ash-Sharqi 5 Aziziyeh 6 Zeur 7 Bawi. Crossed Tigris and continued with 7th Division to Baghdad, arriving 11th 12 Continued about 30 miles *r* Baghdad 17th 18*With 7th Bde. during occupation of Feluja	1 Near Aziziyeh ? Bghailah (?) 5 Beyond Zeur 6*III. Corps, Ctesiphon 7*crossed Tigris with 35B, continuing with them till Baghdad 11th 14*Keary's Column *If* Baqubah *a* 17, then towards Sharoban *a* 22 23 *rb* 'E' Station 24*Baqubah	
APRIL		5*Mansuriyah 6 Kermea *7th Div'n 7 Sumeike 8 Beled 9 Harbe 16 Dujail Canal 21*Cobbe's Column 23 Istabulat 24 Samarrah		Feluja (Tel. Of.)	28 *If* Baghdad *a* 29th 30*Column for Hindiyeh Barrage, arriving 3rd	
MAY						
JUNE		15 Beled, *8 Inf. Bde.	14 Out from Aziziyeh 15 with Mobile Col.			
JULY	17**If* Baghdad *a* 22 26*Es Sulatkh			9/14 With 7th Inf. Bde. during operations against Ramadie, which were abandoned. *15th Div'n.		20**If* Baghdad *a* 24 26*Es Sulaikh 31**If* Hindiyeh *a* 2 *v* D *24 P., 52 Inf. Bde.
AUG.		26 Istabulat			2 *rb* "J" 4*Mahmudiyah 5 Es Sulaikh 14 *If* Baqubah 18/20 With Thompson's Column during capture of Sharoban 23*35 Bde.	
SEPT.		17*Baghdad, Karradah 20*with Echelon of 15D *If* Feluja *a* 22 *v* G		22*Brooking's Column 24 12 miles through sand 25 Advanced 12 miles 26 Advanced 1 mile 27 Advanced 6 miles 28 Battle of Ramadie		

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

October 1917 to April 1918

1917 OCT.

A—1
AA still at Kermanshah
A still at Baghdad

B—2
Still at Baghdad

E—5
Still at Samarrah

1—9
Still at or near Baghdad

J—10
Still at Hindiyeh

L—12
17 Telibarah, *14D
24 Baqubah, *3C

NOV.

8SD
(PARTISANSKI)
26 left Baghdad
27 Baqubah
28 Beled Ruz
29 Joined Russians, Mandali
30 *If* Mirjana, *ar* Dec. 1st
2 Kifri Operations
13 Telibarah (Ruz Canal)

6*Es Sulaikh
26*Cassell's Post
27 Cunningham's Post
28 Baqubah, *3C

31*Col 52B for Kifl

29 Dali Abbas, *13D

DEC.

1*A Es Sulaikh (Cavalry Traffic)

1*A3C, Kalat Mufti
? *Baqubah *3 Corps

1 52B, Kifl
2 Kufa

3 Longridge-S'h'niyeh
4 Nahrin Kupri
5 Qarah Tappeh
6 Nahrin Kupri
7 Suhaniyeh-K. Mufti
8 Baqubah

1918 JAN.

31*A Baghdad
31*AA closes down
1*AA Mahidascht
2 Hasseinabad
3 Harunabad
4 Karind
5 Sermil
6 Paitak, *Escort
7 Sarepul
8 Said Ahmad
9 Kasr-i-Shirin
10 Khanikin
11 Mirjana
13 Ruz
14 Abu Jisra
15 Baqubah
16 Khan Bani Saad
17 Baghdad disbanded vice A. Stn.

2*Cassell's Post
3 Baqubah, *3C *v* I remaining here till Feb. 2nd, 1919, when it was destroyed by fire

VIS
Pack in vans attached escort for "AA" Stn., reached Khanikin 1st, Kasr-i-Shirin 2nd, Sarepul 3rd, and Paitak 4th. Joined by "AA" 6th, detached from escort at Kasr-i-Shirin on 10th, and returned Baghdad 15th

3 *rb* No. 2 Stn.
4*Abu Jisra
5 Ruz
10 Kizil Robat
11 Khanikin
12*1/4H, Kasr-i-Shirin

? *13D., Dali Abbas
11*Ruz
12 Kizil Robat
13 Khanikin *36B *vD*

FEB.

February 1st.—All stations to be known by numbers instead of by letters.

4*53rd Bde.
9**rb* No. 11
10 Kifl
11 Hillah
12 Museyib
13 Mahmudiyeh
14 Baghdad
26*11 Cav. Hinaidi

MARCH

39
Established in the field from Nos. 3 and 4 *Hogge's Col. (LAMB) *a* Fuhaimah 28 Anah, then *r* Haditha *12th Inf. Bde.
*Apr. 5: Changed to No. 13
Apr. 10: Disbanded

24 Sarepul
25 Paitak
26 Surkhadiza *v* 6

8 Iron Bridge
18 Khan Nuqtah
19 Feluja
22 Abu Dhibban
23 Ramadie
24 Sahiliyeh
26 Baghdadi, Alus
27 near Fuhaimah
28 beyond Fuhaimah
30*Fuhaimah
31 Alus

APRIL

16*Khan Bani Saad
17 Baqubah
18 Abu Jisra
19 Dali Abbas *A3C

26 Ain Lailah
27 Umr Mandan

29*17th Division

24 Sermil
25 Karind

1 Khan Baghdadi
2 Hit
4 Uqbah
5 Ramadie
6 Abu Dhibban
9**If* Baghdad *a* 11
16*Khan Bani Saad
17 Baqubah
18 Abu Jisra
19 Dali Abbas *13D
25*40B., Cayley's Pass
26 near Nahrin Kupri
27 Umr Mandan
28 near Kuhar Chai
29 Tuz Khurmatli

14*Kurdarrah
15 Ruz
16 Longridge *38 Bde.
24 beyond Suhaniyeh
25 Ain Lailah
26past Qarah Tappeh
27 Jebal Gilabat (?)
28 near Kulawund
29 1 mile from Tuz
30 Tuz Khurmatli

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

October 1917 to April 1918

	C—7	F—6	H—8	K—11	G—3	D—4
1917 OCT.	3*/f Es Sulaikh a6	5*Khan Nuqtah 6*Es Sulaikh 9 Baghdad, *3C 11 Cassell's Post 12 Cunningham's Post	18 Occupation of Kizil Robat 19 21 Mandali	Still at Aziziyeh	1*Turner's Col., Hit (Operators only by van) 2 Ramadie (Hit evac) 3*12th Inf. Bde.	Still at Sharoban
	23*Cav. Hq., Daudiyah 24 Sadiyeh 29 Beled 30 Istabulat 31 Cavalry Division	13 Baquhah 26 F H and 7th Cav. /f Sadiyeh a 27th 28 F H and 7th Cav. /f Sinijah a 29th 29 F H and 7th Cav. /f Istabulat a 30th now formed up complete; C F & H Stns.	24 Abu Jisra 25 Baqubah			17*Adv. III. Corps 24*14th Div'n.
NOV.	1 Azahki Canal; H*AIC; all stns. /f vicinity Daur a 2nd. 2 2pm H opposite Daur; at dusk C F also opposite Daur. 3 C F Wadi Aujah r Daur; H 5m south Wadi Aujah r Daur. 4 C F /f TC 105, K 84 a 5th; H /f T C 104 H 10 a 5th. 5 C F at dusk return Wadi Aujah; H moves forward a mile 6 H Jibin Wadi, r *Cav. at Aujah; F with 14 H Tekrit, r. 7 C F H and Cav. Div. Mukash Shafah; C Station erected. 8 C F H and Cav. Div. Khan al Kalah; H Station erected. 9 C F H and Cav. Div. Istabulat; F Station erected. 10 C F H and Cav. Div. Sinijah; C Station erected. 11 C F H and Cav. Div. Sadiyeh; H Station erected. 30 C F H and Cav. Div. Sindiyeh; C Station erected.					
DEC.	1 C F H and Cav. Div. Satha; H Stn. erected 7.15 p.m. 2 C F H and Cav. Div. Chai Khana; F Stn. erected 12.15 p.m. 4 F Stn. with 7th Cav. Bde. right bank Adhaim, r Chai Khana. 6 C F H and Cav. Div. /f Satha a 7; C Stn. erected 1.30 a.m. 7 C F H and Cav. Div. Tigris near Akab; H Station erected. 8 C F H and Cav. Div. return Sadiyeh; F Station erected.			12 rb 2nd Sqdn. 18 a Baghdad (boat)		1 Kurdarrah 8*1/4H, Kizil Robat
1918 JAN.		13*14H Baquhah 14 Abu Jisra 16 Kizil Robat 15 Sharoban 17 Khanikin 18 Kasr-i-Shirin 21*Operators only with Matthew's Col. (1/4H) in vans to Tak-i-Garreh 24 Climbed Paitak Pass to Surkhadiza (6 m.) 28*Drivers /f Ruz a30			25*Broderick's Col 9m 26 r Ramadie 27*12th Inf. Bde.	9 Khanikin 14*Mirjana 15 Sharoban 16 Baqubah 17 Khan Bani Saad
FEB.			4*Mahmudiyeh 5 Khan Haswah 6 Khan Mahawil 7 Hillah 8 Kifl 9 Kufa r10 *53B	18*Lucas Col. (42B) 18 Khan Abu Rayat 21 Uqbah 25*Andrew's Column		18 Baghdad 20*Op. /f Feluja a 21 21*Dv. /f Feluja a 22 23 Ramadie *15th Div.
MARCH	25*7th Cav. Bde.	26 Walking and leading packhorses Kermanshah a 31; 27 Sharoban joined by operators from No. 38.	20 rb 28, 2nd Sqdn. 21 Kalah Abbassiyeh 22 Hillah 23 Museyib 24 Mahmudiyeh 25 Baghdad	8 Broad Wadi 9 Hit 11 Sahiliyeh 25 With Col during 26 attack on Baghdadi 27*nr Haditha *11Cav. 28 Anah 30 Fubaimah 31 Haditha	9 Uqbah 11 Hit 13 Sahiliyeh 25 With 15D HQ during attack on Khan Baghdadi position 27 *Brooking's Col *15D 28 remained Khan Baghdadi	
APRIL	24 Dogameh 25 Satha—Tauq Khana 26 Foothills 27 Advanced one mile 28 Tauq Khana	From 24th onwards Nos. 8 and 11 were "stepping up" for the 7th Cav. Bde. 24 via Table Mountain to Longridge 25 16 miles to Ain Lailah in Jebel Hamrin 26 Night marches 25 26 Umr Mandan 27 Cavalry attack on Kulawund Position 28 Continued with Brigade towards Tuz 29 To Tuz Khurmatli—bivouaced with 10	16*Khan Bani Saad 17 Baqubah 18 Abu Jisra 19 Sharoban *6 Cav.	1 Khan Baghdadi 15 Sahiliyeh *50 Bde.	25*With Aitkin's Column to Kubeisa (Punitive Column)	12 Sahiliyeh 13 Hit 14 Khan Abu Rayat 15 Ramadie

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

May 1918 to February 1919

PERSIAN STATIONS

8SD **38/17** **39/18** **47** **19** **50**

For details of these extra Australian stations in Persia during 1918, see page 94; 8SD (Russian wagon *en route* Telibarah to Kermanshah and at Kermanshah); No. 38/17 (British permanent wagon at Kermanshah); No. 39/18 (Russian wagon at Hamadan); No. 19 (Russian Cabinet at Kasvin); No. 50 (Russian radio at Enzeli); No. 47 (Russian radio at Baku, also pack set at Lenkoran).

1918 MAY

1

3 Baiyt
4 Tuz
10 Tauq
15*lf Baqubah *a* 23
24 Abu Saida
26 Longridge
27 Nahrin Kupri
28 Shaman Kupri
29*Kifri *40B. *v* 10

9

15 Khusruabad
17 Harunabad
18 Mahidascht
19 Kermanshah

12

4*13D, near Tuz
5 Tauq
6 beyond Tazah
8 Kirkuk
24*Tazah
25 Tauq
26 Tuz, *40 Bde.

7

1 Satha
2 Akab (Left Bank)
3 Adhaim Right Bk.
4 Samarrah
6 Daur
7 Ain Nukhailah
8 The Cemetery
13 Towards Fatha
14 Cemetery—Ain Nukhailah
15 Daur
16 Samarrah
17 Khan Mifragi
18 Akab
19 Sadiyeh
20 Baqubah
21 Cunningham's Post
22 Chaldari

JUNE

13/16

9**rb* No. 38 (17)
19 N.Z. Staff relieved
23*Kara Su Bridge
24 Bisitun
25 Sahneh
26 Kangevah
27 Asadabad
28 Yungi Khan
29 Hamadan

7 *rb* No. 8
8 Austn. personnel arrive
9*Qarah Tappeh
10 Dali Abbas *13Div.

JULY

14 No. 13 Motor Pack which had been in reserve at Baghdad since June, reached Samarrah 14th Jibin Wadi 15th, and Tekrit 16th, *51st Bde.

4*relieve No. 18
*(Line Commandant Dunsterforce)

AUG.

SEPT.

5

? *I. Corps

14*Sweet's Col.
14 No. 1 M. Post
15 Hasseinabad
16 Akh Tappeh
17 Khainak
18 Tazli
19 Kala Jukh
20 Hissar
21 Mazidabad
22 Sultanieh
23 Dize
24 Zingan
29*past Sultanieh
30 Amerabad

OCT.

14

18*55B., Ain Nukhailah
22**rb* 24, *Tekrit
23*L.A.M.B.
24 El Hadhr
25/27 Reconnaissances round Kalat Shargat and Tul-ul-Baqq
30 Huwaish
31 Quayarah

No. 14 Motor Pack, which has been in reserve at Baghdad since June, reached Beled 25th, Baiji 26th, Bila-lij 27th, Quayarah 2nd, Shura 3rd, and Mosul 4th

13 Daur
14 beyond Tekrit
21 Abu Rajash
22 Jift (Baiji)

1 Khorumdere
2 Karveh
3 Siah Dehan
6*Caravanserai
7 Ab-i-garm
8 Aveh
9 Manian
10 Rezan
11 Ruan
12 Kuligan
13 Hamadan
23*Yungi Khan
24 Asadabad
25 Kangevah
26 Sahneh
27 Bisitun
28 Kermanshah
30*Mahidascht
31 Hasseinabad

11 Khan Jedidah
12 Tewuir
13 Akab
14 Khan Machifa
15 Samarrah
17 Daur
18 Tekrit
21 left Tekrit
22 Ain Nukhailah
23 advanced 16 miles
24 near Fathah position
25 Zab reconnaissance
26 12m. across Zab *r*
27 Fathah
28 Hadraniyah
29 Tigris crossed
30 Quayarah
1 Hammam Ali

NOV.

1 Hammam Ali
2 Abu Sif
3 Mosul
9 No. 16 opens with No. 13 operators

1

24*32nd Lancers, Tel Afar, returning Mosul Dec. 24th

1 Harunabad
2 Chasma Safid
3 Sermil
4 Paitak
6 Sarepul
7 Kasr-i-Shirin
8 Khanikin
10 Jessen's Post
16 Ruz
21 Baghdad

2 Abu Sif
3 Mosul
12*Souter's Column (13th Lancers)
12 Tigris Right Bank
13 Ilyas
29 Mosul*

DEC. FEB.

Dec. 16 *lf* Kirkuk *a* 19th: Feb. 2nd *lf* Baghdad

Jan. 30 *lf* Kifri *a* 18 and relieves No. 1

? *55th Bde
Jan. 10 *rb* 15, *lf* Baghdad *a* 19th

Jan. 1 *lf* Baghdad *a* 2 Jan. 16 *lf* Baghdad *a* 23

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MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

May 1918 to February 1919

	6	8	11	3	10
1918 MAY		5 8 * Col. A; 11 * part Bde. via Zab; both near Kirkuk 6 Crossed River to Kirkuk; retired Taziyan 7 Moved to Kirkuk, camping on R. Bank 10 near Altun Kupri; then retired 12 miles 11 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Kirkuk 12 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tazah 13 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tauq 14 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tuz 15 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Kifri 19 Nos. 8, 11 & 6th Cav. Bde. to Abu Hajar 20 Nos. 8, 11 & 6th Cav. Bde to Sharoban	8*Sahiliyeh *50B.	7 Tauq Bridge 8 Tazah or Kirkuk 9 Tazah or Kirkuk 10*Cayley's Force, 15 *If* Kifri *a* 19 *40B
		27 Dali Abbas *13D	26 N.Z. staff relieved 27*Kurdarrah 28 Mirjana *14th Div.		29*Qarah Tappeh 30 Suhaniyeh 31 Dali Abbas
JUNE	3 *Part operators with Station left for Tak-i-Garreh *a* 13th 24 Station made complete by arrival of new operators, also transport 25 *If* Kermanshah *a* 28 30*Wodehouse's Col.	3*Abu Hajah 4 Nahrin Kupri 5 Kifri 6 Tuz* and takes over from N.Z. (No. 12* 40 Bde.)	7*Khanikin 8 Sangar 9 Sheikh Maidan & joins Dewing's Col. 29 *If* Darband-i-Khan *a* 30		1 Baqubah 2 Khan Bani Saad 3 Baghdad, where N.Z. staff is relieved by Australians
JULY	1 Pir Hayah 2 Khan Karim 3 Kamiaran 4 Asauleh 5 Paq-i-Suleiman 6 near Senneh 7 Senneh		4 returns Maidan 26*Gurashala 27 Merkes 28 Khanikin 30 Joined by Drivers who had remained Mirjana		
AUG.	? Sakiz reconnais.		1*Kurds Irregulars 3 Paitak 2 Kasr-i-Shirin 4 Sermil *36th Bde.		
SEPT.			1*Paitak 2 Kasr-i-Shirin 3 Khanikin 4 Kurdarrah 5 Mirjana *14 div.		
OCT.				**4/15**	
		18 Lewin's Column 19 *If* Tauq *a* 20th 22 Tazah 23 near Kirkuk 24 Kirkuk 26 Kalur (Altun Kupri)	15 III Corps, Hambis	9 Hit *50 Inf. Bde. 26 No. 4 closed on this date and returned Baghdad. Personnel were then attached No. 15 Lorry set, which reached Samarrah 29th, Tekrit 30th, Baiji 2nd. and Kalat Sbargat 5th, as control station, Tigris Group	7*11 Cav. Iron Bridge 9 Mashahidah 10 Beled 11 Istabulat 12 El Ajik 21 Wadi Aujah 22 Tekrit 23 Ain Nukhailah 24 Sad yah (Zab) 25 *nr* Uthmaniyah 26 Gaunaus 28 Hadraniyah 29 Hawaish
NOV.	16 *If* Hamadan *a* 22— remaining there in reserve under orders of Norperforce and 2nd Wireless Sqdn.	8 Kirkuk 19 Tazah 20 Tauq 21 Tuz 30 *If* Suleimaniyah via Gil *a* 3rd * Political			1 Quayarah 2 Hammam Ali 3 Abu Sif 4 Mosul 8 near Abu Sif 16 *If* Baghdad *a* 29
DEC.	Jan. 15 disbanded and staff *If* Baghdad	Jan. 8 *If* Baghdad via Kirkuk and Baiji *a* 19	Jan. 1 *If* Baghdad *a* 2 Dec. 20th, *If* Baghdad *a* 23	Jan. 10th *Baiji *v* No. 5	
FEB.	Feb. 1st			Feb. 10th *If* Baqubah *a* 13 *v* No. 2	

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GLOSSARY

HINDUSTANI

Ak dum	At once.
Atcha (ach-ha)	Yes, alright.
Baito	Wait (literally "sit down").
Bat	Language (word, affair, news).
Batman	Officer's servant.
Bhisti (bihishti)	Water-carrier.
Bhot (bahut)	Plenty.
Bhusa	Chopped straw.
Bibi	Woman.
Bilmacan	House (at home).
Bobagee (babarchi)	Cook.
Bolo	Speak.
Buckshee (bakhshish)	Alms; for nothing.
Budjee (baja)	O'clock.
Char	Four (number).
Chay	Tea.
Chagal	Water-vessel, water-bag.
Charzi	A four-anna piece.
Chini	Sugar.
Chit	A written message.
Chip	A rupee.
Chota (ch-hota)	Little.
Chupatty	Pancake-bread.
Cutcher	See Kutcha.
Dahl	Vegetable curry.
Dekko	Look.
Dhobi	Washer-woman.
Do	Two (number).
Dood (dudh)	Milk.
Dozi	A two-anna piece.
Drabi	Mule-cart driver.
Dus	Ten (number).
Eiskamofat	The same; similar to.
Ek	One (number).
Garum (garm)	Hot.
Gharri (ghari)	Mule cart.
Gharri wallah	Mule-cart driver.
Ghi	Cooking oil or fat.
Ghora	Horse.
Gram	Coarse split-peas, used as horse and mule rations.
Half-Chat	Half-caste Indian.
Jau	Go away; get out.
Jeldi (jelau)	Hurry; run.
Kiswasti	Why; what for?
Kisker	Which.
Kither	Where.
Kitna	How much?
Khush	Pleased, satisfied.
Kooshi	Easy.
Krarb (kharab)	Bad.
Kutcha (khach-char)	A mule.
Lau	Bring.
Legau (lejau)	Take away.
Loos wallah	A thief.
Lukri (lakri)	Firewood.
Malum	Understand.
Meeta (mehta)	Native refuse carrier.
Moochi (mochi)	A saddler.
Mukken (makhan)	Butter
Nay (nahi)	No.
Oont (unt)	Camel.
Pahni (pani)	Water.
Panj	Five (Punjab—the Five Rivers).
Piche	Shortly.
Pice (paise)	Money "Kitna pice," How much?
Pichi	In a little while.
Pozi	Jam.
Puckero (pakari)	Take; seize.
Puggil	Mad.
Ramsammi	A celebration, singing, dancing, etc.
Rooti (roti)	Bread.
Subchese	The lot.
Sari	Woman's garment.
Safkaro	Clean wash.
Tum	You.
Teen	Three (number).
Teek	Good.
Tyro (tharo)	Wait.
Toro (thora)	A bit, small portion.
Wallah (wala)	An ending to denote "person".
Wapis (wapas)	Back; return.

ARMY, COLLOQUIAL, ETC.

AAA	Morse code for "full stop."
Abba	Outer garment (A.).
A.T.	Army transport.
Al Hamdu L'illah!	Quite well, thanks be to Allah (P.).
Agal	Double horse-hair ring (part of Arab head-dress). (A.)
Araq	Spirits (A.).
Asahi	A make of Japanese beer.
Bellum	Rowing boat (A.).
Bund	Embankment (H.).
Birinj	Rice cleaned from the husk (P.).
B.I.	British-India (Steamship line).
Caley	Plenty (P.).
C.B.	Confined to barracks.
C.C.S.	Casualty clearing station
C.G.S.	Chief of General Staff
G.O.C.	General Officer Commanding.
Coup (Khub) hast	That is good (P.).
Chargal	Water-bag.
Chatty	Pottery water-cooler.
Chu Chin Chow	A famous war-time musical comedy, introducing the "Forty Thieves" and other characters from the "Arabian Nights."
Clink	The guardroom.
Crown and anchor	A notorious gambling game at which it was practically impossible for anyone but the proprietor to win.
D.A.S.	Director of Army Signals.
Details	Individuals or small parties not allotted to a station, etc.
D.M.S.	Director of Medical Services.
Dump	Supply Depot.
D.S.	Signal Service prefix—Urgent service message.
Dixie	Army cooking vessel.
Dubbin	Compound for preserving leather.
E.F.C.	Expeditionary Force Canteen.
E.P.	Egyptian-pattern tent.
Establishment	Scheduled number of officers, men, equipment, animals, etc., allotted to each unit, etc.
Furphy	A rumour.
Gunfire	Early-morning tea.
Gusht	Meat (P.).
Gutzer	To suffer a reverse through failure of one's plans.
G.S.	General service wagon.
Haji	One who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.
Hairy Mob	The old hands.
H.E.	High explosive.
Hops out	Challenges to fisticuffs.
Hopping-on pots	Jam-tins, etc., used as "billies" by the cavalry men when there was no time or firewood for boiling the larger dixies.
Hold-all	Roll containing soldier's toothbrush, razor, etc.
Housey	The game of lotto, adapted to gambling.
I.E.F. "D"	Indian Expeditionary Force "D" which served in Mesopotamia ("A", "B", and "C" on other fronts).
"I" Branch	Intelligence Service, G.H.Q.
I.W.T.	Inland water transport.
Jerry	Realise what was happening.
Kalian	Water Pipe (P.).
Keffiyeh	Square of coloured cloth (part of Arab head-dress).
Kelek	Raft of skins (A.).
Khuda Hafiz	Good-bye (P.).
Kwollah	Felt Hat (P.).
Lance Jack	Lance-Corporal.
L. of C.	Lines of communication.
Limber	Limbered wagon.
Monitor	River gunboat.
M.O.	Medical officer; mess orderly.
Mahailah	High pooped wooden boat with heavy timbering (like a miniature Spanish galleon). (A.)
Nan	Bread (P.).
Number nines	A famous pill.
O.O.O.	Signal Service prefix—Urgent operation message.
One Pip	Second Lieutenant.
Packal	Water tank for pack transport.
Percoms	Commandant, Persian L. of C.
P.S.	Paddle-steamer.
Possy	Spot personally selected for comfort or convenience, etc.
Pull-through	Apparatus for cleaning a rifle barrel.
Q.M.	Quarter Master.
R.A.F.	Royal Air Force.
Red Lamp, Railways, etc.	Low-grade cigarettes issued to Indian ranks.
Red Tab	Staff Officer.
Salam aleikum	Peace be with you (P.).
Sarraf	Money changer (A.).
S.A.A.	Small arm ammunition.
Shia Imams	Holy men of the Orthodox sect of Islam. There were twelve in all.
Shimal	A burning, dust-laden, desert wind.
S.B.	Signal Service prefix—Ordinary service message.
S.M.	Signal Service prefix—Ordinary message.
Surge	Fading of wireless signals, which is particularly trying in mountainous districts.
S. & T.	Supply and transport.
Tamam shud	Finished (P.).
Tufeng	Rifle (P.).
VIS	Sydney Radio.
VTA, VTB, etc.	Permanent wireless stations in the Persian Gulf.
VTC.	Basra wireless station.
Willy-willy	Whirlwind.
Wads	Small cakes.
Yakdan	Boxes for mule transport.
ZZZ	Station closing down; forced to dismantle.
80-pounder, 160-pounder, etc.	Small tents issued to the troops in winter-time

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GEOGRAPHICAL

A—Arabic. H—Hindustani
P—Persian. T—Turkish.

Ain	Spring (A.).
Ak	White.
Abad	Populous land, cutivated.
Ab	Water (P.).
Abu	Father of (A.).
Bab	Gate (A.).
Bulak	Spring.
Baqq	Gnat (A.).
Beled	Open plain, district (A.).
Bustan	Grove of palm trees (P.).
Bait	House (A.).
Chasma (chasmeh)	Spring (P.).
Chai	River (T.).
Chahar	Four (P.)
Garm	Hot (P.).
Hammam	Baths (A.).
Hind	India.
Iron Bridge	A bridge over a canal near Baghdad.
Iran	Persia (P.)
Jebel	Range of hills—usually barren (A.).
Jisr (S), Jisra (P).	Bridge (A.).
Istambul	Constantinople (T.).
Kalat	Fortress (A).
Khunuk (khanak)	Cold .
Kizil	Red (T.).
Khan	Caravanserai.
Kasr	Castle (A.).
Khaki	Earth coloured.
Khaneh	House (A.).
Pul	Bridge (P.).
Pai-tak	Mountain of the Arch.
Robat	Station for horses; camping-place.
Rayat	Peasantry (A.).
Rud	River (P.).
Sangar	A hard stone (P.), hence a small fort of stones.
Sar	Head, summit.
Sanniyat	Land included in the Sultan's personal estates.
Shargi	East (A.).
Sefid	White (P.).
Surkh	Red (P.).
Su	River, water (T.).
Tak-i-garreh	Valley of the Arch.
Tazli	Brackish water (T.).
Tappeh (Tepe)	Hill (T.).
Tel, tulul	Mound, hills (A.).
Vilayet	Turkish administrative district.

NOMINAL ROLLS

These rolls contain the names of all Australians and New Zealanders who served in Australian and New Zealand units (or in Dunsterforce) in the Middle East

An asterisk has been placed against the names of those whom war and peace have struck from our ranks.

FIRST HALF-FLIGHT

	Captain	Petre, H. A., D.S.O., M.C.
	Captain	White, T. W. D.F.C.
	Lieut.	Burn, W. W. A.*
	Lieut.	Menzies, K. R.
	Lieut.	Merz, G. P.*
	Lieut.	Treloar, W. H.
1	Sergt-Major	Shorland, A. E.
3	S.Q.M.S.	Garling, S. W.
14	Sergeant	Abdy, C. E.
8	Sergeant	Cowper, G. H.
2	Sergeant	Hudson, K. J., M.S.M.
9	Sergeant	Heath, C. V., D.C.M.
43	Sergeant	MacKinolty, G. J. W.
6	Sergeant	Wardell, C. E.
29	Farrier Sgt.	Murray, A.
28	Farrier Sgt.	Garling, A. B.
4	Farrier Sgt.	Neenan, J. F. P.
11	Flight Sergt.	Sloss, J. McK., M.S.M.
13	Corporal	Bisset, H. J.
17	Corporal	Clayton, S. G.
32	Corporal	Curtin, D. D.
46	Corporal	Dobney, W. E.
42	Corporal	Chapple, E. J.
34	Corporal	Gower, J.
20	Corporal	Lonsdale, R., M.M.
18	Corporal	Lord, H. F.
26	Corporal	Robinson, S. G.
51	Corporal	Stubbs, J.
41	L/Corporal	Lewis, O.
436	L/Corporal	Sutherland, C.
440	A/Corporal	Coles, A. A.
48	Sgt. Mechanic	Player, S.
52	Chief Mech.	Wheeler, W. F.
12	1st Air Mech.	Hudson, K. L.
31	1st Air Mech.	Niskanen, F.
19	1st Air Mech.	Peters, G.
50	1st Air Mech.	Solnick, A. I.
44	Air Mech.	Adams, F. L.*
45	Air Mechanic	Curran, D.*
23	Air Mechanic	Lord, W. H.*
47	Air Mechanic	Munro, J.*
49	Air Mechanic	Rayment, W. C.*
10	Air Mechanic	Soley, T.*
16	Air Mechanic	Williams, L. T.*
15	Air Mechanic	Yarrow, F. T.
439	Driver	Anlezark, J. A.
37	Private	Bass, R. J.
36	Driver	Bell, A. L.
35	Private	Brown, J.
40	Driver	Carvell, H.
438	Driver	Campbell, W. A.
442	Driver	Collins, W. G.
25	Private	Davis, S. W.
7	Private	Dixon, H. S.
24	Private	Eastlake, A. S.
30	Private	Edwards, H. J.
39	Driver	Fraser, K.
22	Driver	Jones, G. S.
33	Driver	Mundy, W. S.
441	Driver	Long, A. C.
21	Driver	Passmore, R.
437	Driver	Sutherland, C. S.
38	Private	Treweek, N. L.

THE PACK TROOP

	Major	White, Samuel James, O.B.E., M.C., M.I.D.
	Lieut.	Moore, Frederick Ernest, M.B.E.
	Lieut.	Smith, James Leabourne, D.F.C. (Flying Corps)
	Lieut.	White, Joseph, M.C.
7722	S.Q.M.S.	King, John George
7683	S.Q.M.S.	Sands, Stanley Milton
7666	S/Sergeant	Davison, Albert John
7702	Sergeant	Alexander, Harold Bryce
7675	Sergeant	Allen, Cecil Frederick*
7667	Sergeant	Durie, John, M.S.M., M.I.D.
7669	Sergeant	McPherson, Ewen
7681	Sergeant	Parish, Herbert Thomas
7713	Sergeant	Pell, Arthur Ernest
7725	Sergeant	Simpson, Victor William
7662	ER/Sergeant	Bedingfeld, Alfred Samuel F.
7703	ER/Sergeant	Burge, William Henry
7661	L/Sergeant	Adams, James Joseph
7731	L/Sergeant	Bourke, John Thomas, M.S.M., M.I.D.
7685	Corporal	Simpson, Arthur Roderick, D.C.M.
7672	Corporal	Smith, Jason Clarence
7678	Corporal	Donaldson, Andrew Forrester
7730	Corporal	Howey, William
7711	Corporal	McDonald, George Duncan, M.S.M., M.I.D.
7718	L/Corporal	Cameron, Peter Alexander
7710	L/Corporal	MacKay, Findlay Cook, M.M.
7671	L/Corporal	Sainsbury, Rupert Henry
7715	L/Corporal	Westerman, William John, 2 M.I.D.
7663	Sapper	Bishton, Edward Frederick
7716	Sapper	Bowen, William Exon*
7676	Driver	Boyle, Thomas Matthew
7717	Sapper	Bregmen, Theodore Montague
7665	Private	Cameron, Kenneth Ewen, M.I.D.
7704	Sapper	Carmichael, Geoffrey Francis
7705	Sapper	Carroll, James Bernard
7677	Driver	Coupland, Charles Ernest
7719	Driver	Ferris, Alexander
7706	Sapper	Fletcher, Andrew, M.I.D.
7707	Sapper	Hamilton, James Leslie*
7720	Driver	Holley, Albert Gordon*
7721	Driver	Huggins, Harry
7708	Fitter	Jackson, David
7668	Sapper	Luke, Oliver Edward
7712	Sapper	McDowell, Gordon Maxwell
7679	Driver	Martyn, Bert Clayton*
7680	Driver	Matthews, Claude Edward
7670	Driver	Pannifex, Otto Trampler
7682	Driver	Parrey, William James
7723	Driver	Regan, Walter Benjamin
7724	Driver	Shelley, Albert Edward
7714	Sapper	Rodgers, James Arnold
7684	Driver	Scroggy, John Charles
7726	Driver	Sperber, Albert Max
7727	Driver	Spragg, Walter Robert
7686	Driver	Watkins, David Oliver
7674	Sapper	Watson, Thomas McPherson, M.I.D.

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S.H.Q. & "A" TROOP

	Major	Marr, Charles William C., D.S.O., M.C., 2M.I.D.
	Major	Sutherland, Alexander Robert
	Lieut.	Randall, Harold Victor (Palestine)
14252	Lieut.	Wilken, James Henry, M.S.M. (Palestine)
14325	S.S.M.	Head, Fawcett Dinsdale
14251	S.S.M.	Newman, Albert*
14253	S.S.M.	O'Dea, Francis Patrick
14350	S/Sergeant	Silby, Arthur Clive, M.I.D.
14321	S/Sergeant	Thomas, Ernest Arthur
14322	S/Sergeant	Thompson, George Laidlow
14280	Sergeant	Blaxland, Farynka, M.M.
14259	Sergeant	Callaghan, Andrew Theodore, M.S.M.
14351	Sergeant	Cox, Lewis Adrian
14323	Sergeant	Heath, Clarence Austin
14342	Sergeant	Holst, Arnold, M.I.D.
14261	Sergeant	Hurst, Frederick William, M.S.M.
14336	Sergeant	Johnston, Allen Percival, D.C.M.
14328	Sergeant	Longton, William Hector Joseph, M.S.M., M.I.D.
14257	Sergeant	Ryan, Sylvester John, D.C.M.
14327	Sergeant	Skittrall, Charles Henry Horace
14326	Sergeant	Thomas, Sydney William S.
14276	Far/Sergeant	Bodinnar, Stephen Charles
14324	Far/Sergeant	Elston, James Robert
14279	L/Sergeant	Gore, St. George Arthur
14414	Corporal	Forsyth, Percy Samuel
14255	Corporal	Fitzgerald, Horace
14348	Corporal	Nodin, Maurice Antony
14281	2/Corporal	Hawkins, Horace Lindly
14330	2/Corporal	Percy, Clifton Robert
14339	L/Corporal	Bearup, Arthur Joseph
14286	L/Corporal	Elias, Leonard Charles*
14260	ER/2/Corp.	Scott, Roy Francis Kenny
14256	L/Corporal	Harvey, Everard Roy
14353	L/Corporal	Keogh, Basil Hewlett
14413	L/Corporal	Ray, Clifford Lawlor
14335	L/Corporal	Watts, George Royston Allan
14347	L/Corporal	Wilkinson, Vernon
14345	1/A.M.	Joel, Archibald John
14274	2/A.M.	Lofthouse, Thomas Arthur'
14266	Sapper	Armstrong, Herbert
14267	Sapper	Bedingfeld, Richard Henry Norman
14283	Driver	Comerford, Edward Kealy
14360	Sapper	Chugg, Ronald Christopher
14265	Sapper	Clark, Roy McMillan
14334	Sapper	Crellin, Ramsay Radcliffe
14273	Sapper	Dillon, Charles
14262	Sapper	Fitzhenry, Arthur Sydney*
14289	Sapper	Goldsmith, Henry George
14254	Sapper	Grigg, Edward Clifford
14277	Driver	Henderson, John Gordon
14358	Driver	Jerrams, Leslie Saunders
14282	Driver	Jones, Charles
14392	Driver	Jury, Albert Victor
14352	Driver	Kennedy, Ronald Harwood
14284	Driver	Larden, Sydney Norman
14344	Sapper	Levy, Reginald Michael
14268	Sapper	McCance, Oliver Linden Roy
14290	Sapper	Martin, Leonard George
14264	Sapper	Mathews, Christopher John
14278	Driver	Maycock, Jack*
14271	Sapper	Mayger, Alan MacDonald
14337	Sapper	Messenger, Percival Albert
14329	Driver	McAuliffe, John Patrick Thomas
14272	Private	Metcalfe, Arthur
14263	Sapper	Miller, John Angus
14285	Driver	Morrison, George
14270	Sapper	Mullins, Joseph Allan, M.I.D.
14331	Driver	Newton, Cecil Edward Sale
14275	Driver	Nolan, Ellis
14343	Driver	O'Brien, John Martin
14391	Sapper	O'Meara, Patrick James
14394	Driver	Pritchard, Edward
14355	Driver	Pye, John
14354	Driver	Reisz, William Lawton
14359	Sapper	Richardson, Charles Herbert
14349	Driver	Ritchie, Harold Colwell
14411	Driver	Rutledge, William John
14338	Sapper	Shaw, William Henry, M.S.M., M.I.D.
14357	Driver	Shields, Lionel Edgar Arthur
14346	Driver	Skinner, Victor William John
14269	Sapper	Stanger, Ritchie Isbister
14258	Sapper	Smith, Stanley
14333	Sapper	Smith, Robert Percy
14287	Driver	Targett, Thomas Henry
14340	Sapper	Trezise, Lionel Knox
14288	Driver	Watson, Harry
14356	Driver	West, James William
14412	Sapper	Widdicombe, Leslie Willis
14332	Sapper	Willis, James Harold
14341	Sapper	Winter, Edward

SQUADRON REINFORCEMENTS

SECOND REINFORCEMENTS

	Captain	Clark, Robert
14432	Sergeant	Canavan, Herbert Victor
14463	Sergeant	Kirchubel, Cecil Milton
14465	2/Corporal	O'Donnell, Irwin Aubrey
14441	L/Corporal	Doyle, Edward James
14440	Driver	Byrnes, John Cecil
14439	Driver	Halliday, Francis Robert
14462	Driver	King, Joseph Freebury
14464	Driver	Kugelmann, Vernon
14460	Driver	Ryan, Terence
14434	Sapper	Clements, Bruce
14433	Sapper	Cody, Herbert Bede
14456	Sapper	Currie, Richard
14457	Sapper	Epsie, Harold
14458	Sapper	Gillow, George
14436	Sapper	Gilsenan, Earle Rupert
14459	Sapper	Loftus, William James
14438	Sapper	Porter, George James
14431	Sapper	Shanahan, Reginald Regis
14435	Sapper	Simpson, Alexander Thomas
14461	Sapper	Swindells, Willie

THIRD REINFORCEMENTS

14485	Sergeant	Callum, Peter
14519	Sergeant	McKenzie, Percival Stuart
14481	L/Corporal	Fowler, Darrell Elwyn Hodgson*
14484	L/Corporal	Stuart, Jackson
14481a	Driver	Bridges, Cyprian Arthur George
14491	Driver	Barton, Edward Maurice Darvale
14490	Driver	Davidson, William John Fraser
14489	Driver	Graham, Fred
14514	Driver	Hay, Frederick William Herbert
14515	Driver	Jackson, John
14516	Driver	Keogh, Eustace Graham
14517	Driver	Lander, Austin Herbert
14518	Driver	Millen, Dennis Ramsay
14485	Driver	Ullett, Harold Gordon
14493	Driver	Wilson, Allen John
14494	Driver	Wilson, Gordon McLeod
14506	Sapper	Barratt, Stanley Roy
14507	Sapper	Budds, Ernest Lewis
14508	Sapper	Cameron, Alfred Robert
14509	Sapper	Cameron, George Alexander
14495	Sapper	Davoren, Patrick Joseph
14488	Sapper	Drachuk, Paul
14510	Sapper	Harvey, James Mervyn
14483	Sapper	Laverty, Charles
14482	Sapper	McDonald, Clarence Roderick
14492	Sapper	Mansfield, George Eph
14511	Sapper	Marshall, Reginald Percy
14486	Sapper	Phillips, Stanley Alexander
14512	Sapper	Rolfe, George Arthur
14513	Sapper	Verney, Arthur George

FOURTH REINFORCEMENTS

	Captain	Hillary, Michael James, O.B.E., D.S.O.
15983	S.Q.M.S.	Evans, George Henry
16028	S/Smith	Caldecutt, Edwin
16022	T/Sergeant	Chappel, Geoffrey Joseph Justin
15991	L/Sergeant	Locke, Thomas Clyde
16012	Corporal	Bannister, Thomas William Charles
16011	Corporal	Bell, Thomas Henry
16023	Corporal	Jones, Henry Herbert
15987	ER/Cpl.	Hyde, Clifton Edward Fielder
15984	L/Cpl.	Forsyth, Robert
16026	L/Corporal	McDonell, Norman Thomas
15996	L/Corporal	Simes, Benjamin Joseph
16030	L/Corporal	Whitelaw, John Edward
16029	L/Corporal	Wall, James Edward
16003	Driver	Armstrong, Harold
15981	Driver	Borland, Alexander
16020	Sapper	Burchall, Angus William Wesley
15982	Sapper	Brown, Stafford Brighton
16031	Sapper	Bunston, Roy Walter
16013	Driver	Chapman, David John Blakemore
16001	Driver	Callingham, Gordon
16021	Sapper	Clark, Leslie Henry Charles
16019	Driver	Denham, John Henry
16014	Driver	Fitzgerald, Jim
15985	Sapper	Garland, David James
15998	Driver	Gailey, Arthur Edward
16015	Driver	Giles, John
16000	Driver	Gordon, Arthur Leslie
15988	Sapper	Harriss, Frederick
15986	Sapper	Hayes, Alfred William
15997	Driver	McCarthy, Fitzroy
15989	Sapper	McCusker, James Hughes
15990	Sapper	Milson, Robert James
16024	Sapper	Mitchell, Albert Henry
16025	Sapper	Moriarty, Edward Victor
16016	Driver	Nicholas, Lewis David
16017	Driver	Orr, Ernest Ralph
16027	Sapper	Parker, Gilbert Alexander
15999	Driver	Parson, Aubrey Reginald
16018	Driver	Thomson, John Frank
16002	Driver	Walter, Harold Bertram
16004	Driver	Watson, Beresford McEwan
16005	Driver	Webb, Ernest

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FIFTH REINFORCEMENTS

16051	S/Sergeant	McCarthy, Daniel
16052	S/Sergeant	Winterbotham, Clifford William
16054	2/Corporal	Gray, William John
16056	2/Corporal	McMinn, Charles Ernest
16053	L/Corporal	Brown, Charles William
16055	L/Cpl.	McDougall, John Thomas
16046	S/Smith	McKendry, John William
16041	Sapper	Bree, William Laurence
16042	Driver	Flower, Maxwell Addison
16043	Driver	Gall, Arthur Orlando
16044	Driver	Mullens, Leslie Joseph
16057	Driver	Pattle, Leslie John Donald
16045	Driver	Young, George

SIXTH REINFORCEMENTS

16449	Driver	Bates, Kendall Eric Hilton McL.
16445	Sapper	Dixon, Charles Frederick M.
16455	Driver	Eaton, Jack
16447	Sapper	Elliott, Thomas Digby
16451	Sapper	Farey, Edward Downton
16452	Sapper	Gibson, Edward Claude
16442	Sapper	Halden, John Charles
16441	Sapper	Holmes, George Thomas
16453	Sapper	Isaacs, Henry Shepherd
16446	Driver	Kerin, James
16443	Sapper	Lennox, Alexander
16450	Fitter	Moss, Wilfred Arthur
16454	Sapper	Salter, George Henry
16448	Driver	Smith, James Richard
16444	Driver	Woods, Cecil Noel

SEVENTH REINFORCEMENTS

	Captain	Bagot, Edward Daniel Alexander
17126	A/Sergeant	Page, Francis Robert
17131	Sapper	Alexander, George Robert William
17115	Sapper	Berry, Walter Thomas
17113	Driver	Benham, Mervyn Roy
17101	Driver	Brier, John Henry
17114	Driver	Bryant, George Richmond
17116	Sapper	Courtney, Lawrence Marquess*
17102	Driver	Clarke, John Robert
17103	Driver	Cochran, Arthur Lachlan
17117	Sapper	Davis, Stewart Evans
17104	Driver	Dhu, William Archibald
17118	Driver	Farquharson, Edgar Richard
17119	Sapper	Flanagan, Owen Paschal J.
17133	Sapper	Gardiner, George Robert
17105	Driver	Gossip, Harold Douglas
17106	Driver	Goy, Christopher Thomas Frow
17107	Driver	Hodgkinson, Robert James
17108	L/Cpl.	Lowther, William Burton
17109	Driver	Lytton, Henry Edward

CAVALRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL SQUADRON

	Captain	Payne, William Henry
	Lieut.	Gill, Lynnwood Lawrence, M.I.D.
	Lieut.	Houston, Robert, M.I.D.
1236	S.S.M.	Ormsby, Maurice Rex Irwin
206	T/S.S.M.	Hagen, James Suggett, M.I.D.
17518	T/C.Q.M.S.	Cordingly, Charles Harold
17506	Sergeant	Switzer, John Henry
17523	S/Smith	Ticehurst, Alton Leslie
1003	Sergeant	Hackney, James Charles
17516	L/Sergeant	Cornish-Trestrail, Arthur George
17520	ER/Sergeant	McKellar, Donald John Alexander
17507	Corporal	Cocks, Edmund Clarence*
17508	Corporal	Colyer, Rupert Alexander M.
17509	Corporal	Crispe, Herbert Leslie
17532	Corporal	Green, Albert Ernest
17511	Corporal	Jenkins, Claude Benjamin
17512	Corporal	King, Russell Chester Campbell
17513	Corporal	Makepeace, Paul
17552	Corporal	Penriegh, James Alexander
17514	Corporal	Roberts, Francis
17515	Corporal	Roberts, George Henry
17517	Corporal	Wilkinson, George Isaac
17525	2/Corporal	Hallam, Reginald Basil
17521	T/2/Corporal	Scott, Percy Fitzgerald
19224	Sapper	Campbell, Robert Herbert
17527	Sapper	Cowell, George William
17528	Sapper	Creasey, Douglas Harold
17529	Sapper	Gardiner, Robert Alexander
17530	Sapper	Gillett, Ronald Oswold R. J.
17535	Sapper	Landgren, Robert Clarence
17536	Sapper	Lund, Arthur Gerald
17537	Sapper	Marquis, John Harold
17538	Sapper	Marsden, John Albert
17551	Sapper	Osborn, Walter Harold
17544	Sapper	McKay, Archibald Edward
17539	Sapper	Parkes, Murray
17540	Sapper	Payne, Curtis Robert
17541	Sapper	Portbury, Ernest Albert
17526	Driver	Astill, Harry*
17531	Driver	Gissing, Reginald Claude
17533	Driver	Harris, Cedric Vernon
17519	Driver	Monk, Oswald George
17546	Driver	Sinclair, William George Gladstone
17543	Driver	Stevens, Harold
17522	Driver	Tarrant, Charles Roy
17524	Driver	Williams, Evan James
17121	Sapper	McGiffin, Charles Clark
17123	Driver	McKenny, James Alan
17124	Sapper	Nelson, Louis Victor Augustus
17125	Driver	Prentice, Edgar Owen
17132	Sapper	Roberts, Rupert
17110	Driver	Renneberg, Daniel
17127	Sapper	Small, William Thomas
17128	Sapper	Stanley, George Aubrey
17134	Sapper	Smith, Wilfred Roland
17130	Sapper	Wallace, Robert Ray
17111	Driver	Warriner, William Young

EIGHT REINFORCEMENTS

17166	Sapper	Bradbury, Francis
17175	Sapper	Brown, Walter Lawrence
17167	Sapper	Chalmers, Peter
17176	Driver	Chapman, William Alexander
17177	Driver	Dick, William Valentine
17168	Sapper	Dollery, Victor Thomas
17170	Sapper	Johnston, Wilfred Alexander
17171	Sapper	King, George Henry
17172	Sapper	King, David Matthew
17179	Driver	Magin, Harold Joseph Cyril
17173	Sapper	Moore, Robert Frederick
17174	Sapper	O'Donohue, James Joseph
17182	Driver	Pike, Frederick George*
17180	Driver	Price, George
17181	Driver	Reilly, Norman Noble
17183	Driver	Wild, Patrick Joseph Thomas

NINTH REINFORCEMENTS

21035	Driver	Barker, Frederick Andrew John
21016	Driver	Browne, William Barry
21017	Driver	Cheeseman, Edward George
21019	Driver	Clancy, Edward
21018	Driver	Cogan, John Livingstone
21020	Driver	Keable, Norman Charles
21021	Driver	McPherson, Robert
21022	Driver	Peterson, Bernard Magnus
21023	Driver	Quinn, Walter Alexander
21024	Driver	Reynolds, Arthur John
21025	Driver	Russell, Henry John
21026	Driver	Smart, Cecil John

TENTH REINFORCEMENTS

21232	Sapper	Bjorn, Harold Martin
21233	Driver	Curtin, Cornelius Francis
21238	Sapper	Duff, Benjamin Eric
21239	Driver	Milne, Donald McCombie
21235	Sapper	Pead, Alfred Hains
21236	Driver	Tulloh, Reginald Harold Edwin
21237	Driver	Vick, Lawrence Joseph

FIRST REINFORCEMENTS

17561	Corporal	Ashford, Edward McKellow
17564	Driver	Ferguson, Ralph Ivo
17562	Sapper	Gilliard, Roy
17563	Sapper	Tanner, Charles

SECOND REINFORCEMENTS

20167	Sapper	Bruce, Keith Herbert
20156	Driver	Calder, Robert Malcolm
20164	Sapper	Clatworthy, Clifford
20162	Sapper	Davis, Jim
20170	Sapper	Durkin, Herbert Angelo
20153	Sapper	Evans, Frank Henry*
20171	Sapper	Hopkin, Daniel
20155	Driver	Hyde, Raymond George Reginald
20160	Sapper	Hyde, Leslie Samuel
20159	Sapper	McLean, John Calvin
20166	Sapper	Murray, Edward Stanley
20152	Driver	Neilson, Cyril Owen
20163	Sapper	Passmore, Geoffrey Richard
20158	Driver	Rodwell, Robert Robinson
20154	Driver	Scott-Smith, Herbert
20172	S/Smith	Samson, Sydney Lindsay
20169	Sapper	Sligo, Norman Kenneth
20168	Sapper	Smith, Sydney
20165	Sapper	Taylor, George Albert
20157	Sapper	Warfield, George
20161	Sapper	Whitehead, Percy Edgar

THIRD REINFORCEMENTS

	Lieut.	Bernie, George Tennyson
	Lieut.	Laxton, Robert Lester
21271	Sapper	Coughlan, Percy Lloyd
21273	Sapper	Jones, Albert John
21272	Driver	Hoelscher, Jeffrey
21274	Sapper	Kelly, Stanley James
21275	Sapper	Mooney, Harold William
21276	Sapper	Rowlands, Douglas Kirkpatrick

SPECIAL REINFORCEMENT

	Major	Goold, Richard Harry, 3 M.I.D.

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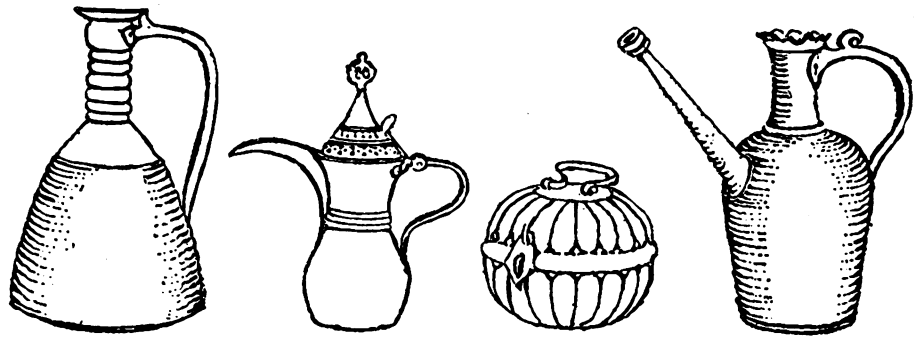

Baghdad Copperware.

"D" TROOP

	Captain	Sandars, Cyril Lindsay
	Lieut.	Goodman, Cyril William, M.I.D.
20542	S/Sergeant	Barnett, Frederick Stanley
20541	S/Sergeant	Hull, William Howard
20151	S/Sgt.	Ireland, Alexander Charles
20547	T/S/Sergt.	Benson, Eric Atherton, M.S.M.
20548	T/S/Sergt.	Blakey, John Edward
20543	Sergeant	Orford, Leslie Walter
20544	Sergeant	Sawyer, Arthur John
20552	T/Sergeant	Braniff, James
20584	T/Sergeant	Meagher, Nicholas Joseph, M.S.M.
20545	T/Sergeant	Osborn, Frederick
20597	T/Sergeant	Rodd, Alfred Thomas, D.C.M., M.I.D.
20456	Corporal	Cusack, Sidney Claude
20576	T/2/Corporal	Hall, Cecil Reilly
20607	T/2/Corporal	Wallace, Bruce Davies, M.S.M.
20581	L/Corporal	Lovett, Percy
20585	L/Corporal	Milne, James Edgar
20601	L/Corporal	Smith, Richard
20549	MT/Driver	Barnes, Thomas Edward
20553	MT/Driver	Blatch, Arthur Ernest
20559	MT/Driver	Cooper, Charles Frederick*
20569	MT/Driver	Fordham, Cecil Alfred
20571	MT/Driver	Gale, George Henry H.
20580	MT/Driver	L'Green, Athol Victor
20588	MT/Driver	Muir, Alexander Kethel
20550	Sapper	Bantick, Lyell Dennis
20551	Sapper	Bennett, Reginald Jack
20554	Sapper	Bradley, William Thomas
20555	Sapper	Burke, Eric Keast
20556	Sapper	Clayton, Kenneth Hardie
20560	Sapper	Connor, John Reginald
20640	Sapper	Corkill, Louis Daniel
20557	Sapper	Constant, Victor Camden
20561	Sapper	Dale, Herbert Alexander
20562	Sapper	Davison, Allan Edwin
20563	Sapper	Denny, Laughton
20564	Sapper	Dowling, Francis Maurice
20565	Sapper	Dredge, John Kenrick
20566	Sapper	Ellis, Reginald George
20568	Sapper	Ferguson, Jeremiah Molloy
20567	Sapper	Fitzpatrick, Percy
20570	Sapper	Gallard, Edward Charles
20572	Sapper	Galley, William Hubert
20573	Sapper	Gluyas, Alfred William*
20574	Sapper	Graefe, Gustave Alwyn
20575	Sapper	Harman, Eric Charles
20577	Sapper	Hodgson, John
20578	Sapper	Jackson, Arthur Henry Francis
20609	Driver	Kelly, James Cyril
20579	Sapper	Knuckey, Dick Denzil Randall, M.S.M., M.I.D.
20582	Sapper	Mardon, George Edward
20583	Sapper	Mead, Albert Ernest
20589	Sapper	McGrouther, John Lambert
20587	Sapper	Mulholland, Thomas Edward
20591	Sapper	Neal, Herbert
20592	Sapper	Neville, Austin Rutherford
20593	Sapper	Osborne, John Wesley
20594	Sapper	Pethybridge, John Thomas
20595	Sapper	Pugh, David
20596	Sapper	Rhead, Francis Gerald
20611	Sapper	Sandilands, John Thomas
20598	Sapper	Selwood, Charles
20599	Sapper	Sharp, Archibald George
20600	Sapper	Skerritt, Alan Bayley
20602	Sapper	Stafford, Sidney Francis
20603	Sapper	Stiff, Donald Percival Pollard
20604	Sapper	Sullivan, Vincent Macleay
20605	Sapper	Sutton, Robert Bertram
20606	Sapper	Wadley, Claude Goodwin
20608	Sapper	Wilkinson, Louis Clive
20610	Sapper	Worthington, Leonard Thomas

FIRST REINFORCEMENTS (Sailed with unit)

20641	MT/Driver	Cummins, Leo James
20645	MT/Driver	Revill, Thomas George
20646	MT/Driver	Webb, Stanley Archer
20642	Sapper	Fisher, Albert Lester
20643	Sapper	Gaines, Frederick Cartwright
20644	Sapper	O'Shea, Thomas Patrick
20647	Sapper	White, Ernest Edgar

11th & 12th REINFORCEMENTS

23039	A/L/Cpl.	Nelson, William Barton
23090	T/MT/Dvr.	Hense, Norman Charles
23081	T/MT/Dvr.	Jackson, Harold James
23076	Sapper	Allen, Stanley Victor
23089	Sapper	Barbour, George
23023	Sapper	Bright, George Arthur
23077	Sapper	Bingham, Cyril Ernest
23022	Sapper	Boustead, Leslie Charles
23021	Sapper	Barrett, Arthur Reginald
23084	Sapper	Chapman, William Keith
23026	Sapper	Carney, George
23025	Sapper	Campion, Cyril Thomas
23027	Sapper	Craig, Alfred Nicholas
23024	Sapper	Cummins, Alfred Kenneth
23028	Sapper	Davidson, Harry Alexander
23085	Sapper	Downey, Kevin Wilson
23029	Sapper	Hinwood, Norman John
23088	Sapper	Johnston, James
23030	Sapper	Knight, John Herbert
23031	Sapper	Lochrin, Alexander Walter
23083	Sapper	Leslie, Norman Fitzmaurice
23035	Sapper	Morrish, Alexander Joseph
23033	Sapper	Murray, James Ernest
23034	Sapper	Murdoch, Hector Brinson
23080	Sapper	Moore, Allan Roy
23086	Sapper	Millar, Charles Norman
23032	Sapper	Minchin, Alfred Hugh
23036	Sapper	McIntosh, Hector George
23037	Sapper	McLachlan, John Norbert
23038	Sapper	McMahon, John Joseph
23040	Sapper	Nash, Thomas James
23041	Sapper	O'Daniel, Leonard Coumbe
23079	Sapper	O'Connor, John Glendon
23082	Sapper	Smith, Arthur William Gordon
23042	Sapper	Raymond, Henry Francis
23078	Sapper	Robertson, Liston John
23043	Sapper	Smith, Aubrey Erskine
23045	Sapper	Scarfe, Arthur Parsonage
21027	Driver	Snudden, Percy Stewart
23044	Sapper	Summers, Alexander Forrest
23046	Sapper	Tipping, Frank
23047	Sapper	Tibbett, John George
23087	Sapper	Valentine, Henry Augustus
23048	Sapper	Vindin, Dawson Sydney*
23050	Sapper	Walsh, William Stanley
23051	Sapper	Willshire, Edward Walter

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N.Z. PACK TROOP

(and Reinforcements)

	Captain.	Melville, Jeremiah William
	Lieut.	Clarke, William Robinson Henry*
	Lieut	McKeown, William Joseph Aloysius
	Sgt.-Major	Tegner, Augustus Alfred Becher*
4/2192	Staff Sergt.	Mantell, Frederick Martin
18419	Sergeant	Anderson, Joseph
	Sergeant	Croucher, Richard*
4/2178	Sergeant	Hall, Samuel
18458	Sergeant	Lind, Charles
4/1880	Sergeant	Marshall, Alfred Lovering, M.I.D.
	Sergeant	Olsen, William Redgard*
43370	Sergeant	Robertson, William Bambridge
4/2208	Sergeant	Robinson, Frederick Charles
1/726	Lance Sgt.	McNeish, Arthur William
4/2176	Lance Sgt.	Hadfield, Joseph
4/2189	Corp.	Kellegher, Frederick
4/2049	Corp.	Antwis, Augustus
4/2180	Corp.	Hayman, Arthur Henry
4/2193	Corp.	Marsh, William
4/2163	Lance Corp.	Atkinson, Carlyle
4/2209	2nd Corp.	Soper, Vivian Roy
17009	Lance Corp.	Browne, Charles Warden
4/2188	Lance Corp.	Keegan, Henry Stewart
18427	Lance Corp.	Naylor, Horace Garfield
4/2217	Lance Corp.	O'Hagan, Michael
	Lance Corp.	Pearse, William*
36206	Lance Corp.	Venn, William Henry, M.I.D.
45459	Sapper	Anderson, Talbert Gordon
25053	Sapper	Armour, Frederick Donald
36195	Sapper	Amos, Albert James William
4/2164	Sapper	Bagshaw, Charles
4/2165	Sapper	Barnes, Walter Ernest
35525	Sapper	Barr, Charles William Mayo
31162	Sapper	Beale, Harold
36263	Sapper	Bell, Alexander Linfield
36264	Sapper	Bell, Cervantes Jason
45973	Sapper	Bierre, Harold Sigurd
4/2260	Sapper	Bines, Frederick William
28302	Sapper	Binley, William Henry
37906	Sapper	Birch, Leslie Ernest
43367	Sapper	Black, Duncan
36265	Sapper	Blandford, Morgan Dove
4/2166	Sapper	Boyne, Norman
35518	Sapper	Brosnan, John Patrick
35577	Sapper	Brown, Henry John
4/2167	Sapper	Browne, John Alexander
	Sapper	Bruce, William Charles*
	Sapper	Burke, Harold Herbert*
35519	Sapper	Buchanan, Robert Thomas
4/2168	Sapper	Burns, Alexander
25057	Sapper	Burns, Joseph Downes
58287	Sapper	Cahill, Michael Patrick
35527	Sapper	Card, Arthur Blaymires
4/2061	Sapper	Carrad, Charles Samuel
4/2169	Sapper	Clark, Thomas Welsh
58321	Sapper	Clow, John
35915	Sapper	Colclough, Ernest
58311	Sapper	Cook, Richard Daniel
4/2171	Sapper	Corder, Cyril Ashton
42834	Sapper	Corr, John
43368	Sapper	Coutts, John Lewis
4/2172	Sapper	Creagh, Arthur Githkin
36266	Sapper	Crombie, William Herbert
4/2173	Sapper	Crowhen, Henry
28442	Sapper	Cryer, William John
43366	Sapper	Cumming, James Watson
43369	Sapper	Currie, William James Douglas
35524	Sapper	Davies, Harold William Samuel
36214	Sapper	de Berry, Charles Frederick Francis
61565	Sapper	Dixon, Claude Albert Paul
4/2174	Sapper	Doherty, James Anthony
25486	Sapper	Donaldson, Peter Woodnorth
4/2175	Sapper	Drummond, David Archibald Victor Clive
58313	Sapper	Duncan, Ernest Alexander
36197	Sapper	Dunne, Albert Thomas
35941	Sapper	Easthorpe, Edwin Richard
4/2182	Sapper	Erwin, Charles
38882	Sapper	Fahey, Charles Richard
25064	Sapper	Farrell, George Patrick
37088	Sapper	Ferguson, James Anderson
36079	Sapper	Fitzwater, Charles Edward
18454	Sapper	Frazer, Donald
18452	Sapper	Gardiner, Arthur Herbert
18455	Sapper	Gibbs, George Henry
25070	Sapper	Goodwin, John Archibald
48875	Sapper	Goulding, Charles James
4/1927	Sapper	Green, Isaac Sylvester
36267	Sapper	Grinlinton, Vesey Gore
31046	Sapper	Hall, William Henry
65662	Sapper	Hall, Thomas Joseph
4/2179	Sapper	Hampton, James Henry
4/2088	Sapper	Head, Gilbert Charles
25073	Sapper	Hill, John Cowie
36196	Sapper	Hitt, Frederick
18418	Sapper	Holden, Charles Thomas
18451	Sapper	Holmes, Joseph
44479	Sapper	Hooker, William Edward
4/2181	Sapper	Hume, Walter
36268	Sapper	Hutchinson, Thomas Maitland
4/2183	Sapper	Jenks, Percy William
50446	Sapper	Jones, James
4/2187	Sapper	Keele, Theodore Maddison
35942	Sapper	Kelly, Herbert Quirk
4/2184	Sapper	Kiddey, Percy Thomas
27649	Sapper	Kilgour, Dennis William
38892	Sapper	Kirkwood, Alfred Robert
4/2185	Sapper	Kite, George Walter
4/2186	Sapper	Kitts, Peter
35526	Sapper	Lawn, Victor Charles
4/2190	Sapper	Lawson, Albert Edward
58305	Sapper	Lee, Herbert
27917	Sapper	Lippitt, Charles Francis
52232	Sapper	Little, William Stroudley
42218	Sapper	Loveridge, Leonard Cecil Best
31783	Sapper	Lynch, John Hayman
4/2196	Sapper	Maddock, James
36269	Sapper	Mansell, James Harvey
4/2194	Sapper	Marshall, William
25083	Sapper	Mason, William Henry
18461	Sapper	Mathews, Samuel Cauldwell
4/2195	Sapper	Mathiesen, Sydney Edward Charles
18425	Sapper	Michelle, John Harvey
4/1957	Sapper	Middleton, Frederick Charles
30043	Sapper	Miller, James Alexander Montgomery
18420	Sapper	Minogue, William James
35943	Sapper	Morgan, Grosvenor Andrew
36270	Sapper	McClare, Francis Joseph
4/2191	Sapper	Macdonald, Thomas Alexander
4/2198	Sapper	McFarlane, Francis Ledingham
4/2199	Sapper	McKenzie, William
4/2020A	Sapper	McMaster, Thomas Williamson
	Sapper	McMillan, Llewellyn John*
4/2202	Sapper	McNatty, Charles Burton
38735	Sapper	Nicholls, Harry
37932	Sapper	Norris, Walter James
	Sapper	Olsen, Albert*
18460	Sapper	Owens, William Thomas Hugh
42204	Sapper	Park, Herbert John
27950	Sapper	Parker, James Frederick
25089	Sapper	Paton, Thomas
	Sapper	Partridge, Harry Arthur*
50447	Sapper	Purcell, William Kirwen
4/2206	Sapper	Quayle, Thomas James
38217	Sapper	Rayner, Walter Herbert
4/2207	Sapper	Robins, George Henry
25091	Sapper	Ross, David William
45741	Sapper	Rowe, Lewis Oscar
28213	Sapper	Ruane, Thomas
36275	Sapper	Scott, Henry George
36271	Sapper	Shepherd, George
17025	Sapper	Skellern, Harold
36078	Sapper	Skinner, Thomas
4/2210	Sapper	Smith, Henry Cobden
	Sapper	Smith, Peter Irvine*
	Sapper	Stubbs, Charles Frederick*
35944	Sapper	Stevens, Charles Frederick
20258	Sapper	Stevens, Ernest Parton
28818	Sapper	Sutherland, Hector Norman
18426	Sapper	Sweeney, Edward
4/2212	Sapper	Taylor, Arthur Bertram
18457	Sapper	Taylor, George Robert
35528	Sapper	Tinney, John Guy
	Sapper	Toy, John Carlyon*
58319	Sapper	Treanor, James Denis
30044	Sapper	Utting, Leonard Charles
36272	Sapper	Voyce, George Henry
4/2213	Sapper	Walker, William Herbert
18459	Sapper	Walshe, James Denis
4/2214	Sapper	Ward, Eric Wingate
26950	Sapper	Wells, Francis Raymond Arthur
50448	Sapper	White, Duncan Norman
37089	Sapper	White, Stanley Ward
4/2215	Sapper	White, William John
31195	Sapper	Wicks, Alfred
36192	Sapper	Witham, John Percival
35576	Sapper	Woods, Leonard Arthur Allen
50449	Sapper	Wright, Ernest Reginald
70050	Farrier	Hopkinson, Harold Percy
70063	Farrier	Rutherford, James McJarrow

Button from the tunic of a Russian soldier.

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AUSTRALIANS OF DUNSTERFORCE

	Major	Suttor, H. B.
	Captain	Judge, C. G. K., M.C.
	Captain	Latchford, E. W., M.C.
	Captain	McVilly, C. L., M.C.
	Captain	Mills, C. F., M.C.
	Captain	Savige, S. G., D.S.O., M.C.
	Captain	Stewart, R. J., M.C.
	Lieut.	Cameron, E. C. B.
	Lieut.	Fraser, W. A., D.S.O.
	Lieut.	Hitchcock, A. P., D.C.M.
	Lieut.	Hooper, R. H., M.C.
	Lieut.	Lord, F. W., M.C.
	Lieut.	McIvor, W. F.
	Lieut.	O'Brien, J. M.
	Lieut.	Seary, E. N.
	Lieut.	Scott-Olsen, E. G.
	Lieut.	Sorrell, J. H. A.
	Lieut.	Stackleberg, F. W.
	Lieut.	Turner, O. W.
	Lieut.	Withers, R. B.
	Lieut.	Williams, F. E.
	2/Lieut.	Lay, P., M.C., D.C.M., M.M.
2674	C.S.M.	Parker, G.
3092	C.S.M.	McKane, J.
5292	Sergeant	Arthur, G., M.M.
1068	Sergeant	Ashmore, L. W., D.C.M.
1026	Sergeant	Barnett, J.
2566	Sergeant	Battese, V.
	Sergeant	Bell, P. R.
799	Sergeant	Bullen, A. L.
834	Sergeant	Carnegie, R. M., M.M.
45	Sergeant	Carson, W. E.
1180	Sergeant	Davis, D.C.M., M.M.*
2051	Sergeant	Deery, J.
294	Sergeant	Doherty, C.
298	Sergeant	Kerr, L. A.
319	Sergeant	Lehman, C. P.
2914	Sergeant	McGorm, A.
36	Sergeant	Miller, W.
1764	Sergeant	Murphy, B. F., D.C.M.
1427	Sergeant	Olsen, C.
5185	Sergeant	Schultz, W., M.M.
2146	Sergeant	Smith, H. J.
661	Sergeant	Tait, T.
417	Sergeant	Wallace, C. T.
4350	Sergeant	Whalley, C.

NEW ZEALANDERS OF DUNSTERFORCE

	Major	Starnes, Fred, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.I.D.
	Captain	Bathgate, Charles McLelland
	Captain	Hay, Arthur Cyril Purves
	Captain	Kingscote, Geoffrey Ernest Fitzhardinge, M.I.D.
	Captain	Nicol, Robert Kenneth, M.C.*
	Captain	Rutherford, Thomas Wyrille Leonard, M.C.*
	Captain	Scoular, Spencer Gray, M.I.D. (2).
	Captain	Seaward, Cyril Frederick, M.C.
	Captain	Seddon, Samuel Thomas, M.C.
	Captain	Tracy, William Francis, M.C., M.I.D.
	Captain	Wells, Edwin Royden, M.C.
10748	Sergeant	Agnew, George
11/971	Sergeant	Barrell, Raymond Mark
12/303	Sergeant	Blyth, Andrew Jackson*
12/3949	Sergeant	Brophy, Frank
12/1162	Sergeant	Brown, Joseph
20098	Sergeant	Clarke, Robert Boyce
9/1415	Sergeant	Duncan, Gordon
9/144	Sergeant	Grant, James
8/66	Sergeant	Leeden, Robert Gordon
8/3359	Sergeant	Missen, John Henry
10858	Sergeant	MacKenzie, Alister
34906	Sergeant	Nimmo, Alexander, D.C.M.
32373	Sergeant	O'Connor, William
24058	Sergeant	Ryburn, William Morton
15983	Sergeant	Smith, Thomas Bruce
6/3172	Sergeant	Strawbridge, Herbert Alfred
23/1837	Sergeant	Swinbanks, John Henry
33158	Sergeant	Tollan, Henry George
41050	Sergeant	Turnbull, Owen Percy
10134	Sergeant	Weld, John Edward*
54627	Sergeant	Wilkins, Alfred Napoleon

AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE
(India)

Prin. Matr	Davis, G. E., R.R.C. Medal (1st Class)
S/Nurse	Adams, E. M. R.
,,	Alexander, A. O.
,,	Alfred, E.
Sister	Allchin, E. A.
,,	Allen, H. A.
S/Nurse	Allworth, N. C. R.
,,	Amey, G. J.
,,	Anstey, M. E.
Sister	Armstrong, M. E.
S/Nurse	Austin, A. I.
,,	Bailey, T.
,,	Bain, H. M. H.
Sister	Baker, D. E.
,,	Ballard, R. E.
,,	Barnard, F. K.
S/Nurse	Barry, P. B.
Sister	Bartlett, M., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Bassett, M. E. V.
,,	Baudinet, M. C.
Sister	Becker, C. L.
,,	Bell, E.
,,	Bennett, A.L., R.R.C.
,,	Bennett, G. C.
,,	Bennett, M. M.
Matron	Bignell, M. T.
Sister	Bishop, G. P.
,,	Bishop, L. M.
Sister	Black, S. I.
,,	Blackeby, D. H.
,,	Blair, M. P. A.
,,	Booth, A. V.
S/Nurse	Booth, E.
Sister	Bowder, K. H.
,,	Bradford, M. R.
,,	Bradshaw, I. C.
S/Nurse	Brawn, A. L.
Staff Nurse	Broadbent, V. C.
,,	Brocklebank, C. R.
Sister	Brooke, K. W.
,,	Brooks, C. J.
S/Nurse	Brown, L. M. I.
Sister	Brownlow, E. K.
S/Nurse	Browne, E. G., A.R.R.C.
,,	Brydon, J., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Brummitt, I. M.
Sister	Buchan, J.
S/Nurse	Bullock, G.
Sister	Burke, E. A.
C/Sister	Butler, E. B., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Byrne, M. M.
Sister	Cadwallader, C. E.
,,	Cadwallader, D. A.
S/Nurse	Cameron, J. McC.
,,	Cameron, M.
Sister	Campbell, J. G.
,,	Campbell, L., R.R.C.
,,	Campbell, M. E.
S/Nurse	Cannard, M. A.
Sister	Cannon, L.
,,	Carpenter, M. C.
S/Nurse	Carter, E.
,,	Cassidy, G.
,,	Carter, R. E.
,,	Cattanach, H.
Sister	Chambers, F. E.
,,	Chapman, A. C.
H/Sister	Chapman, E. H., R.R.C.
Sister	Chappell, E. G.
,,	Chataway, M. E.
S/Nurse	Chauncy, E. W.
Sister	Christensen, V. D.
S/Nurse	Christie, A. D.
,,	Clapp, H. W.
,,	Clare, E.*
,,	Clark, H. M.
Sister	Cleary, E. M.
S/Nurse	Clements, A.
Sister	Clune, A. A.
,,	Coate, A.
S/Nurse	Cockburn, C. K.
,,	Condon, H. M.
,,	Coom, G. W.
Sister	Cotton, K. M.
,,	Coundon, D.
S/Nurse	Craib, L. I.
Sister	Craven, M. L., A.R.R.C.
,,	Cronin, I. C.
,,	Dalyell, E., A.R.R.C.
,,	D'Arcy, R. G.
S/Nurse	Dart, H. B.
,,	Davidson, M. H.
Sister	Davies, E.
S/Nurse	Davies, E. R.
,,	Davies, L. M.
,,	Davis, D.
S/Nurse	Davis, O. F.
,,	Dawes, R.
Sister	Deakin, E. L.
S/Nurse	De Groot, C.
Sister	Delany, E. B.
S/Nurse	De Lisle, M. St.C.
,,	Demorton, M. I.
Sister	De Moulin, E. E.
,,	Dennis, L.
,,	Dennis, L. B.
,,	Derrer, M. J., M.M.
,,	Derrer, R.
,,	De Sailly, I. V.
,,	De Veaux, B.
,,	Devine, A. L.
S/Nurse	Devine, K.
,,	Devine, M.
Sister	Doherty, W. E.
S/Nurse	Donnes, A.
,,	Dorrington, A. D.
Sister	Dorsch, G. M. O.
S/Nurse	Dowell, M. S.
Sister	Dowling, M.
Matron	Dowsley, A. E., R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Dubrulle, E.
,,	Duff, M. J.
Sister	Duggan, M.
S/Nurse	Duncan, E. I.
Sister	Dunn, M.
Matron	Dunne, T. J., R.R.C.
Sister	Durack, C. V.
S/Nurse	Dwyer, U. E.
,,	Eddie, I.
,,	Ekers, L.
Sister	Ellis, D. A. L.
S/Nurse	Engblom, E. E.
Sister	Erwood, K. E.
S/Nurse	Evans, I. A.
S/Nurse	Everett, I.
Sister	Fallon, A.
,,	Farquhar, A. G. G.
S/Nurse	Farrell, G.
Sister	Farrell, M.
,,	Farrow, D. C. H.
S/Nurse	Faux, E.
Sister	Ferguson, A. H. M.
S/Nurse	Ferrier, M. M.
,,	Fisher, E. H. B.
Sister	Fisher, J. J.
S/Nurse	Flac, V. J.
C/Sister	Fletcher, L. E.
S/Nurse	Flett, E. G.
,,	Forsyth, F. C.
,,	Foster, E. V. I.
Sister	Francis, S. S.
,,	Fraser, A. C.
S/Nurse	Fraser, L. W.
Matron	Frater, P.
Sister	Froetag, M. M.
S/Nurse	Frost, C. M.
,,	Fulton, T.
Sister	Furness, D.

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Sister Gaden, M.
" Gallagher, E. M.
" Gallagher, J. I.
" Gallin, A. M.
" Gallin, E.
" Galloway, E.
" Gant, J.
" Garven, E. J.
" Gibson, J., A.R.R.C.
" Giddings, E. M. A., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse Gill, A. M.
" Gill, E. E. M.
" Gillan, H. R.
" Gillespie, C.
Sister Gillies, O. M.
" Gilliland, W. A. C., A.R.R.C.
" Godden, M. J. T.
" Gordon, C. I.
S/Nurse Gordon, R. E.
" Graf, J. D.
" Graf, M. E.
Sister Graham, F. J.
S/Nurse Grant, I.
Sister Gray, A. A.
" Greene, C. S.
S/Nurse Greene, M.
" Greer, O. J.
" Griffin, A. F.
Sister Griffith, C. R.
S/Nurse Grylls, F. E.
Sister Guest, A. S.
" Gurner, M. H.
S/Nurse Hall, A. M.
Sister Hall, M.
S/Nurse Halpin, M. M.
Sister Hammond, H. G.
" Hardie, A. M.
" Hardie, M. M.
S/Nurse Harding, A.
Sister Harris, I. S.
" Harrod, A. M. V.
S/Nurse Hart, J. A.
Sister Harte, K.
" Harvey, K.
" Harvey, M. A.
S/Nurse Hatherly, A. S.
Sister Hay, M.
" Hazard, C.
S/Nurse Heerey, K. M.
Sister Henry, E.
S/Nurse Hewitt, W. M.
S/Nurse Higgs, E. M.
Matron Hoadley, E.
S/Nurse Hockings, A. M.
Sister Hodson, A., A.R.R.C.
" Hogan, M. E.
" Hooper, B.
S/Nurse Horan, E.
Sister Horne, E. L., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse Hornsby, A. L.
" Howarth, L.
" Hudson, P. B.
Sister Humphries, E. C.
S/Nurse Huon, A. E.
Sister Hussey, C. C. M.
" Hutchison, E. M.
S/Nurse Imison, A. E.
" Isaacs, N.
Sister Ivers, M. D.
" Jack, E. K.
" Jacka, R. M.
" Jackson, E.
S/Nurse James-Wallace, E. C.
S/Nurse Jefferson, I. G.
Sister Jenkins, V. G.
S/Nurse Jolly, A. A. McK.
C/Sister Jones, H. F., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse Jones, R. V.
Sister Jurd, L.
" Justice, M.
" Keane, N. A.
" Keating, M. G.
S/Nurse Kelly, B.
Sister Kellaway, S.
" Keys, L.
" Keys, L. C.
S/Nurse Kilsby, B. C.
" Kincaid, E. D.
Sister King, E. W.
S/Nurse Kissack, M.
" Kitson, C. E.
Sister Kitson, D.
" Knight, E. E. M.
S/Nurse Knowles, P. A.
Sister Lacey, M. G.
" Lade, Z.
S/Nurse Laidlaw, A. I.
" Laird, F.
" Lane, N.
" Langan, M. A.
Sister Langsford, L. E.
" Langworthy, G. H.
" Lapidge, H. A. I.
S/Nurse Larard, I. R.
Sister Lardi, A.
" Larkan, G. M.
S/Nurse Lauritz, G. L.
Sister Law, W.
S/Nurse Lawler, G. F.
" Lawrence, L. M.
Sister Lawson, H.
" Leitch, N.
" Lenton, M. M.
" Lewis, C. P.
S/Nurse Leyland, B. A.
" Logan, H. O.
Sister Lines, N. E.
S/Nurse Little, I. C.
" Lomman, D. P.
" Lord, B. E.
Sister Lord, E. I.
" Low, A. L.
Sister Low, N. M.
S/Nurse Lowen, B. I.
" Lowick, C. M.
Sister Lowrey, B.
" Lowrey, V. H.
" Lynch, H.
" Lyons, L. J.
S/Nurse McAleer, K.
" McAllister, C. J.
Sister McCarron, M. A.
" McCarthy, E. M.
S/Nurse McClintock, R. M.
" McColl, E. M.
" McCraw, A. L.
Sister McCreary, B. E.
S/Nurse MacDonald, E. H.
Sister McDougall, M.
S/Nurse McElroy, S. M.
" McGeogh, A. M.
" McGuinness, I.
" McIlwraith, E. G.
Sister MacInerney, M. M.
S/Nurse McIntosh, J. E.
" McIntyre, D. F.
Sister McIntyre, E. C.
S/Nurse McIntyre, E. J.
Sister McKane, B.
S/Nurse Mackay, E. B.
" Mackay, F. L.
" Mackay, O. S.
Sister McKechnie, C. R.
Sister Mackellar, F. M. B.
S/Nurse McKendrick, R.
" Mackinnon, I. C.
S/Nurse MacLean, C.
Sister McLean, C. E.
S/Nurse McLean, E. C.
Sister McLellan, L. M.
" McNally, M. T.
S/Nurse McPhail, I.
Sister MacPherson, A. I
Sister McPherson, E.
S/Nurse McVeigh, F. A.
S/Nurse Maggs, E.
" Mahoney, N. E.
" Male, A. C.
Sister Moloney, K.
S/Nurse Marchant, L. A.
" Marr, M. O. M.
" Marshall, M.
Sister Marum, I.
" Marum, J. E.
S/Nurse Mason, S. O.
Sister Mason, V. K.
S/Nurse Mather, E. K. D.
S/Nurse Meade, G. A.
" Meader, R.
Sister Melvil, C. A.
S/Nurse Melville, F.
" Michalanney, V. M.
C/Sister Miller, H. E.
Sister Miller, N. H.
Matron Mills, E.
Sister Milne, H. E.
Matron Moberly, G. F., R.R.C.
Matron Molloy, J. E. B., A.R.R.C.
Sister Moloney, K.
S/Nurse Monaghan, E. R.
Sister Monckton, N.
S/Nurse Moreton, L. G.*
Sister Moroney, D. U.
" Morris, A. R.
" Morrison, C. E.
S/Nurse Morrow, M.
" Mudd, J.
Sister Mulligan, G. G.
S/Nurse Munday, T.
Sister Munro, E.
" Munro, G. E.*
S/Nurse Murdoch, E. E.
" Murphy, L. M.
Sister Murray, C. M.
" Murrell, E. A.
" Murrell, L.
S/Nurse Nadenbousch, A. J.
Sister Nagel, A. L.
S/Nurse Neate, M. G.
Sister Newitt, G. A.
S/Nurse Newton, E. C. K.
" Newton, M.
Sister Nicholson, M. E., A.R.R.C.
" Nicholson, R. M.
S/Nurse Nickoll, E. M.
Sister Nobbs, E. J., A.R.R.C.
" Nolan, J.
S/Nurse Norton, V.
S/Nurse O'Brien, M. E.
" O'Callaghan, M. M.
" O'Grady, A. V.*
" O'Hanlon, E. F.
" O'Neill, H.
Sister O'Rorke, M. A.
" Overell, D. S. N.
" Paisley, V. A. M.
S/Nurse Palmer, E. M.
" Parkin, M. E.
Sister Parkinson, O. G.
" Parnell, M. T.
S/Nurse Parsons, N. S.
Sister Payne, W.
S/Nurse Pearce, I. E.
Sister Pearce, M.
S/Nurse Pearson, A.
" Pennifold, M.
Sister Penny, J.
" Penrose, L. W.
S/Nurse Perkins, E.
Sister Perry, B.
" Perry, E. A.
S/Nurse Pescott, E. L.
Sister Peters, H.
" Peterson, R.
S/Nurse Phillips, D. E.
" Phillips, M.
Sister Phillips, N. O'C.
S/Nurse Phillips, R. O.
" Philp, E. M.
" Pickworth, E. M.
Sister Pilkington, M. A. R.
" Pitchford, E.
S/Nurse Polkinghorne, M.
Sister Pollock, E. J.
S/Nurse Power, F. L.
" Power, K. M.*
Sister Prentice, R. A.
" Primrose, E. P.
" Pritchard, F. E.
" Purcell, E.
S/Nurse Quigley, D. A.
" Rae, E. M.
" Rainbow, A. M.
Sister Raine, C. A.
S/Nurse Ramsay, L. G.
" Reed, E. A.
Sister Reidy, E. G.
S/Nurse Reilly, M. S.
" Reilly, T.
Sister Rhodes, P. A.
S/Nurse Richards, E. F. A.
" Richardson, D.
" Richardson, E.
Sister Richardson, E. H.
" Richardson, J. T.
" Ricketts, B. L.
S/Nurse Rigby, J. L.
" Rigby, M.
" Ritchie, H.
Matron Roberts, A. F., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse Robertson, G. M. N.
" Robinson, M. V.
Sister Rodger, M.
S/Nurse Rodger, E.
" Rogers, A.
" Rogers, E. M.
Sister Rogers, L.
S/Nurse Ross, J.
Sister Rossiter, C. A.
" Rotherham, M. E.
S/Nurse Rothery, E.*
" Rout, M. M.
" Rowan, E.
" Rowe, V.
S/Nurse Russell, O. R.
Sister Rutherford, L. C.
" Ryan, K. E. M.
" Ryan, M. J.
S/Nurse Ryan, O. I.
" Sale, E. H.
" Saltmarsh, D. K.
" Sanders, C. D.
Matron Saunders, M. M.
Sister Scott, A.
" Scott, J.
S/Nurse Search, D.
Sister Sedgers, R. C.
S/Nurse Semmens, M. A. S.
Sister Settle, L. M.
" Sexton, A. K.
" Shannon, M. A.
S/Nurse Sheean, M. G.
Sister Shepherd, D .F.
S/Nurse Sheridan, M. M.
Sister Sherriff, M. A.
S/Nurse Shillabeer, J. M.
Sister Sim, A. G.
S/Nurse Simonds, H. V.
" Sinclair, M.
Sister Skidmore, J. G.
S/Nurse Skinner, R. W.

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Sister	Slater, M. M.	Sister	Stuart, L. T.	S/Nurse	Waters, S.
,,	Smart, C.	,,	Sumner, G. N.	,,	Waterstrom, M. B., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Smith, D. H.	,,	Tarr, S. J.	Sister	Warren, K. W.
Sister	Smith, E. M.	S/Nurse	Taylor-Williams, H.		Waterhouse, K. L.
S/Nurse	Smith, I. G. B.	Sister	Thomas, M. J.	S/Nurse	Watson, E. A.
Sister	Smith, M. H.	,,	Thompson, A. M.	,,	Watson, E. M.
,,	Smith, M. M.	,,	Thompson, D.	Sister	Watson, R.
,,	Smith, M. M. L.	,,	Thompson, E. A.	,,	Wedgwood, A. M.
,,	Smith, R. E. I.	,,	Thompson, M. E. L.	Sister	Wellard, E. L., A.R.R.C
S/Nurse	Smith, V. W.	,,	Tomlinson, G. L.	,,	Welshman, M.
Sister	Somerville, E.	,,	Toomath, I. G. M.	S/Nurse	Whidburn, L. C.
S/Nurse	Souter, E. J., R.R.C	S/Nurse	Tucker, B. M.	,,	White, L. E.
Sister	Sprigg, I.	,,	Tulloh, K. M.	Sister	Whiting, E. J.
S/Nurse	Spriggins, P.	,,	Tweddell, P.	S/Nurse	Wilford, I. A.
,,	Stafford, D.	Sister	Vickers, M. E. L.	,,	Wilkins, M.
Sister	Stafford, M. F.*	S/Nurse	Vierk, E.	,,	Williams, E. R.
S/Nurse	Stanley, F. M.	Sister	Vowles, M. C.	,,	Williams, S.
,,	Stapleton, F. M.	S/Nurse	Wakefield, J.	,,	Williams, S. M. H. St. G.
Sister	Steadman, M. A.	Sister	Waldie, J. T.	,,	Wilshire, A. M.
,,	Steel, V., A.R.R.C.	S/Nurse	Walker, I. McK.	Sister	Williamson, A. A.
S/Nurse	Stephens, M. E.	,,	Walker, K. H.	S/Nurse	Wilson, E. A.
Sister	Stephens, P.	,,	Walker, M.	,,	Wilson, J. V.
S/Nurse	Stewart, L., A.R.R.C.	,,	Walker, R. H.	Sister	Wiseman, M. G.
,,	Stimson, K. V.	,,	Waller, L.	S/Nurse	Woodroffe, E.
,,	Stirling, E. M.	Sister	Walsh, M. E.	,,	Wright, H. E.
Sister	Stock, M. H.	,,	Walsh, M., A.R.R.C.	,,	Youl, A. M.
S/Nurse	Storrer, J. P.	S/Nurse	Warner, A. E.	Sister	Young, R. H.

DISPENSERS

18578	W.O. Cl. II.	Tubmen, O. G. B. (in charge)	18576	Staff-Sgt.	Holmes, A.
18597	Staff-Sgt.	Ackary, H. F.	13131	Staff-Sgt.	Hughes, E. C.
18581	Staff-Sgt.	Bailey, H. E.	7875	Staff-Sgt.	Johnson, W. L.
18400	Staff-Sgt.	Bailey, R. F.	18575	Staff-Sgt.	Jones, H. W.
18580	Staff-Sgt.	Batterbee, M. R.	18972	Staff-Sgt.	Martindale, C. F.
18582	Staff-Sgt.	Bayley, P. R.	21082	Staff-Sgt.	Menzies, A. B.
18121	Staff-Sgt.	Belcher, P. D.	18123	Staff-Sgt.	Mitchell, F. M.
8173	Staff-Sgt.	Bennett, W.	21027	Staff-Sgt.	Monahan, A. J.
21047	Staff-Sgt.	Beresford, J. Q.	14730	Staff-Sgt.	Morgan, D. T.
18124	Staff-Sgt.	Berry, B. S.	18406	Staff-Sgt.	McGloin, J. M.
18404	Staff-Sgt.	Brennan, H. T. C.	18584	Staff-Sgt.	Pinches, W. T. G.
18971	Staff-Sgt.	Brooks, W. L.	18585	Staff-Sgt.	Ponting, S. W.
19674	Staff-Sgt.	Burlinson, R. L.	19675	Staff-Sgt.	Rainsford, A. F.
18577	Staff-Sgt.	Collins, M. J.	18403	Staff-Sgt.	Ross, H.
19673	Staff-Sgt.	Davies, C. H.	13463	Staff-Sgt.	Rowe, A. C.
19672	Staff-Sgt.	Davies, D. S.	21015	Staff-Sgt.	Shewan, H. A.
18974	Staff-Sgt.	Elliott, I. R.	18401	Staff-Sgt.	Smith, S.
18583	Staff-Sgt.	Evans, E. P.	18568	Staff-Sgt.	Turner, A. F.
18589	Staff-Sgt.	Fitzgerald, A. V.	18587	Staff-Sgt.	Usher, N. L.
18402	Staff-Sgt.	Fletcher, M. P.	18590	Staff-Sgt.	Woods, J.
18122	Staff-Sgt.	Harvey, S. W. M.	18125	Staff-Sgt.	Wrigley, E. W.
18405	Staff-Sgt.	Holden, A. W.	18588	Staff-Sgt.	Younger, R. S.

MISCELLANEOUS UNITS

AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE, BOMBAY

	Captain	Wickham, F. H.
	Lieut.	Hastie, R. L., M.S.M.
1653	War. Officer	Baker, T. I.
276	War. Officer	Brevermann, A. C.
124	Staff-Sgt.	Norman, G. K.
71984	2nd Corporal	Figgis, H. A.
71989	2nd. Corporal	Pascoe, E. J.

I/C PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION, BASRA

2965	War. Officer	Barker, D. C.

The visiting card of a Russian wireless operator, well known to our men.

Baghdad—a corner of the bazaar.

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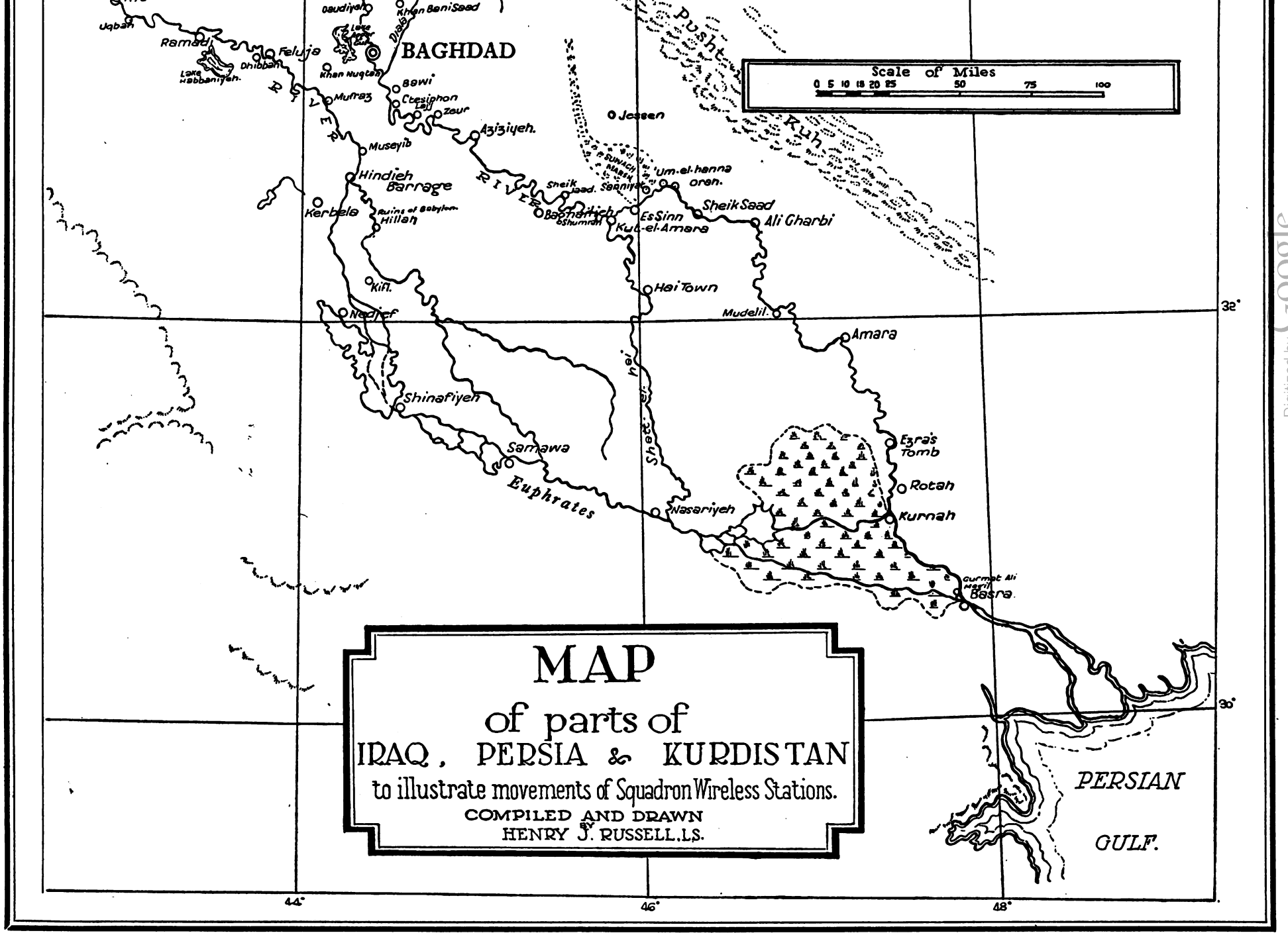

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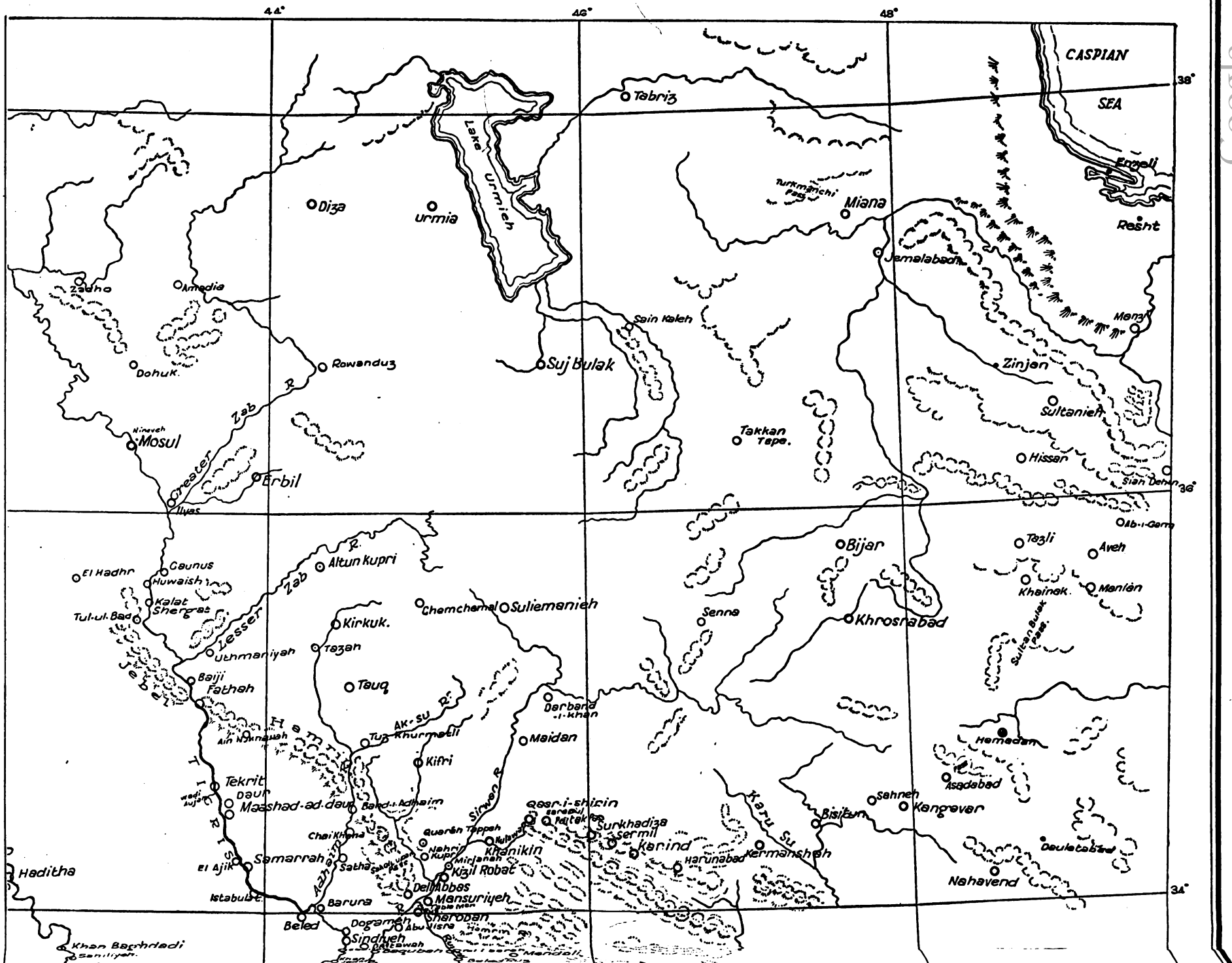

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